

2 PLAYS 114

3 PROSE AND POETRY.

BY

CHARLOTTE M. S. BARNES. /

"I writ, because it amused me. I corrected because
it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.
I published, because I was told I might please
such as it was a credit to please."—POPE.



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P R E F A C E.

THE courtesy due to the public before whom this drama now first appears in print, demands some preface. Although a play, which has been performed more than fifty nights in the United States, and in London and Liverpool, and which has been elaborately criticised, (on either side of the Atlantic,) as an acting drama, requires little introductory comment. On its first representation, in New York, in November, 1837, (after which it was carefully and laboriously revised,) the "*extreme youth* of the actress and authoress," and the interest attached to her parents' name, were important agents in its reception and in its subsequent successful career in the United States. That it was so well received in England, divested of these aids, was a result far more accordant with my wishes than with my expectations.

Most of the leading incidents of the play, viz:—Castelli's desertion of Octavia, his subsequent marriage, and also hers, the challenge, the slander, the murder at Octavia's instigation, her death, and that of Bragaldi, occurred in the city of Frankfort, (Kentucky,) in 1825. The false marriage of Octavia, her father's history, Rossano's confession, etc. are interpolations of my own. The real Octavia expired before her husband, who was taken to execution while sinking under his self-inflicted wounds.

To these well-known facts alone am I indebted. My delineations of the *characters* of the three prominent personages in the play, differ widely from the descriptions I have heard of the originals. The events, when related to me, on the scene of their occurrence, made a vivid impression: besides their dramatic fitness, they admirably illustrate the futile and lamentable results of revenge, even under circumstances which in the world's opinion serve in some degree to palliate it.

The little explanation necessary to the other contents of this book, will be appended to their several subjects.

In the laconic quotation selected, (I trust, without presumption,) as my motto, I have, in better words than my own, explained my motive for introducing these fruits of girlhood and womanhood's leisure, to the reading public. From the Ark in which it has long rested in security, I now send forth my unpretending volume ; which, after it has passed over the wide waters of criticism, will, I hope, bring back to its mistress the olive branch of Peace.

C. M. S. B.

New York, 1847.



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TO
MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,
THIS TRAGEDY
WAS ORIGINALLY DEDICATED,
AS A TRIBUTE
OF
GRATEFUL RESPECT AND FERVENT AFFECTION.

New York, 1837.

OCTAVIA BRAGALDI.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ERNESTO, *Count di Castelli*, Kinsman of the Duke of Milan.

ALBERTO LARINI.
TEBALDO ORSANI.
COSMO LOREDANO. } Nobles.

FRANCESCO BRAGALDI.

GIULIAN.
LUIGI. } His domestics.

OFFICER.

LORENZO.
CARLO. } Castelli's attendants.

COURIER.

MARCO.
PIETRO. } Pages.

Nobles, Ladies, Pages, Guards.

OCTAVIA BRAGALDI, Francesco's wife.

CLORINDA, Francesco's sister.

SCENE.—Milan supposed to be at the close of the fifteenth century.

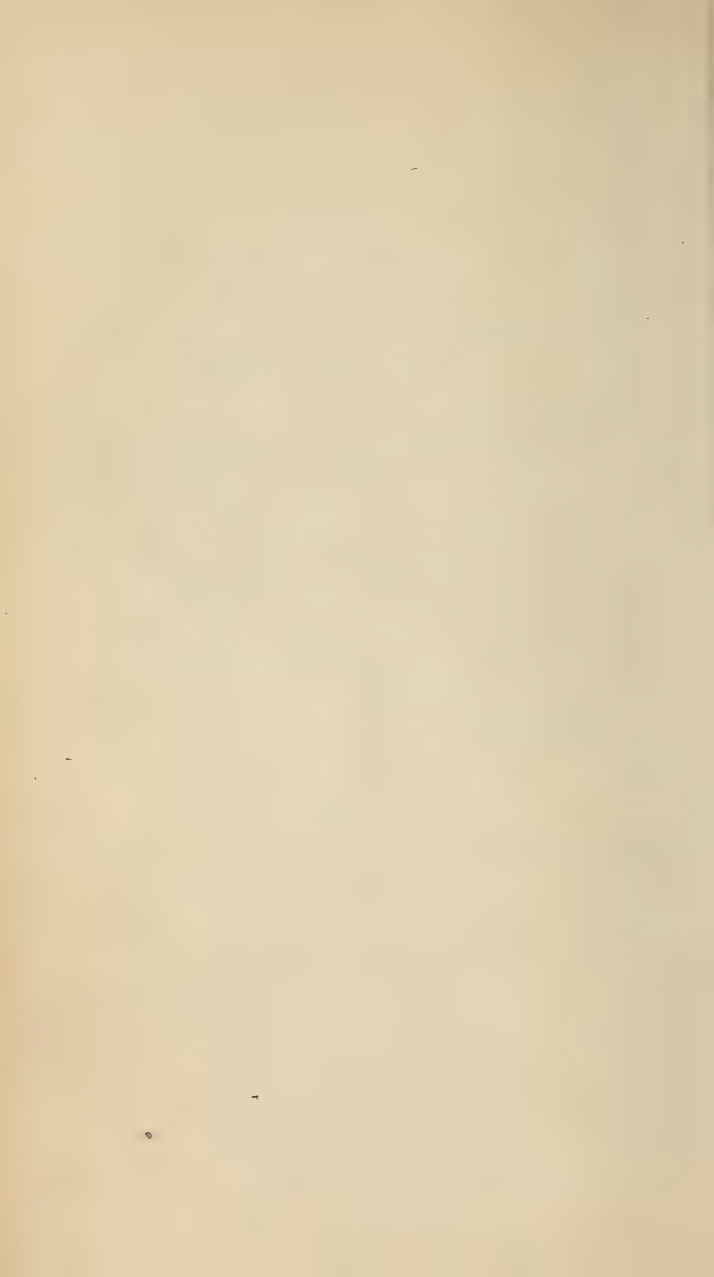
TIME OF THE ACTION, comprised in three days and nights, and the ensuing morning.

In the absence of adequate law, public opinion generally gives to a request the force of a prohibition. I therefore respectfully *request* all managers and actors *not* to perform either of the plays contained in this volume, for three years from this date.

At the same time, I do myself the very great pleasure of expressing my sincere acknowledgments to those ladies and gentlemen whose professional labours in the Theatres of England and America, have so greatly aided my efforts, and contributed to the success of my two dramas, and have been so justly recompensed by the applause of their auditors.

CHARLOTTE M. S. CONNER.

New York, June, 1848.



OCTAVIA BRAGALDI;

OR

THE CONFESSION.

A TRAGEDY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

“Mixed characters, such as in fact we meet with in the world, afford the most proper field for displaying, without any bad effect on morals, the vicissitudes of life; and they interest us the more deeply, as they display the emotions and passions of which we have all been conscious. When such persons fall into distress through the vices of *others*, the subject may be very pathetic; but it is always more instructive when a person has been *himself* the cause of his misfortune, and when his misfortune is occasioned by the violence of passion, or by some weakness incident to human nature. Such subjects both dispose us to the deepest sympathy, and administer useful warnings for our own conduct.”

KAMES' ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

An Apartment in Bragaldi's Mansion near Milan.

Enter Giulian, Meeting Luigi.

Giulian.

Is all prepared for our master's return?

Luigi.

It is. In truth thou art a careful steward.

Giulian.

I should be so. Our gentle mistress thinks me worthy of the trust; and it is such happiness to serve her and to win her smile, that were my office ten times more laborious, I would perform it joyfully.

Luigi.

And our fellows share that thought with thee.
When will our master return?

Giulian.

Since last night we expect him. He has now been absent, as I think, some fifteen days. Our lady mourns each moment of his stay.

Luigi.

Why did she not go to court along with him?

Giulian.

In truth I cannot say, unless it be that she doth love this mansion best. 'Tis strange that one so happy and so young should dwell so much secluded.

Luigi.

Thou know'st I am as yet a stranger here. Tell me, doth our master descend from noble ancestry?

Giulian.

From ancestry ennobled in their *deeds* alone. For scores of years they have been held in high esteem by all the Milan nobles, who ever honour merit; but to *titled* grandeur our master can lay no claim.

Luigi.

Does he love my lady?

Giulian.

Ay, indeed ; though they have been wedded now four months, 'twould seem they had not yet ended their honeymoon ; their love knows no abatement, nor will, I trust, for many years to come. (*Looking off.*) But here is our master's sister, the gay Lady Clorinda.

[*Enter Clorinda, and Exit Luigi.*

Clorinda.

How now, good Giulian, where's my sister ?

Giulian.

In the west chamber, Madam, she watches for our master's approach amidst the thick shades of the neighbouring forest.

Clorinda.

How happy is my brother in her love !

Giulian, thou long hast lived beneath his roof ;

Thy youthful locks have silvered in his service.

He calls thee not his servant, but his friend.

Giulian.

Madam, the welfare of my Lord is as dear to me

as my own life's blood, and I rejoice to see him wedded unto one whose heart is pure, whose nature noble.

Clorinda.

And withal impassioned and devoted.
All girlhood's budding freshness she retains—
A child's simplicity, a queenly soul.
To please Octavia is my only wish.
Haste, Giulian, to the farthest turret,—there
Thou mayst discern thy master's coming, while
I go to seek my sister.

[Exeunt Clorinda and Giulian.]



SCENE SECOND.

Another Apartment.

[Enter Octavia.]

Octavia.

Not yet returned ! what can have thus delayed him ?
Fie, fie, Octavia, be again thyself !

Let me be calm, and still this beating heart
That aching throbs with hope and fear.

[*Enter Clorinda.*

Clorinda !

Say quickly, sister, is Bragaldi come ?

Clorinda.

No ; eagerly I've watched on yonder turret
Since earliest day-break, but 't is all in vain.
Some unexpected cause must have detained him.
The road is long and perilous, 't is true ;
But then his armed domestics follow him.
Thou hast no cause for fear, in truth, Octavia.
What ! mope and pine, because thou art a wife,
And count each moment that thy lord's away !
Trust me, so would not I.

Octavia sits dejectedly, gazing at a cross which she wears.

Come, cheer thee, sister.

That jewel, (*pointing to it*)—

Was my brother's gift—his first,
think thou told'st me ?

Octavia.

Ay, it *was* his first,
And since that day it has not left my side
A single hour.

Clorinda, smiling.

Oh ! what constancy ! (*Examining it.*
The fashion on't is strange and ancient too ;
I doubt if Milan holds another like it. (*She sits.*
Remember'st thou a merry tale, like those
Which often have, since dear Francesco's absence,
Enlivened the long dreary nights, that else
Had been so full of loneliness ?

Octavia.

Oh no !

Thy list'ning eagerness exhausted soon
My memory's little store.

Clorinda, playfully.

I'll not release thee.

I ask no poet's legendary tale
Of knights and ladies, pilgrims and crusades.
No ; tell ~~me~~ one all faith and tender truth ;

(It will beguile the weary, anxious hour;)
 Tell me a tale of love—thine own, Octavia.

Octavia.

Mine! 'Tis, alas! a history of wo,—
 A trite and oft-told tale of woman's love.
 I would not sadden thy young spirit—yet—

Clorinda.

Is't melancholy then?

Octavia.

Listen, I pray thee.

I was an infant when my mother died
 And left me to a father's care. Thy dear
 Francesco was my childhood's friend; the wars
 Soon called him forth, a youth.—Ere sixteen years
 Had shed their glowing radiance o'er my head,
 The Count Castelli sojourned near our dwelling.
 While maids of rank, and dazzling beauty too,
 Vied for his love, he knelt and sued for mine.
 He won my girlish fancy, but my father—

Clorinda.

Did he oppose your love?

Octavia.

He did ; he bade me
Renounce one called by fame a libertine ,—
I disbelieved it all—Castelli sued—
We fled together from my father's home.

Clorinda.

Oh fatal error !

Octavia.

Ere we fled, at eve,
(No witness save a girl who lately died,)
A priest pronounced the words that made us one :
We fled to Milan. Ere a week had passed
I sighed once more to see my aged father,
Implore his pardon and receive his blessing.

Clorinda.

And didst thou then succeed ?

Octavia.

My father came,
I yielded to the impulse of my heart—
I flew to him ; in tearful supplication
I clung—I prayed for pardon—long in vain.

At length his heart did melt ; when, as he blessed me,
The fearful agony of this sad meeting,
The deeper anguish of his lengthened search,
O'ercame his aged, fast-decaying frame ;
A shudder chilled his heart, and with a groan
He fell upon the earth, before my eyes !
He never rose again.

Clorinda.

Alas ! Octavia,
E'en while he pardoned, and was blessing thee !
How bitter was thy sorrow then !

Octavia, starting up.

In mercy
Name it not,—oh ! name it not ! A life
Cannot efface the memory of that hour.
At first Castelli tended and consoled me.
But when, amid his soothing words, my heart
Refused all comfort, soon he spoke unkindly,
And then declared I wearied him with grief.

Clorinda.

Sure man can ne'er be guilty of such baseness.

Octavia.

My heart soon learned the hollowness of passion
Love's certain grave's indifference, contempt,
Cold, biting sarcasm, that chills affection
Sooner than anger, hate, or cruelty.
At length Invasion's dread alarum sounding,
He joined the forces, and repaired to battle.

Clorinda.

Didst thou go with him to the wars?

Octavia.

With eagerness I sought to share his danger,
But wearied by my presence once so loved,
At night, in secret, he deserted me.
Frantic I flew to seek for him—in vain ;
A friendless stranger, houseless, penniless,
I asked no mercy but to die unknown.

Clorinda.

E'en though thou say'st it, I can scarce believe
So sad a history is thine, my sister.

Octavia.

'Twas in this misery thy brother found me
On his return, and bore me to my home.

Clorinda.

And heard you naught, Octavia, of your husband?

Octavia.

Yes, ere a year had passed, the news arrived,
(Too fully proved) that he had died in battle.

Clorinda.

And no farewell, no token sent to thee?

Octavia.

None; none. Five years of grief and prayer passed on;
And soon thy brother told me of the love
Which, like a lonely flower, he had reared
Amidst the wintry gloom of war and battle.
He called up all the golden memories
Of childhood's happiness, that had entwined
Their fond and clinging grasp around my soul:
He asked my hand, and with my heart I gave it.

Clorinda.

And with no vain regret for thy first lord?

Octavia.

No. Six long years had proved their Lethean skill
To deaden girlhood's wild and giddy fancies.

The dream of passion past, I saw a *mortal*,
Erring, nay heartless,—in my former *deity*,
And in thy brother I beheld a being
Whose love, for which a queen might humbly sue,
And glory in entreaty, was all mine,
His first, his only love,—his chosen bride!

Clorinda.

Then thou wert blest in happy virtuous love.
May thy past woes end all thy mis'ries here!

Octavia.

When thou didst leave a convent's holy walls
To come and dwell with me, I would have told
My story to thee then,—but my loved lord
From day to day, in kindness still delayed it.
Now thou know'st all, pity me—pray for me!

[*Enter Giulian.*

Giulian.

Madam, my master's now dismounting at the portal.

Octavia.

Returns in safety!

Clorinda.

Holy Virgin, thanks!

Octavia.

Now haste to give him welcome.

[*Exit Giulian.*

Fly, Clorinda,

A moment's pause will still these thoughts of wo.

[*Exit Clorinda.*

Oh! would kind Heav'n from recollection chase

All bitter grief, my future life might be

Worthy of him for whose dear sake I live!

Away at once with this unthankful sadness!

Oh! let me haste to clasp him to my heart,

And in his love forget all former sorrows!

[*Exit Octavia.*



SCENE THIRD.

The Hall of Entrance to Bragaldi's Mansion. Giulian, Luigi, and other attendants precede Bragaldi and Alberto. All the attendants, except Giulian, Exeunt.

Bragaldi to Alberto.

You're welcome to my home. Methinks my heart

Doth beat more freely as I breathe this air,
And tread each path wherein Content doth dwell
With Happiness, two old and constant friends.

[*Enter Clorinda.*

My gentle sister!—Greet our cherished guest.

Clorinda.

My brother's welcome needs no aid from *me*
To make its value greater; yet, my lord,
Your coming doth enhance the joy we feel
At seeing him again.

Alberto.

Fair maiden, I
Should be most happy, could my fancy deem
Those courteous words sprung truly from thy heart,
Not from thy lips alone. Say, is it so?

(*They confer.*

Bragaldi.

Behold! with light and eager step *she* comes,
The angel of this earthly paradise!

[*Enter Octavia.*

My own Octavia!

Octavia.

Welcome, my husband!

Welcome to thy home! What cause hath thus—

Bragaldi.

An accident befel my steed, Octavia;

I could not leave him on the road to perish.

Octavia.

No more? I feared—in truth I know not what.

Affection ever thus, amid its own

Real bliss, creates imaginary wo.

Bragaldi.

But see, our guest. (*Pointing to Alberto.*)

Octavia.

E'en like the Persian wife

I saw but one form when I entered here.

Alberto and Clorinda advance.

To Alberto.

Deem it no lack of courtesy, my lord,

That I was thus unmindful of thy presence.

I pray thee pardon me, thou'rt truly welcome.

Alberto.

Affection's impulse ne'er need ask for pardon.

Bragaldi.

I bring thee joyous tidings from the court.
The demon War doth rest ;—unless he should
Start up again, after a brief repose,
With giant wrath,—my gentle bride, no fear
Need shade thy heart that I should hence be called
To shed my blood in Italy's defence.

Alberto.

And more than this, I bear a mandate, lady,
By thee with cheerful haste to be obeyed.
While Milan's Duke returns with glory decked,
All hearts pour forth in gratitude to meet him.
But in the gay masque and the mirthful dance
Wherewith the Duchess graces his return,—
Amid her lovely and attendant train
Of fair Ausonia's dames, the eye of fame
Hath marked thy absence, and my lips are charged
To woo thee from thy peaceful solitude.

Bragaldi.

I know thou seest few charms in courtly pomp ;

But thou art yet too young to play the matron.
Wilt thou consent awhile to leave thy home?

Octavia.

Ever with thee and ever as thou wilt.

To Clorinda.

Thou goest too.

Clorinda.

May I indeed believe thee?

How best, my dearest sister, shall I thank thee?

Octavia.

By being happy. Go, my own Clorinda,
And bid them spread the cheer. These wayfarers
Need other welcome than our *words* can give.

Clorinda.

I haste to do thy bidding.

[Exit, followed by Giulian.]

Alberto.

I am proud

Indeed that thus my mission has succeeded.

This very day we'll bear thee back in triumph.

An instant now, I pray, excuse me friends.
I fain would seek my weary steed, that oft
Amid the war, undaunted and untired,
Hath borne me safe.—I'll join you soon again.

Bragaldi.

Thou'rt ever kind and thoughtful. As thou wilt.
[*Exit Alberto.*

Once more I gaze upon thy face, and hear
Thy gentle voice, sweet index of thy heart.
Absence, Octavia, gives a double zest
To all the quiet, flowing joys of home.

Octavia.

My brave Bragaldi! I have much to tell:
Trifles indeed, to all but those who love.
Each little breeze that stirs the rivulet
And makes it dance with joy, would pass
Unheeded o'er the ocean's vast expanse.

Bragaldi.

How anxiously I've sighed for my return!
It seemed the lagging councils of the state
Were lengthened only to detain me there.

I've equalled thy impatience.

She appears to deny it.

Dost thou then

So dearly love me ?

Octavia.

Canst thou doubt it? O!

Before we wedded, woman's own reserve

In conscious silence bade me hide my heart.

But now thou art my own, my lord, my *husband*,

My pride and glory centre in thy love.

My only joy's to live on earth with thee—

My earnest prayer, that we may die together—

My fondest hope, that when our lives have ceased,

United we may meet hereafter!

[Exeunt Bragaldi and Octavia.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.

The Garden of Bragaldi's Mansion in Milan.

Enter Alberto and Clorinda conversing.

Alberto.

I grieve that I must say farewell, sweet maid.

Clorinda.

'Tis pity that you've stayed so long in vain.

My brother most sincerely will regret

His absence to attend the Duke's command,

For he hath marvelled at not seeing you.

Alberto.

Thou needst not doubt necessity alone

Compelled my absence. There's a charm around

Bragaldi's home that lures me to it ever.

Know'st thou the charm I mean?

Clorinda.

The peaceful love,
The music of their happy lives that flow
In harmony,—all these are charms—

Alberto, interrupting her.

Nay, peace,
I pray. Not such as these I mean. Full long
I've sought Bragaldi's dwelling to behold
A bright, rich jewel there, unowned as yet,
Which I would seek to humbly win and wear,
And worship as my guiding star: thyself!

Clorinda.

Such warm and honeyed words I must not hear.
I pray you let me seek my sister. *Going.*

Alberto. Detaining her.

Stay!

Though shrinking, pure, and guileless is thy soul,
As the first budding flow'ret of the year,
Woman's instinctive nature must have shown thee
My true, but silent love. May I then hope?

Clorinda, smiling.

Sure more than marble were that maiden's heart

Who such sweet flatt'ries could hear unmoved.
Yet I'll believe the speaker is sincere.
And though a simple and untutored girl,
Bred in a convent's loneliness, unused
To veil a thought or wish from other eyes,
I value such affection as I ought.
When Time hath laid his seal upon your love,
(If still you ask for a return from me,)
The firm devotion of my life—my lord,
What have I said? I pray you, pardon me!
Forget those words! This foolish, timid heart
In seeking to conceal hath told its secret.

Alberto.

And made me happiest of the happy. Time,
Time is my only rival; and ere long
I'll tell thy brother of this cherished news
That fills me now with joy, with fervent rapture.

Kissing her hand.

Clorinda.

Behold, the Lord Orsani.

[*Enter Tebaldo.*

Tebaldo.

Pardon me

That I intrude thus hastily, fair maid ;
I came to seek Larini : an affair
Of state is my excuse. No less a cause,
Believe me, could—

Clorinda.

Excuse, my lord, is needless ;
My brother is from home ; but in his stead,
From me receive your welcome.

[*Exit Clorinda.*

Alberto.

Now, Orsani,

Why come you thus in haste ?

Tebaldo.

Know you the news ?

Alberto.

Of what ?

Tebaldo.

A deputation has arrived ;
And we are called to council with the Duke.

Alberto.

Know you the import of this embassy ?

Tebaldo.

In sooth I do not. Say, what meant the crowd
I saw but now assembled near the prison ?

Alberto.

To see one doomed this hour to suffer death.
He is a soldier wild and rude, whose sword
In private broils hath oft shed gentle blood.

Tebaldo.

His name ?

Alberto.

Rossano. And the Duke hath sent
'Tis said, to summon to the cell, Bragaldi.
I hear this soldier hath made strange confessions ;
Upon what theme I know not. Time will show.

Tebaldo.

You've known Bragaldi long ?

Alberto.

I have, indeed ;

And knowing, have revered him. Proud and noble,
He, when a boy, as I remember me,
Was formed all dignity and truth. His word
Was ever sacred, and he gloried more
In the unblemished honour of his name
Than doth our Duke in his bright diadem.
His sense of shame, integrity impeached,
He held so exquisitely vulnerable,
That calumny or censure undeserved
Would send the angry blood into his cheeks,
Lend fire to every word, and prompt his arm
To silence the accuser. But if thwarted,
On that one insult would he feed alone,
(When e'en the author had forgotten it,)
And on the offender's head, when fortune favoured,
He'd vent his fierce, but noble indignation.

Tebaldo.

A faithful chronicler!

Alberto.

He is no man

Who does not honour virtue in his friend,
And seek to make it honoured by the world.

Tebaldo.

Do not forget your duty in your zeal:
We shall not hear the deputation. Come;
The Duke expects us now.

Alberto.

This way, my lord.

Exeunt Alberto and Tebaldo.



SCENE SECOND.

Octavia's Apartment in Bragaldi's Milanese Mansion. Octavia and Clorinda discovered seated. Clorinda embroidering.

Clorinda.

Say, sister, what so long detains my brother?

Octavia.

I know not; 'tis some business of great weight.

Clorinda.

But nothing sad, I hope, to him or thee?

Octavia.

None, none I trust; and yet I'm ever fearful.

Clorinda.

Do not despond. Thou hast had thy share of wo.

Octavia.

The measure is not full, I fear, Clorinda.
Leave but a single avenue unguarded
By which one guilty thought may reach the heart,
Though all around be deemed impregnable,
'Twill enter there, 'twill gain despotic sway,
And like all tyrants, steep in lasting sorrow
The once pure kingdom over which it reigns.

Clorinda.

Thy first, thy only fault was disobedience;
That error too did spring from love alone.

Octavia.

No; call it passion or idolatry;
Such words best paint the cause of all my wo.

Love, gentle, pure, and calm in its security,
Such as I bear unto my noble husband,
Is like the sun's heat breathing on the soul,
Warming and fertilizing. But wild passion, fierce,
And e'en idolatrous, is but the desert whirlwind
That scorches and destroys.

Clorinda.

My sister,
Such holy love I fain would hope is felt
By one who this day breathed his vows to me—
The Lord Larini, who would ask—

A step heard.

Who comes?

Octavia, looking off.

Bragaldi. See, there's anger on his brow.
Leave us, I pray thee. [*Exit Clorinda.*

Sure some dreadful cause—

[*Enter Bragaldi.*

Bragaldi, to himself.

Ye raging thoughts, sink deep into my soul.
Revenge can ne'er be gained; cease then to tear
And rack me thus, thou craving fiend!

Pacing to and fro in great agitation.

Octavia.

Bragaldi!

Bragaldi, to himself.

And must I chill the warmth of innocence,
And make her wretched? No, I will be silent.

Octavia, advancing to him.

Francesco? Art not well? What sad mischance
Hath thus disordered thee?

Bragaldi.

'Tis nothing.

A trifle scarcely worth a name.

Octavia, gazing steadfastly at him.

No more?

Bragaldi.

No more, indeed.—Why shouldst thou doubt?

Octavia.

Nay, seek not to dissemble thus with me.
No artifice can blind my eye. Thou'st heard—
Thou hast—ay! on my life! some fearful news—
Appalling news to stir thee thus. I am
Thy wife to share thy wo, as well as joy.
What is't?

Bragaldi.

'Tis vilest falsehood.—Thou *shalt* know it.

While I was here with thee, a summons came,—

Thou heard'st it too, 't was from the Duke and
council,)

That I might hear a criminal's confession,

Unasked for,—offered by the slave himself.

Two courtiers, by the Duke's command, were present.

The wretch was once a follower of Castelli.

Octavia.

Castelli! how I tremble! Speak, Francesco!

Bragaldi.

Before the nobles, he unasked, confessed

That thou, Octavia, who for years didst dwell

In poor, but honourable widowhood—

Octavia.

Say on!

Bragaldi.

The bare remembrance stifles me!

That thou, Octavia, my life's cynosure,

Castelli's widow, ne'er had been a wife.

Octavia.

Merciful Heav'n!

Bragaldi.

Yes, he confessed, Octavia,
That for a heavy bribe from Count Castelli,
He had assumed the holy father's office,
And their foul arts together had deceived thee.

Octavia.

Father! thou art avenged!

Bragaldi.

At first I deemed
'Twas a forged tale; enraged I seized the wretch
For the base lie, and dashed him to the earth.
As he lay trembling at my feet he still
Related it again, and loudly called
On all the saints to witness 'twas the truth.
That now when ignominious death was nigh,
Amid his torturing remorse for this
And other darker deeds, he sought to make
Atonement for his guilt.

Octavia, to herself.

Castelli's mistress!

Then my betrayed affection was their jest;
And when I sought a husband's kindest care,
I was regarded as a whining mistress
Whose power to charm her tears had wiped away—
A tedious fool to be cast off at pleasure!

Bragaldi.

Wherefore that look of sudden wild alarm?
Why dost thou tremble thus?

Octavia, rushing to him.

Francesco,

I was deceived—was guiltless of this crime.
I knew it not. As I do hope for mercy,
I swear I knew it not! *Falls on her knees.*

Bragaldi.

I never doubted!

I know thy truth. The villains both are dead.
Let not their guilt a moment cloud thy peace.
Nay, rise.

Octavia.

Thou dost not doubt me then? Thou think'st
I'm worthy of thy name? Thou lov'st me still?

Bragaldi.

Fondly as ever!

Octavia.

Bless thee! Heaven bless thee!
In thought, in deed, the life and soul of honour,
My brave Bragaldi!—Should the world revile—

Bragaldi, raising her.

Here is thy shelter in a husband's arms.
No tongue dare whisper 'gainst Bragaldi's wife.
Be happy then; away with tears; forget
Thy grief: whene'er the malice of the world
Assaileth thee, seek thou thy refuge here!
But see, our kind Alberto comes this way.

Enter Alberto, hastily.

Octavia retires to conceal her agitation.

Welcome, Alberto.

Alberto.

Thanks.—I am now in haste,
And only come to greet thy gentle wife,

And tell the wondrous news. *She advances.*

How fare you, madam?

Octavia.

In sooth, not well. In this gay city here,
I'm like a caged bird, and sigh for home.

Bragaldi.

What is this news?

Alberto.

I scarce have time to tell,
For state affairs now call me back to court.
'Tis briefly thus.—The unexpected news
At which all tongues cry “wonderful” is this:
A noble warrior, whose early death
Our armies long have mourned, still lives, 'tis said.
Wounded, a prisoner, in the foeman's power
For years he languished, till, exchanging captives,
We learned that Count Ernesto di Castelli—

Octavia gasps, suppressing a shriek.

Bragaldi.

Almighty Heaven!

Alberto.

Supporting Octavia, who is fainting.

Thy lady faints, Bragaldi !

Here lend thy aid !

*Bragaldi hastens to her. Alberto brings a chair in
which they place her as she revives.*

Madam, how fare you now !

Bragaldi, supporting her.

Octavia, speak to me ! Thou need'st not fear—

Octavia, hastily interrupting him.

A momentary weakness—but 'tis past,—

The—noontide heat.—Look not so sad, Francesco ;

Thy face is but the mirror of my own.

Bragaldi.

Aside. Be still my just revenge.—

Aloud to Alberto. Does he then live ?

Alberto.

He ! Who ?

Octavia.

The Count—the subject of the tale

Which rudely we have interrupted.—Say,

Does—Count Castelli live ?

Alberto.

Ay, so 'tis said ;
But till our Duke can truly learn that 'tis
No artifice our foes have framed, he still
Must dwell a brief space in captivity.

To Octavia.

Thy shrinking form tells me thou still dost suffer.
I will withdraw ; my presence brings restraint ;

To both.

I am your friend. Treat me not as a stranger.

[*Exit Alberto.*

Bragaldi.

Burst from thy shackles now, my pent up rage !
Hear'st thou, Octavia ? the base traitor lives.
In equal combat yet this arm may reach him.
Yes—he who plunged thy youth in misery—
Deserted thee in poverty and grief—
Blackened thy pure name by his fiend-like art,
Still lives,—and lives for dire punishment.

Octavia.

What wild and threatening words are these, Bragaldi ?
Heav'n grant the tale be false ! But e'en if true,

Let not that spectre of departed woe
Rise up again to haunt our happy home !
It cannot be that our sweet dream of peace
And bliss so soon must end.

Bragaldi.

Let that rash foe
Who wakens us, beware !

Octavia.

Bragaldi ! Husband !
Howe'er indignant rage may urge our hearts,
Remember—in his hopeless, long captivity
He hath received most ample retribution.
Look on me !—Nay, not thus, but with thy fond
And wonted gaze, oh, smile once more upon me !

Bragaldi.

Thy love can conquer all. I will be calm.
No hate shall crush our peace ; but, once assured
That justice may be gained, I will assert
A husband's privilege 't avenge thy wrongs,
And shelter thee from all impending ill.

[*Exit Bragaldi.*

Octavia.

All's lost! My hopes destroyed! My earthly peace
For ever blasted by that slave's confession.

I—who amid my disobedience still
Did proudly soar in consciousness of virtue,
A wife—have been the poor dupe of Castelli,
Who lives—I heard it? yes! Oh misery!
I will not curse him for my husband's sake.
Mother of mercy! If indeed your will
Would further punish my first error,—oh,
Spare him who loves me! Let his honest heart
Be free from agony!—his age from shame!
On me alone let fall your deadly shafts,
And I will bless their just, though with'ring wrath!

*Retires, and casts herself upon a chair, resting her
hands upon the table, and burying her face in them.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

An Apartment in Castelli's palace, hung with heraldic devices and warlike trophies.

Castelli speaks within.

Do as thou wilt—Lorenzo,

Castelli enters richly dressed, followed by Lorenzo.

Bear to Lord Loredano this reply :

We *will* attend his festival to-night,

And speak our thanks for his prompt courtesy.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Enter Tebaldo.

Welcome.

Tebaldo.

My noble lord, thou see'st me here

To add my greetings to the gen'ral joy

With which all Milan welcomes your return.
To what surprising cause may we ascribe
Your coming? For this very morn we learned
You languished in the dungeons of the foe.

Castelli.

Briefly I'll tell thee all, my friend. When last
I left my home, a year I dwelt amidst
The din of camps; till at one fierce affray,
When left for dead upon the battle-field,
A peasant staunched my wounds and bore me home.
Beneath his roof my wasted strength returned.
The anxious hours passed in vain endeavours
To reach my country's troops, who, as I heard
Were then retreating with their lessened numbers.

Tebaldo.

By what misfortune did thy efforts fail?

Castelli.

My messenger was captured by the foe,
Whose armed bands discovered my retreat,
And cast me in their dungeons, doomed to pass
In solitary torture, the ripe noon
Of an ambitious life that dawned in glory.

Tebaldo.

Most fearful doom. Death were a blessing to it.

Castelli.

For near five years I pined within their cells.
But our brave Duke soon forced the enemy
To own, that when they triumphed over *us*,
'Twas chance, and not their valour, that prevailed.
To rescue back some captives of high rank,
I was restored to light ; but while my fate
Hung doubtful on the deputies' success,
The noble prince Alfonso, our ally,
Offered a ransom of such matchless price,
My foes cupidity no longer wavered :
I was released—was free ! and in the month
That since hath waned, my benefactor's daughter,
The fair Vitellia, hath become my bride.
And not alone her beauty did she give,
But her kind parent with her golden dower
So heaped my coffers, that I doubt, Tebaldo,
If e'en the Duke himself can vie in splendour
With me, the Count Castelli.

Tebaldo.

Joy to you!

Your treasures now will lift your power far
Above the reach of that proud censor, who
Commands the homage of our gaudy court,
By his abundant riches.

Castelli.

Say, whom mean you?

Tebaldo.

Th' untitled noble, as our gay gallants
In mockery term him, for the honour and
Respect which all ranks pay.—Bragaldi.

Castelli.

Ah!

Francesco? *Tebaldo assents.*

What? Is he still living?

Tebaldo.

Ay.

He lives esteemed and honoured by the Duke.
He's wedded too.

Castelli.

Indeed? To whom?

Tebaldo.

To one

Of humble birth, 'tis said, now called by fame
Peerless: Octavia Velti.

Castelli. . . . (*To himself.*)

Mighty Heaven!

I hoped e'er this a convent or the grave
Had shrouded her from every living eye.
She lives! and wedded! Can she yet have learned
She never was my wife?

Aloud. Where do they dwell?

Tebaldo.

A few miles from the city, but the throng
And bright array detain them now at court.

[*Enter Lorenzo.*

Lorenzo.

The princess bids me say it is the hour
At which Lord Loredano gives his feast.

Castelli.

I come. [*Exit Lorenzo.*

Tebaldo, you will join us there?

Tebaldo.

I will. Till then farewell, my lord.

Castelli.

Adieu.

[*Exit Tebaldo.*

Wedded! in honour wedded, and to *him*,
Whom e'en this moth doth praise! We soon must
meet

I fear.—So let it be. Away regret! no tongue
Shall ever triumph over Count Castelli.
One object—Power! One feeling—vast Ambition!
Alone shall urge or stir my passions now.

[*Enter Carlo.*

Carlo.

My lord, a stranger here would speak with you.

Enter Bragaldi, (richly dressed for the festival,) and exit Carlo.

Castelli. [*Doubtingly.*

A stranger! sure I've seen—

Bragaldi.

My lord Castelli !

Castelli. [*Assured by the sound of his voice.*

Bragaldi !

Bragaldi.

You recognize me ?

Castelli.

Ay, I do ;

Although time in his onward course hath changed
The youth's smooth face to man's stern lineaments.
What would you with me ?

Bragaldi.

I'm Octavia's husband,
You are Castelli—I have spoke my errand.
Your new won grandeur, borrowed from your wife,
(For I have learned that you are nobly wedded,)
Avails not here. I ask that reparation
Insulted pride demands from man to man.

Castelli.

What mean you ?

Bragaldi.

That your hired slave, Rossano,
The trusty agent of your hellish scheme,
Dying, confessed it unto me this day.
When by deceit and art you robbed Octavia
Of her untainted fame, her only treasure,
You snatched from mem'ry's cheerless waste forever
The one green spot that she could call her own,
On which her eye might rest amid the ills
Of this dark world, and all her heart you left
A parched and barren wilderness.

Castelli.

Bragaldi,

I cannot now repair the wrong.

Bragaldi.

'Tis true,
Most sadly true. You never can recall
The blessed days of youthful innocence,
When she was happy as the warbling birds
That charm us with their song. 'Tis true, you ne'er
Can give her back unblemished rectitude
Nor take from her the shame she feels e'en now

For her unworthy love. You cannot pay
Her o'er six years in sorrow wasted, nor
Raise from the grave her doting, aged father,
And teach his lips to bless her once again.
All this you cannot do, but you can give
Revenge! I'm here, the champion of my wife.
Strong in a husband's dignity and honour,
I challenge you to combat!

Castelli.

How? Bragaldi—

Bragaldi.

Accept my offer, or be deemed a coward!

Castelli.

Coward!—That threat is impotent and vain.
I am no coward, as the trophies tell
That now adorn these old ancestral halls.
All Milan knows and can attest my valour.
This arm hath crushed my country's foes too oft,
To tremble at the coward's brand. My rank
Forbids that I should fight with thee.

Bragaldi.

Thy rank! Is it not blackened and disgraced
By withering a maiden's hopes? Vain worm!
Thy rank! Defend thyself,—or lo! my sword—

Castelli. [*After a pause.*

Be calm, Bragaldi, or thou dost a murder.
My weapon still is sheathed.

Bragaldi.

Once more reflect—

If thy base heart demands reflection here;
By all the fire and restless energy
That actuates thy bold aspiring manhood—
By that ne'er-glutted appetite for blood
Which most men share in common with the tiger—
By deadly hate, such as we bear each other—
Again I call thee forth, or dread my rage!

Castelli.

Thou canst not injure *me*.

Bragaldi.

Proud man! 'tis true,
I cannot open lay thy soul 'mongst men,

And make them see the heartless wretch thou art ;
But thou wilt meet thy punishment. The power
Who guides the zephyr and the hurricane,
Will hurl his fearful doom upon thy head
E'en at the height of all thy guilty splendour.

Castelli.

Cease this vain conflict. Thou hast heard my answer.
As strangers let us dwell. Pursue revenge
No more, nor further torture thy wife's peace.

Bragaldi.

The thought of her alone restrains my arm.
Vengeance dies not, though it may sleep awhile.
Proud man, now tow'ring in the plenitude
Of power, and shielded by thy lofty rank,
Beware of my revenge.

[*Exit Bragaldi.*

Castelli.

Accursed fiends !

My bride ! Thy rank and dower scarce repay
The powerless raging of my shackled passion.
Yet 'twas my sole resource, for had we fought,
The *cause* of our combat reaching *her*,

So well I know Vitellia's jealousy,
My hopes of greatness would at once have sunk
To ruin. Thou'rt too noble for a murder,—
I fear thee not, Bragaldi.

(Enter Lorenzo.)

Lorenzo.

Gracious sir,
The princess waits.

Castelli.

I come. Now art must veil
Each trace of the commotion of my soul.
Away with hate ; and welcome revelry.

[Exit followed by Lorenzo.]



SCENE SECOND.

An apartment in Bragaldi's mansion. Octavia enters, richly dressed for the festival.

Octavia.

Not here ! O, sure he never will return !
I know too well his deadly aim. Those shouts,
Those deaf'ning shouts that pierced my aching ear,

E'en through the walls of this vast mansion, seemed
To ring my knell. Castelli hath arrived.—
I hear he's wedded! Oh, could that man wed!
Could he approach heaven's altar with his bride,
Solemnly swear to cherish and protect her,
Without the damning thought searing his brain,
That those black perjuries he swore to me?

Bragaldi, without.

Octavia!

Octavia.

'Tis his voice! I thank thee, Heaven!

Bragaldi, without.

My wife! where art thou?

[*He enters.*

Octavia.

Thou'rt here in safety?

Bragaldi.

I have seen Castelli.

Octavia, inquiringly.

Oh! my husband?

Bragaldi.

His arrogance hath crushed my hopes. He hath
Refused to meet this arm. His rank—(Base worm!)
Forbids it! His high rank! Would I had struck
Him to the earth!

Octavia.

Oh! take me, take me home!
Quick let us hence and leave this treach'rous court!

Bragaldi.

To-morrow, not to-night. We must attend
The festival of Loredano first.
I cannot, will not, love, so ill requite
The kindness of our Duke. To-night I'll speak
E'en at the feast, my thanks, and say farewell.
To-morrow we will go.

Octavia.

I thank thee, for, Oh!
Here there is no peace! And shouldst thou meet
Again that arrogant and heartless noble—
Should I lose thee, my only hope, Bragaldi,
What has this world of comfort left for me!

The wrong that's past, is past. The fire is quenched—
Oh! for my sake then seek not to relume it!
If he rest silent, and no longer breathe
A thought of injury against our peace—
If he molest us not, let us be dumb.

Bragaldi.

Dear monitress, to me thy wish is law.
Thy pure affection, like a guardian angel,
Drives from my heart all fierce and bitter spirits.
It is the hour. We'll attend the feast.

Octavia.

The last, I trust, of courtly fantasies
My eyes will see. Clorinda may remain
With our kind friend, the noble dame Larini.
For a brief space at least let sorrow rest,
Our gloomy frowns must not disturb the joy
Of that assembly. Come!

*As she is going, she turns and sees Bragaldi standing
moodily abstracted. She arouses him.*

My husband! Come!

[*Exeunt Bragaldi and Octavia.*

SCENE THIRD.

A splendidly illuminated anteroom, (in the palace of Loredano,) opening by a flight of steps upon an elevated terrace, which leads to the garden beyond. Moonlight. On one side is seen the entrance to the banqueting rooms. Music is heard. Loredano enters attended by two pages, from the inner rooms, meeting a few of the later visitors to whom he speaks.

Loredano.

So my kind friends, though late, you're welcome.

What ?

Fair madam, you indeed have honored me.

Will you go join the dance, or wait the banquet ?

They pass on and Exeunt. Enter Bragaldi and Octavia.

Most truly, lady, I rejoice to see

Your presence grace these halls. I trust you'll ne'er

Indulge again the cruel wish of soon

Retiring from your sphere, our brilliant court.

Bragaldi.

Ah! much I fear your arguments, my lord,
Will prove in vain. Is't not so? [To Octavia.

Octavia.

Ay, indeed.

Advances to Loredano.

I sigh e'en now for my secluded home.
My fond dependents, and the humble poor,
Books, music, tapestry, my well-tried friends,
My sister and my husband, all are found
Collected near that old and quiet mansion.
Such happiness is there, I almost deem
An angel once did dwell beneath its roof,
And still, for mem'ry's sake, presides above it.

Loredano.

Thy sister and thy husband both are *here*.

Octavia.

'Tis true; but their beloved and happy converse
I can enjoy in peace and fondness there,—
While here, a gay crowd so surrounds us both,
The whisper of affection scarce is heard
Amidst the noisy revel.

Loredano.

Gentle lady,
Could hermits plead in tones like thine, I fear
All courts would be deserted.

[Pietro enters from the banqueting room.]

Pietro.

Noble sir,
The banquet now awaits your presence.

Bragaldi.

We
Will follow you, my lord.

Loredano.

Your pardon then.

[Exit, followed by Pietro and pages to the banquet.]

Octavia. (suddenly.
Francesco! if Castelli should be here—

Bragaldi.

Here! no, Octavia, he arrived since noon,
He'll not attend a festival to-night.

*As they are going, Marco enters from a private
apartment.*

Marco.

Our honoured Duke hath bid me seek you, sir.
He fain would ask your counsel for a moment.

Bragaldi.

I come this instant. [*Exit Marco.*

Octavia.

I'll remain, Francesco,
Till thy return, here in this quiet spot.
Do not detain the Duke.

Bragaldi.

I'll not delay.

[*Exit Bragaldi.*

Octavia.

Hark! now the merry laugh of thoughtless hearts
Comes faintly on my ear. Till he returns
I'll rest upon yon terrace girt with flowers,
And 'mid the perfume of those shady groves,
List to the warbling of the birds, that with
The sighing breeze forms one continuous melody.

She ascends the terrace and seats herself. Enter from the banquet Castelli, passionately, followed by Tebaldo, Loredano and Alberto.

Castelli.

A thousand curses on his meddling tongue

Loredano.

My lord, I do beseech you, be appeased ;
Your agitation, which all eyes observe,
Destroys the quiet of your anxious friends.

Castelli. (Pacing to and fro.

Your pardon ; but my rage will have its way.
Accursed be the babbling fool whose mad
Officious prating hath destroyed my hopes !

Tebaldo.

'Tis true, your bride did bitterly reproach
And threaten to return unto her father ;
But hearing you once loved Bragaldi's wife,
You need not wonder that indignant pride
Thus suddenly o'ercame her.

Loredano.

I entreat

You'll now return unto the banquet.

Castelli.

Yes.

I will return. I will not be the gape
And stare of fools. I will return and prove
The utter falsehood of that babblers's tale.

Castelli's loud tones here first attract Octavia's attention towards what passes. She gradually recognizes him, and rising, is about to withdraw, if possible, to escape notice, when her ear is arrested by the ensuing dialogue.

Loredano.

Indeed! Methought the tale was true.

Castelli.

I say

'Tis false—a vile and politic falsehood,
Told to excite my wife to jealousy.

Loredano.

Sayst thou, my lord, it is not true that thou
Didst secretly, but falsely, wed Octavia?

Castelli, passionately.

Am I—a noble, to be questioned thus
Like a dishonest slave? I say 'tis false;
I ne'er did wed her—never loved her—no!
I could not love a wanton.

Alberto.

How?

Tebaldo.

What?

Loredano.

Strange! (*Simultaneously.*

Castelli.

Ay. Though so young, her name was even then
A scorn and by-word 'mongst the peasantry.
Could Count Castelli e'er love such a woman?

Alberto.

Most wonderful indeed!

Castelli.

My worthy friends,
Haste to the banquet, I will follow you.

During these lines, Alberto, Tebaldo, and Loredano exeunt rapidly to the banquet. Castelli pauses to reflect.

Yes ; that's the plea ; I could not love a wanton.

As he is going, Octavia rushes down the stage.

Octavia.

Great Heav'n ! will thou not strike the liar dead !

Castelli, after a pause.

Avenging fiends ! Octavia ! can it be ?

That face—that voice—'tis she ! and she hath
heard—

Octavia.

Is it a dream ? Did I indeed hear those

Dark words ? Oh, let me drive away the thought !

(Perceiving Castelli.

He there ! 'Tis true—'tis horrible reality !

Castelli, aside.

I feel so conscious of my guilt, I dare

Not stir ; and yet—should some one come—I
must—

Octavia.

Hold, slanderer! Stay, and hear her you've destroyed!

You've crushed my heart, and worse, disgraced my fame.

And I should curse—'t were just; but be a man;
Revoke the foul aspersion, and I pardon.

Castelli.

Revoke it!

Octavia.

Ay! take back the fest'ring lie,—
For such it is as thy foul heart doth know.
To those who heard the falsehood, say 't is false,
And I will pardon thee.

Castelli.

It is in vain.

I cannot now retract.

Octavia.

Drive me not mad!

Stay, sure my wildness angers thee. Then hear
me!

He turns, and for the first time meets her eye. A pause.

With shame I own it, thou didst love me once,—
Deceive—desert me! We've not met since then!

(She falls at his feet.

By all the memory of thy broken vows—
By all the misery those vows have cost me—
By my poor aged father's broken heart—
(Broken by thee!—) I do implore—

Castelli.

Peace—peace!

Octavia.

I, here, a wife to one all honour, sue
With tears and prayers as warm and far more true
Than those with which thou once didst kneel to
me—

If, in thy long captivity, remorse
E'er touched thy soul—if thou art not all fiend—
Not for my sake, but for my husband's, hear me!

Castelli, relenting.

I may not listen, or my long-framed plans
Will fall beneath her tears. Let me begone.

Octavia.

Thou hast a wife, who, being wedded, guards
Her husband's fame; were she, like me, reviled—
For *her* sake, hear me.

Castelli.

Rushing past her. No! Away! Away!

Octavia. Starting up.

Art thou a demon? Have I bent my knee,
Forgot the honour of the name I bear,
Bragaldi's wife—and sued to thee in *vain*,
Thou heartless marble?

Castelli.

Nay, to grant thy prayer
Were death. Vain are thy tears!

Octavia! falling on her knee.

Then hear my curses!

May thy wife's fame unjustly be destroyed,
And thou be scorned, unable to refute
The falsehood!—Oh, may children bear thy name
And break their father's heart, as I for thee
Broke mine. May ev'ry plague, save madness,
haunt

Thee! Mayst thou pray, like me, for madness, as
A blessing! May death, though sought, long shun
thee,

And when he doth approach bring ling'ring anguish
Great as the pangs that torture my brain now!

A pause. Bragaldi speaks within.

Bragaldi.

Now with your gracious leave I'll seek my wife.

At the sound of her husband's voice, Octavia, shrieking his name, falls senseless. At the same moment

Castelli exclaims.

Bragaldi's voice! He comes! Away! Away!

[Castelli rushes out.]

Bragaldi enters from within, and is going towards the terrace, when, seeing his wife,

He exclaims,

What can this mean? Octavia!

And as he is raising her from the ground, the curtain falls.

END OF ACT III.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST.

An Apartment in Castelli's Palace.

[*Enter Castelli and Tebaldo.*

Castelli.

Then here we say good night, Tebaldo, while
I thank thee for thy zealous friendship, thus
With speed to bring these welcome news. In truth
The favours, wherewith our Duke hath graced me,
Demand my earnest gratitude.

Tebaldo.

It is

Unto your bride these thanks are due, my lord.
Her father's int'rest at our ducal court
Is such, that for his sake, whate'er she asks
Is granted instantly.

Castelli.

Her father is

Indeed my steadfast friend. 'Twas well I learned
The falsehood which that empty fool had told her.
Her indignation was so fierce and bitter
I feared I could not sooth it.

Tebaldo.

You succeeded,

And I rejoice to hear it. Yet 'twas strange ;
Had other lips than yours pronounced the words
I should have deemed them slander.

Castelli.

Doubt them not.

Tebaldo.

But tell me, fear you not Bragaldi's wrath?
He keenly feels affront, and may revenge—

Castelli.

My lofty rank doth raise 'twixt him and me
A bar which e'en his wrath cannot o'erleap.
And foiled in honourable vengeance, he,
In deep seclusion, with his loving wife,
Will hide his anger from the world. Good night.

Tebaldo.

Adieu, my lord!

[*Exit Tebaldo.*

Castelli.

How now! who waits?

[*Enter Lorenzo.*

Lorenzo,

My servants need not wait without. Affairs
Of state demand my care. I go not forth
To-night. You may retire.

Lorenzo.

I obey.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*

Castelli.

Oh guilt! didst thou not thrive so well, it were
Beneath me to descend to such a scheme.
'Tis a base lie I told against Octavia,
Who ne'er indulged unholy thought or wish,
Whose virtue forced me to deceive. Well, well:
Remorse is vain—retreat impossible!
The falsehood uttered, I must now maintain it.

[*Enter Lorenzo.*

Lorenzo.

Gracious sir, a courier from the Duke.

Castelli.

Admit him straight.

[*Lorenzo shows in the Courier.*

Courier.

Giving papers to Castelli,

My lord, these from his grace.—

Castelli, (after examining them turns to Lorenzo.)

Retire to rest; let none remain attending.

I would be private.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*

To Courier. This way, follow me.

[*Exeunt Castelli and Courier.*

SCENE SECOND.

Octavia's Apartment.

Octavia discovered seated at a table on which half-consumed tapers are burning.

Octavia, after a pause.

No, no; 'tis vain! It will not be!

There is no rest, *Starting up.*

There is no peace for me!

The very walls around me have a voice
And cry—"Revenge!"—But how? No means—
but blood.

Oh horrible! I've brooded on that wish
Till I have craved to die, or else go mad.
Belied, disgraced for ever, and by *him*
Whom I had pardoned and prayed not to hate—
But savagely to slay—oh, madd'ning thought!
Yet life without it is one cheerless void—
Its only hope and stay, its honour, gone,—
While he, my base accuser, soars to fame!
The world, whose pigmy souls do feed on slander,

Will still repeat the tale with added taunts!
And then *his wife*, his proudly spotless wife,
Who, never being tempted, ne'er did wrong,
Will speak of me—of *me*! with chilling sneer,
Or worse, will pity me. *Her* pity! Oh! (*Shuddering*)
Must then Bragaldi's wife bear this? no, never!

[*Enter Bragaldi.*

Bragaldi.

I'll think no more, for 'tis Promethean torture.
The tale thou toldst me seems of leaden weight
To crush e'en Atlas' strength. Am I not bound—
My proud will fettered, and the gladd'ning hope
Of reparation gone for ever from me?
He hath refused to meet my challenge once,
And dost thou think he'll now retract refusal?

Octavia.

Is not the dagger swifter than the sword?

Bragaldi, after a pause.

That thought from thee, so kind and gentle once?
Can this be thou, thus changed?

Octavia.

'Tis I, thy wife!

We never know the strength of our passions
Till time or circumstance doth draw them forth.
Look on the plains of our own Italy—
See nature smiling in triumphant beauty
As naught but Time could change it. Look again!
And in the passing of an hour, see
That lovely spectacle one blackened ruin—
The solid earth rocked to its very centre,
And from the fierce volcano streams of fire
Devouring and destroying all around.
E'en such a change, so sudden and so blasting,
Hath passed o'er me.

Bragaldi.

And yet to murder—No!
Although I seek revenge, I ne'er could so
Belie my nature.

Octavia.

What!—Bragaldi, think!
If Heav'n should bless, or curse,—our union with

A child, destined hereafter to inherit
The name and honour of thy house, then think
Of the foul plague-spot that will haunt him ever,
His mother's infamy!

Bragaldi.

No more! no more!

Octavia.

Think of thy pure and guileless sister's wo,
Shunned by the virtuous and nobly born,—
Abandoned e'en by him who sought her hand,
Doomed to live on heart-broken and unloved,
For bearing our spotted name.

Bragaldi.

Oh torture!

Octavia.

If that doth fail, think of thine own proud fame,
Thy glory, as thou deem'dst it, now profaned!
Behold thy honour as a husband lost,
And thou held in the world a tool and dupe!
If these do not suffice, think then thou seest
My father burst the confines of the grave,

And with his trembling lips appeal to thee
For vengeance on the sland'rer of his child.

Bragaldi.

Thou'lt madden me, Octavia!

Octavia.

Madden *thee*!

What then am I? *Thou* canst not feel as *I* do.
Woman alone can know what woman feels
When thus reviled and slandered.

Bragaldi.

Yes, by heaven!

It were indeed a glorious blow to strike
The villain dead this very night!—and yet—
To stab him like a midnight murderer
That slays for gold—like an assassin! never!

Octavia.

And canst thou hesitate to slay that man
Who now in triumph smiles in scorn upon thee?—
Or pities thee, the poor disgraced Bragaldi!
By whom, before th' assembled, list'ning nobles,
Thy faithful wife, whose infamy thou shar'st,

Was loudly branded with the name of—wanton !
Doth not that word send lightning through thy veins ?
Doth it not chase away all thought of judgment
Here—all deeper dread of wrath hereafter ? Think
On that one word—that burning, blistering word,
And waver if thou canst !

Bragaldi.

I pause no more.

Here, by thy wrongs, behold me firmly swear
This night, this very hour, Castelli dies !
Avenging Heaven ! hear—attest my oath !
Farewell. Fear not. E'en should I hesitate,
That word alone would spur me to the blow.
I go, Octavia. Doubt me not. I've sworn.

[*Exit Bragaldi.*

Octavia, listening at the door.

He's gone ! His tread sounds fainter, fainter still !
Soon will Castelli's eyes be closed. In life's
Last agony his breath will curse his slayer
With its blood-stifled gasp. Ah ! *Shuddering.*
She totters to a chair. Then listens.

Hush ! Hark ! now

That step—'tis heard no more. *A pause.*

E'en since last night

Have I become so desperate and hardened
That I can calmly listen to the tread
Of one who goes to slay—and he my husband!

Starting up.

Oh! that I were a child again, as blithe
As when I knelt beside my father's knee
And nightly breathed my guileless prayers to Heav'n!
And why not now pray thus to ease my heart?
No, no, I dare not pray!—Who's there? Well,
speak!

'Tis no one. All is still.—I'll wake Clorinda,
I cannot bear to be thus left alone.

Yet not alone,—for eyes are gazing on me,
And voices whisper me—and shadows move—
Brain! Brain! Turn not with agony!—I'll not
Stay here—I'll follow him, ere I go mad
And so forget his name. Bragaldi! Hear!
I come! I come!

Octavia rushes off.

SCENE THIRD.

Another Apartment in Bragaldi's Mansion.

[Enter Clorinda and Giulian.]

Clorinda.

Do then as I have told thee, faithful Giulian,
And that despatched, get thee to rest, good friend.

Giulian.

I fear my lady is not well, sweet madam.

Clorinda.

The court's gay revelry exhausts her strength.
The memory of her former woes still frights her,
E'en as a shadow doth a timid child,
And casts a partial gloom o'er all her peace.
But once to-day I've seen her; 'tis her will
That no one should disturb her privacy.

Giulian.

It is my duty to obey, but this seclusion bodes ill
for my lady's health.

[The bell tolls one.]

Clorinda.

An hour past midnight ! Hasten, Giulian : now
Bid all retire to rest, and go thyself.
Thine aged head requires repose far more
Than my young eyes, and even they, in sooth,
Are almost closed with weariness.

Giulian.

Shall I call thy maiden, madam ?

Clorinda.

Oh no !

Yonder she waits for me e'en now, and in
Her heart, I doubt not, murmurs sadly at
My long delay. Good night.

Giulian.

Good night, sweet madam ; peaceful sleep
And happy dreams attend you.

Clorinda.

Thanks. Though thy wish
I trust is needless. Girlhood's bright content
And a pure heart bring peace to any pillow,
Be it of humble maid, or high-born dame.
Good-night.

[*Exeunt Clorinda and Giulian.*

SCENE FOURTH.

The Court-yard of Castelli's Palace, with gates at the back, leading to the street. On one side is the entrance to the palace through a portico up a flight of steps. Moonlight. Castelli enters from the palace with papers in his hand, followed by the Courier.

Castelli.

This business wherewith our Duke hath charged me
Indeed is weighty, and I marvel not
That by this private summons he commands me
So late to meet in secret at the palace.
Go thou at once and say I'll follow quickly.
I'll but inform my wife that I must leave her,
Then instantly attend his grace's will.

Courier.

I shall repeat your message.

(Goes out through the centre gate.)

Castelli.

So 'tis well.

Chance seems to aid all my attempts at power.—

My servants sleep, fatigued by late carousing ;
I'll not awake them, for 'tis best they know not
Whither I go. No time is to be lost.

[*Exit into palace.*]

Enter Bragaldi with a cloak and mask through the gates.

Bragaldi.

All's silent now ; all nature is at rest ;
Ay ; e'en the city's busy stir is hushed.
Yonder's his palace, where the tired menials
Have left the door unguarded. Now to lure
Him forth.—I am resolved ; no power can move me.
Ye poor disguises, aids to my design,

(*Putting on the mask and cloak.*)

For this one deed I use ye ; but that done,
With what exulting joy I'll cast ye off !
One blow ! No pause—delay is ruin. Now
Avenging powers, aid me ! I am firm—
He dies !

[*Castelli enters from the palace.*]

Castelli.

So, I am ready.—All is still.

Should I not take a single servant? No;
There's no fear of robbers here in Milan.

Bragaldi, advancing.

'Tis he!

Castelli, drawing his sword.

How now! what seek you here?

Bragaldi.

Your blood.

Defend yourself!

*Rushes upon him, disarms and stabs him with the
dagger.*

Castelli.

Help there! Beset by villains
At my palace gate! Whose arm hath struck—

Bragaldi, unmasking.

Behold!

Bragaldi!

Castelli.

Ah! Bragaldi! Slain by thee! Just Heav'n!

Octavia, speaking without.

This must be the spot. Where art thou?

(She enters through the gates.)

Speak! my husband?

Bragaldi.

Octavia! Look! thou art avenged.

Castelli.

Octavia! Oh!

Forgive my falsehood—retribution—Heav'n—

Protect my wife—and mercy— *Dies.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE FIRST.

Octavia's apartment. Octavia discovered leaning against the open window.

Octavia.

Night! welcome night! when wilt thou come again!
O! when man's villany first made me grieve,
In my own heart I looked and hoped for peace,—
Now dare I not appeal unto that Heav'n
I have so far incensed.

A knocking heard.

Who's there!

[Enter Clorinda.]

Clorinda.

'Tis I.

I fear, sweet sister, that you are not well.

Octavia.

In my own thoughts I bear a gnawing grief
That soon will be my death.

Clorinda.

One early fault
Alone has been the source of all this wo.
Sad moral—learned too late! But sure, if thou
For that one error, by thy youth excused,
Dost feel such deep regret, think! what must those
Endure, whose souls are burthened with a crime!

Octavia.

Aside. Oh agony! *Aloud.* I tell thee, misery!

Clorinda.

Why, thou couldst not more deeply grieve were thy
Soul stained with blood.

Octavia.

Bood! Name it not! Away!

Rushes past her. Clorinda is approaching her.

Nay, touch me not, for I shall poison thee;
There's such a pestilence doth cling to me
I do infect the very air I breathe.

Clorinda.

I know the cause that thus alarms thee. Ay!

Octavia.

'Tis false ! (*Recollecting herself.*)

Nay, heed me not. *Aside.* Oh torture

Clorinda.

Yes.

I know the cause. Castelli has returned.

I've learned his treachery in wedding thee,

But he'll not now molest thee.

Octavia.

Art thou sure ?

Aside. Eternity, thou canst not have in store

Worse agony than this !

Clorinda.

Hast seen his wife ?

Though he deserves her not, Alberto says

So truly doth she love him, that his death

Would break her heart.

Octavia.

Aside. And I have widowed her !

Aloud. How have I injured thee, that thou shouldst
tear

My heartstrings thus ?

Clorinda.

What have I said? I spoke
But to divert thy thoughts.

Octavia.

Ay, to *divert*!

Why how thou art alarmed. A word will fright
thee.

Indeed 'tis mirthful. *Wildly.*

Clorinda.

Sister, such strange mirth
Is fearful. I will leave thee for awhile.

Apart.

I'll meet Alberto ere he seeks my brother,
For while this woful mystery exists
There is no room for joy.

Aloud. Heav'n bless thee, sister!

Octavia, shuddering.

Thou too art changed into a fiend to mock me!
Leave me! Leave me!

*Clorinda approaches to embrace her. She shrinks
from her touch.*

Away! I am unworthy!

[*Exit Clorinda, sorrowfully.*]

Would heaven, in its mercy, drive me mad!
I know not what a hardened villain feels,
But oh! a once pure heart, sunk into guilt,
Endures on earth all pangs condemned souls
Hereafter suffer in perdition.—Could
I rest—forgetfulness brings peace! Oh then
'Tis surely not for me!

[*Exit Octavia.*



SCENE SECOND.

*An Apartment in Bragaldi's Mansion. Enter
Giulian meeting Alberto.*

Alberto, hastily.

Giulian, conduct me to Bragaldi, haste—
Or to Clorinda, instantly.

Giulian.

My lord?

Alberto.

f yet there's time I'd warn him. *Noise heard.*

'Tis too late.

Giulian, looking off.

What means that noise ? Soldiers here ! They
Crowd the hall, and now surround each door.
What can this mean ?

Alberto retires dejectedly. [*Enter Tebaldo.*

Tebaldo.

How now, good Giulian, where's your master ?

Giulian.

In his own apartment. Has aught occurred, my lord ?
Some danger to the state ?

Tebaldo.

None.

Giulian.

My lord, forgive me ; I am old, and have lived
with my kind master since his birth.

I know his noble heart, and his affection makes me
think him my son and not my master. Therefore I
pray you tell me why you come with these soldiers
to seek him so hurriedly ?

Tebaldo.

He is accused of murder.

Giulian.

Murder!

Tebaldo.

Yes.

This morn at day-break the brave Count Castelli
Was found before his palace entrance, slain.

Giulian.

And you suspect my master?

Tebaldo.

Castelli uttered slander 'gainst Octavia :
Thy master vowed revenge. Not on these grounds
Alone do we suspect. Know'st thou this jewel?

*Shows the cross worn by Octavia, and which fell
from her girdle in the last scene of Act IV.*

Giulian.

'Tis very like one that my lady wears.

Tebaldo.

'Twas found beside Castelli's murdered corse.

Giulian.

Alas ! Alas !

Tebaldo.

His death demands atonement. Ho ! within there !

[Enter Luigi.

Conduct me to your lord.

Alberto, follow !

[Exeunt Luigi and Tebaldo.

Alberto, advancing.

Go, Giulian, to Clorinda ; bid her maidens
Break gently to her the sad news, and sooth her ;
But for the present, keep her from her brother.

[Exit Giulian.

Unlooked for wo ! Now then to seek my friend.
Justice must be obeyed. Alas ! Bragaldi !

[Exit Alberto.

SCENE THIRD.

*Another Apartment in Bragaldi's mansion. Centr
doors leading to an inner room.*

[Enter Bragaldi.

Bragaldi.

My poor Octavia ! now she sleeps in peace.

This respite from despair may aid her, else
Her frame too sure will sink beneath the blow.
Ere this 'tis known Castelli has been slain.
Where will suspicion light? On me? There are
No proofs; if asked, I can deny. What! lie
To screen my life! But will death be my doom?
A husband's honour dwells within his wife,
And she once slandered, what man's heart could be
So base and cold as not to seek atonement!
Yet midnight murder—such it is in truth,
And I must bear the stain upon my soul.
My wife! Thy love has been my all on earth,
Nor will I shrink from death itself for thee.

[*Enter Luigi.*

Luigi.

The Lord Orsani here would speak with you.

[*Enter Tebaldo and exit Luigi.*

Bragaldi.

Thou'rt welcome, friend.

Tebaldo.

I bring unwelcome news.

(An officer and four guards enter, and after them, Alberto. The officer stations the guards at the different doors, and then goes off towards the other apartments.)

I come on a most fearful errand.

Bragaldi.

Speak!

Tebaldo.

Castelli has been murdered.

Bragaldi.

Murdered!

Tebaldo.

Ay!

Last night before his palace-door.

Bragaldi.

And you

Accuse *me* of the deed?

Tebaldo.

The public voice

Accuses thee—not I; and as thy friend

The Duke bade us in *private* tell thee this,
In mem'ry of the high respect he bore thee.

Bragaldi.

I thank his mercy. Why am I accused?

Tebaldo.

Thy story known did first suggest the thought
To ev'ry mind ; but near the corse was found
This curious jewel. (*Giving it*)

Bragaldi.

Can it be?

Tebaldo.

Your wife

Wears one that much resembles it.

Bragaldi.

Not she.

I have a jewel like it. She has none.

It *does* resemble mine. (*Returns it.*)

*The officer re-enters with the cloak Bragaldi wore in
the last scene of the 4th act.*

Tebaldo.

How now?

Officer.

My lord,
Obeying your directions, we have searched
Throughout the mansion, and have found this mantle.

Tebaldo to Bragaldi.

'Tis yours?

Bragaldi.

It is.

Officer, unfolding it.

Behold! 'tis stained with blood.

A pause.

Bragaldi.

Then be it so. Away all vain disguise!
The jewel is my own. I own it. Yes,
I slew Castelli. I could stoop to murder,
Commit a crime to satisfy revenge,
But cannot stoop to lie. I slew Castelli.

Tebaldo to officer.

I'll to the palace. Guard the pris'ner well.

[Exit Tebaldo.]

Alberto advancing.

How could thy nature so debase itself?

Bragaldi.

Question me not, my friend. I will not answer.
No commune on my motives will I hold
But 'twixt my heart and heaven. I've confessed.
My doom is death.

Alberto.

Soon as I heard the tale
I came, (too late, alas!) to warn thee. Still
A friend may sooth thy wo.

Officer advancing to Bragaldi.

Good sir—

Alberto.

I pray

Let me perform thy duty. *Officer assents and retires.*

Thanks!

To Bragaldi, Your sword.

Bragaldi, offering it.

'Tis here unstained. For my sake, wear it.

He recoils. Nay,

It hath been used but in my country's cause.

Take it, and when thou hear'st my name reviled,

Let it remind thee of a man whose honour

Was never stained but by one fearful deed.

Alberto.

I take it, and will ever treasure it.

Hast thou no other weapon?

Bragaldi.

None.—My sister—

How fares she? doth she know?—

Alberto.

She does, and weeps

In solitude.

Bragaldi.

When I am gone, protect

Her!

Alberto.

With my life. *My* mother shall be hers.

Bragaldi.

Thanks—thanks! I would not see her, but I pray
Give her my heart's best wish, a brother's blessing.
My poor domestics too—

Alberto.

They shall be cared for.

Bragaldi.

And for my wife—

Octavia, within.

Detain me not—I will—

I must have entrance. *She rushes in.*

Oh, Bragaldi, speak

What mean these armed men around the door?

Bragaldi.

Castelli has been murdered. I'm accused.

Octavia.

Thou! no! who dares—

Bragaldi.

I have confessed.

Octavia.

'Tis false.

To Alberto and Officer.

'Twas I that murdered him—I say 'twas I.
I urged my husband on—I swear 'twas I.
If he is doomed, why I alike am guilty ;
The partner of his crime should suffer with him.

Rushing into his arms.

Bragaldi.

My friends, believe her not. She raves. I slew him.
I saw my wife,—my honoured, faithful wife,
Disgraced and slandered by the villain who
First won her—then deceived her! Could I pause?
Could I behold her thus deprived of all—
The only pride of woman torn away—
Her life, a life of shame and misery—
Could I see this and tamely bear it? No ;
A true Italian spirit warmed my heart,
Keen to perceive affront, and as the lightning
Swift to avenge a wrong.

Octavia.

Oh! say not so!

My desp'rate passion urged thee on to guilt—
Yet thou'lt forgive—

Bragaldi.

Forgive, and love thee ever!

Blame not thyself alone. Castelli's scorn
Increased the flame thy woes had kindled here.
Alberto,—yes! his arrogant contempt
Denied all reparation for his guilt.
A soldier's pride—my honour as a husband—
My happiness—my once untarnished name—
All withered by his pois'nous breath :—I sought
To crush the reptile ; nor observed the flower
Which that rash action trampled in the dust.

Octavia.

Mourn not for me! Thou art the only tie
That made me love the world. Thou gone, it would
Be misery to live.

Bragaldi.

Still true! still firm
Thy love! I've lived for thee alone, Octavia ;
For thy sake I'll gladly die.

The officer advances, having examined the inner room.

Officer.

Good sir,

My duty bids. You must retire hence
To yonder chamber more securely guarded.

Bragaldi.

I go—

Octavia.

But not alone. No arm will tear
A poor, heartbroken wife from her doomed lord.
We will not part on earth.

Officer.

Then be it so.

I would be merciful to the extent
My orders grant. The guard shall here remain.

Bragaldi.

Octavia, come! In death alone thou'lt find
The refuge which I cannot give thee now.
Daughter of sorrow, in the grave at least
Thou wilt be safe from persecuting slander—

It cannot reach thee there.—Alberto, I
Had deemed my heart so fenced with iron pride
That naught could reach it; but thy kindness has
O'ercome me. I rejoice Castelli's dead,
And know his fate deserved. But when I see
The gen'ral wreck I've caused around me here,
I feel,—the blindness of man's puny will
E'en in success destroys itself, and so
Should leave revenge to Heaven's hand alone!

*He bids Alberto farewell. Then, extending his arms
to Octavia! She rushes to him. They retire to the
inner apartment and the doors are closed.*

A trumpet sounds without.

Alberto.

Say, what new alarm is this?

[Enter Luigi.

Luigi.

The nobles with a mandate from the Duke.

[Enter Loredana, and two other nobles.

Loredano.

We come with woful tidings. Speak, Larini
Where are thy friends?

Alberto.

E'en now they left me in
Such bitter anguish!—In the battle's roar
I've seen my truest friend struck down beside me,
And heard his dying groan for those afar—
I've seen the agony of her fond heart
Who watched for his return, and flying swift
To give him welcome, only met his corse!
But oh! their wo ne'er equalled this despair,
For self-reproach had no part in their grief.

Loredano.

Is then Octavia and Bragaldi's love
Still firm?

Alberto.

Unchanging as the will of Heav'n!
Each seeks to save the other from the doom
That threatens both. Their fate on earth is sealed.
But midst the darkness of the tomb, one gleam
Of sunshine lingers still with blessed power—
Love, strongest e'en in death!—no more, I pray!

[*Enter Tebaldo.*

What brings you here?

Tebaldo.

It is the Duke's command
That we should guard the pris'ner to the palace.

A sound of something falling in the inner room.
Hark ! What means that noise ? Where is Bragaldi ?

Officer.

In yonder room, my lord. His wife is with him.

Tebaldo.

Unclose the doors, and bring them forth.

The doors are opened, and as the officer is about to enter, Octavia appears.

Octavia, wildly.

Forbear !

Advance not nearer ! Strangers here ! Whom seek
ye ?

Tebaldo.

Thy husband, lady, he must hence with us.

Octavia.

Go, bring him forth.

Alberto and officer enter the room immediately

Alberto, within.

Merciful Heaven!

Tebaldo and Loredano.

Speak!

Alberto, rushing out with a dagger.

Bragaldi's dead!

All.

Dead!

Alberto.

Ay!—it is too true.

He lies on yonder couch; his life extinct,—

This reeking dagger by his side—

Tebaldo.

Whence came it?

Octavia.

From me! Ha! he hath foiled you—he defies you—

He ne'er would lay his head upon the block.

With wild exultation, ending in passionate grief,

He's dead!—He's dead!—He's dead!—

Loredano.

Unhappy man !

Dupe of mistaken vengeance.—Art thou gone !

Let us bear hence his wife and bring her comfort.

Octavia, waving him off still more wildly.

Comfort ! I have it. I shall soon rejoin him.

Poison now runs through my veins.

Alberto.

Call help !

Octavia, supported by Alberto.

No ! Stay ! I urged—Bragaldi—to the murder.

Oh brain ! *Seeking for her cross and not finding it about her.*

That cross !

Tebaldo shows it to her. She presses it to her heart,

'Twas his first gift.

Bury it with me,—and lay us in one grave.—

Your prayers !

Alberto.

She's dying ! Help !

Octavia.

Death's chill is on me now.

My heart's all ice—my brain's all fire ! See, see—

There's my father. Father! my heart is broken—do not trample on it. Curse me not! Mercy! Mercy! Stay!—What flood rises round me? 'Tis dark and thick—'tis blood—blood—blood! It rises, it chokes, it stifles me! Help!—Ah! I'm free—I'm free.

Alberto.

Alas! her reason's fled.

Octavia.

Bragaldi! Hark! Castelli speaks, yet lightning comes not from Heaven to blast him. Courage! One blow! Revenge! Is't done?—Yes, there the blood flows on—Hark! he curses—curses! Look! is he alive? It is a spectre. Ah! 'tis *not* Castelli. It is my father! Bragaldi! See! I've murdered my own father!

(She falls dead.)

Clorinda hastens on, followed by Giulian. Alberto raises Octavia in his arms: Clorinda assisting him; while the other characters group around them in silence.

THE END.

FUGITIVE PIECES.



On the day on which the account of Queen Victoria's coronation arrived in New York, I wrote the ensuing metrical sketch. It derives extraneous interest from the fact of its having been read and accepted, nearly six years afterwards, by the Sovereign and her royal mother, who are its heroines. The gracious promptitude of their acceptance of it, immediately upon my single and unadorned request, was doubly flattering, as it was a compliment far more to my nation, than to me as an individual.

The "Dead Geranium" is a simple narration of minute family occurrences.

The Address on the Return of the Volunteers was written in Augusta; the Georgian Volunteers having returned from Florida, where they had endured severe and protracted hardships, and whither they had gone to protect their fellow-countrymen from the destructive incursions of the adjacent Indian tribes. These volunteers were among the most worthy and respectable citizens of Augusta, and left their professions and trades, their families and their substance, to befriend others without fee or reward.

THE NIGHT OF THE CORONATION.

WRITTEN ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION OF

VICTORIA I.

“ And all the people shouted and said *God save the King !*”

I. SAMUEL.

It is the dead of night, all London is at rest ;
Save where from yonder wide, illuminated street,
The hum of crowds, who seek with eager step their
homes,
Breaks on the watcher's ear. Anon, the broken
laugh
Of one o'ercome with wine, jars on the silent air.
In that vast room the feast is spread ; the sparkling
cup
Is passed from hand to hand : and midst their glee,
the shout

“*Long live the Queen!*” startles the neigh’ring
dreamers. While

Low crouching cold in yon recess, the beggar
clasps

Her tired child, and strives to wrap her in the rags
That with each effort tear afresh. That babe’s the
last

Of a once merry throng, whom want and foul dis-
ease

Have slain. The mother weeps in grief, but not
despair ;

She puts her trust in Him who answered Hagar’s
cry :

Her longing eyes peer through the open window,
where

The festive board speaks plenty, while she starves
without—

The laugh, the toast, the song, alternate pass.—

A guest

Withdraws from that carouse, and stalking home-
ward, meets

The weeping outcast.

“What ! In tears ? that must not be.

No grief on such a night as this. Here, lone one, take

These coins. Get thee a home, warm clothing,
food and fire.

To-night's a jubilee; go,—cry '*Long live the
Queen.*'"—

The poor one sees the shining gold, and on the
stones

Falls trembling on her knees, and shrieks thanks-
giving forth,—

Praise unto Heav'n and gratitude to him who thus
Hath saved two lives.

—— "God bless thee, and repay tenfold

Thy bounty! Soon this babe shall pray for thee—
and though

As yet, poor child of sorrow, nameless she hath
been,

I'll call her now, *Victoria!* While the onward
course

Of years succeeding, marks this joyous day's re-
turn,

The *name* may nourish still in her young heart the
thought

Of charity to all, and trust in Heav'n. I *now*

With happy heart indeed may cry, '*Long live the
Queen!*'"—

The lonely sentinel who paces near yon gate,
Hearing the sound, unconsciously unites his shout
With hers,—“ *Long live the Queen!*”—Then as his
measured round

Brings him hard by that vast majestic pile,* his voice
Low whisp’ring dies away, and slowly he stalks on.

In yon rich chamber sits a girl o’er whose pure brow
The suns of nineteen summers have not shed a care.
Upon that bed, whose silken fringes sweep the floor,
Is cast a crimson robe, with gold and ermine
decked ;

The crown lies near it, thrown impatiently aside.
Clusters of gems, and broided badges of her state
Are scattered at her feet. Attendance irksome felt
But now, she bade all leave her—she’s alone with
Heav’n.

Her hair she hath unloosed to cool her fevered brain.
Her face is passionless—not calm. A solemn act
Hath left its impress ; tender feelings, anxious
thoughts,

Religious hopes, are struggling there. She is not
now

* Buckingham Palace.

The queen of ocean's pride, fair Britain's rocky
isle,—

She is the young, pure, trusting, inexperienced
girl,

Launched on a sea as yet by her unknown, un-
crossed.

The commune Christians hold in solitude with
Heav'n

Bursts from her thoughtful soul.

—— “ Yes, it is past ! The deed
That binds me to a life of lofty destiny
Is now fulfilled. I am a queen ! Have ta'en the
oath !

And felt poured on me the anointing oil that still
Since Saul arose hath been the chosen sign to mark
God's stewards on earth for good—but oh ! too oft
for harm.

What though each subject's heart was raised in love
and trust

Throughout the land this day towards me ! What
though before

My footstool knelt the patriot, statesman, warrior,
sage,

With white hairs bowed in homage to a timid girl !

What though this day first saw a heathen envoy*
come

In peace to hail the crowning of a Christian king!

What though two gen'ral^s,† who in strife had oft,
as chiefs

Of adverse armies, met, now both in friendship's
bonds

United, cheered me there! Ah no! it was not these,
Though glad events they are, that filled me with
deep thoughts:

It was the awful charge that I this day have ta'en
Upon myself.—”

So mused the maid, when rising swift,
As by a sudden impulse urged, upon her knees
She sunk, and with clasped hands raised her ador-
ing eyes

To Him who still is present ev'rywhere, unseen.
The faith in which she hath been reared doth fill
her heart,

And in its creed she offers up a queen's first prayer.

“Almighty God! to Thee alone I look for aid.

* Turkish Ambassador.

† Wellington and Soult.

Most Blessed Spirit! pour the vials of Thy grace
On me! Oh, make me humble—grant me a new
heart!

Father! perfect the work the spirit shall begin!
Let me for Thy *ten* talents, *twenty* talents gain;
And let me hear advice—accept the good—eschew
The evil;—make my kingdom prosper, and the
poor,
Neglected oft, my ceaseless care. Let flatt'ry's in-
cense

Have no pow'r to cloud Truth's image shrined
within

My soul. Grant me a mind, that like Ithuriel's
spear,
Bids vice start forth in its real hideous shape, that I
May openly denounce and shun it. Chief of all
My sex in rank, frame me its model bright—the
shield

Protecting female innocence. When lives Thou
gav'st

Are in my hand, let 'mercy season justice,' nor
Let misplaced clemency encourage vice. If I
Must wed, then guide my girlish fancy to select

One whose unspotted worth may prove the public weal.

Oh, aid me to remain Thy Faith's Defender still !
By me revered and practised, Omnipresent make
Religion ! Help me so to live, that when within
Thy balance weighed, I may not be found want-
ing !—Lord !

On her who faithfully Thy will hath ever done—
Who, under Thee, hath made me what I am,—
bestow

Thy golden joys ; let her in life and death be blest,
And feel her love for me hath not been unreturned.

“Blessed Redeemer, at Thy feet I cast my weight
Of sin ! Clothe me in faith, and with Thy precious
blood,

Shed for all sinners, wash me clean. Then, after
death,

Lead me to taste salvation, where the hours will pass
In hymns of ceaseless praise unto the Triune
God !—”

Her prayer is o'er ; she's happy : not upon herself
She leans—a bruised reed ; but on the Rock of
Truth,

Which to her thirsty lips doth yield its living streams.
She rises.—Her young heart throbs quicker, and a
smile

Of warm, expecting love, lights up her face. A
step,

Gentle, yet eager, echoes on the night. A door
Is softly opened. Lo! a matron comes: her mien
Majestic : beauty lingers o'er the ripened form
As loath to lose its once loved resting-place, where
time

And care, and thought matured, have cast a mellow
shade.

“ Mother!—”

“ My child!—”

They spring into each other's arms.
Their holy love awhile from depth is silent.

—“ I

Knew not, my child, that thou wert waking yet.—”

—“ Think'st thou

That I could sleep without thy wonted blessing
breathed

Upon my head, that more to-night than ever, needs
A mother's blessing? 'Tis a spell to shut out pride.

Heav'n's love and thine should be the last sweet
thoughts to dwell

Upon my fevered brain before I sink to rest.—”

“ My child ! My *queen* !—”

—“ No, call me still *Victoria* ! Yes,
Thy darling child still call me as when round thy
knees

I learned the first great truths that taught me to be
good.

Oh, dearest mother, what I owe to thee ! When left
Alone in a strange land, deprived of thy heart's hope,
My noble father,—thou didst triumph o'er thy grief
For me, the widow's child. For years didst thou
contemn

The pomp and pleasures which thy rank and higher
worth

Received, and were their due,—devoting every hour
To me alone :—and though the height on which I
stand

Doth free me from thy rule in acts of state, *at home*
We still are child and mother e'en as peasants are !
And now, thy blessing !—”

Soft the parent laid her hand

Upon the young fair head that bowed before her
feet ;

And on her brow she pressed a mother's holy kiss—
The pledge of love which angels ratify on high.

“ May God Omnipotent shed naught but bliss on
thee !

Oh, may He make thee, sweet, a purely Christian
queen !

Let me but see thee blest, and faithful to thy trust—

Let me but feel that *He* is with thee,—and in peace

I'll go to my last rest, and leave my mem'ry still

Kept like a secret altar in thy heart.—My child,—

My loving child, good night !—”

* * * * *

In far America

A simple girl, Victoria, pored upon the page

That told thy coronation's glory, and while tongues

With pride extolled the splendour of thy state, *she*
thought

That thou, like her, art young—a woman ! *She*
beheld

Thy heart in hers reflected clear. Though placed
so high,

Thou art not raised above the sympathies of earth :
Woman is woman ev'rywhere ; on England's throne,
Or tideless Mississippi's banks, she's still the same.
Two nations speak one language, and affection's
ties,

Each day made stronger, surely will ere long erase
All memories of former bitterness.—While peace
Its blessings sheds on thy land as on ours, all lips
E'en though republican, this wish unite to breathe :
May'st thou be all thy nation hope ; thy life be such,
That after scores of years have flown, each British
heart

May cry as joyfully as now, “ *Long live the Queen !* ”

New York, 1838.

THE DEAD GERANIUM.

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Dry, sapless, withered, dost thou lie!
No more thy buds will greet my eye,
No more thy fragrance fill the air.
Why art thou dead? No watchful care
Was spared to save thee ; night and day
I strove to shield thee from decay :
But all in vain. Thy bloom is fled—
Thy leaves have fallen—thou art dead !
A stranger's heart would deem me weak
In tones of sadness thus to speak
Of yon poor stem : but I will tell
Wherefore I loved that plant so well.

Three years since, to my happy home
The little nursling first did come,

And in the Cottage-garden fair
It flourished 'neath my mother's care.
Her plants she tended daily, while
My father would her task beguile
By standing near with look benign,—
His arm, caressing, linked in mine :
By stealth into his pocket crept,
The kitten peeped, or played, or slept ;
The spaniel old, sedately stood,
Or barked with joy in gamesome mood :
And through the air gay jests would ring
From my young lips, that happy spring.

The summer came, the flower grew,
And months on wings of pleasure flew.
While cooler airs awhile we sought,
The summer passed ; its closing brought
Irreparable wo. We came
To that sweet Cottage still the same :
That Cottage which a father's taste
Had reared, and with each comfort graced ;
The flowers bloomed as though elate
To see us enter at the gate.

Us? Yes. My mother near me stood ;—
And friends were with us kind and good :
But to my father's home once more
His lifeless form alone we bore !
That flower perfume gently shed
Where low reposed his honoured head,
While 'mid the saddened crowd was heard
Naught, save the preacher's hallowed word
Entreating God to soothe and bless
The widow and the fatherless.
From door to door the house-dog ran—
(His life now wasted to a span ;—)
With mournful howl and tearful face
He roused the echoes of the place,
And with his asking, piteous groan
In each heart waked responsive moan.

Months fled ; and grief's receding hand
Awhile upon me left the brand
Of health impaired : but passing time,
And change of home, of scene, of clime,
Still spared that plant. Across the main
Its blooming beauties knew no wane ;

Arrived on Albion's rock-bound coast,
Its fragrant health was yet my boast.
A solace was it unto me
In that small stem a friend to see,
Reminding me of former days,
And eyes that ne'er again could gaze
Upon its buds ;—of friendship past,—
Of memories through life to last,
And many an unconscious word
Whose whispered breath its leaves hath stirred,
When I with varied fancies wild
The lonely hour oft beguiled.
It called to mind my native land,
My parents' love and accents bland,—
The counsels sweet my mother gave,—
My childhood's haunts—my father's grave!

And I had hoped to leave it *here*
To end its cherished, long career,
Beneath my kinsman's roof to stay,
A gift from me ; that when away
A type might in its growth appear
Of love for him, each coming year.

This must not be : like all of worth,
And happiness, and hope, on earth,—
Its season o'er,—the common doom—
It seeks a refuge in the tomb.
'Tis dead. Like *it*, poor child of clay,
I, soon or late, shall fade away ;
But still, unlike that flower, when
Decay is o'er, I hope again,
With those who love me,—those I love,—
To bloom anew in fields above.

London, 1844.

AN ADDRESS,

SPOKEN ON THE RETURN OF THE GEORGIAN VOLUNTEERS FROM FLORIDA.

'Tis with an anxious heart and throbbing brow,
That on this brilliant scene I enter now.
Alone, unaided, trembling I appear,
And come forth singly, as a volunteer.
My voice, (the voice of all within this dome,)
Bids the assembled wand'rers, welcome home!—

What rapturous thoughts of pure affection's fire,
Does that one blessed word—our home—inspire!
We bear with the vain world's deceitful charms,
Endure cabals of state and war's alarms,
Secure, that while our toils abroad increase,
Within our homes dwell happiness and peace.

When stranger foes invade our native land,
Danger joins men in one unshaken band ;

All private interest yields to public wo,
And each man arms against the common foe.
Or when the cherished hearthstones of our sires
Have been profaned by war's destructive fires,
In those loved ties there dwells a holy charm
Gives tenfold strength to boyhood's feeble arm.

How brave then, *those*, whom *friendship* calls *alone*,
“Eager to bleed in battles not their own :”
No anxious nations urging *them* to fame—
No loud alarums echoing back *their* name—
A sister-land sends forth a wailing cry,
And to that call those gallant hearts reply !
They tear themselves from those they love at last,
All private gain by them aside is cast.
The father's blessing doth the son implore—
The tearful menials throng around the door.
The happy infant stands unconscious by,
Sees their distress, and asks the reason why ;
Pleased with the glitt'ring sword, it draws the shin-
ing blade,
And dreams not of the widowed hearts weapons
like that have made.

The sister bids adieu to him she holds so dear—
The mother cannot speak; her blessing is—a tear!
The trembling bride gasps forth one farewell sigh
To him for whom she lives—with whom she'd die!
The last embrace is ta'en; the parting word is
spoken—

Affection has exchanged each little, precious token;
The gallant band depart; the last, sad, ling'ring
look is o'er;
They've parted, not to meet for months—perhaps to
meet no more!

To free that land, alas! in vain the aid they bring.
The ills of savage war too deep have left their sting!
Each little work a parent's hands had made,—
The social hearth, the cool, retired glade,—
Each cherished spot by happy kindred trod,—
The holy shrine where hearts had bent to God,—
The mansion where the grandsire's self was born,—
The fruitful garden, and the ripening corn,
All left alike a prey to savage, ruthless foes,
And those the knife had spared, perish beneath
their woes!

All aid that little band can grant, by them is freely
given ;

Against each hardship in their path with firmness
have they striven ;

And though not theirs the happy lot to free that
land from ill,

The blessings of the friends they've served will wait
upon them still !

And when that land revives in peace, its people far
and near,

Will join in thanks and gratitude to the gen'rous
Volunteer !

And while with *hopes of peace* each noble heart doth
burn,

Think of that welcome, glad event, the Volunteers'
Return !

The thronging crowds assembled press along the
strand

To hail the safe return of that heroic band.

Each friend, with trembling gaze, now anxiously
draws near,—

But *every one* returns, and needless is their fear !

Heart beats to heart with rapid throb, in warm
ecstatic greeting—

'Twere well to part to feel the joy of such a blissful
meeting!—

Nor think it strange that from my feeble tongue
These untaught words of welcome thus have sprung.
I came but as a stranger to your Southern shore,—
Now deep regret I feel that my brief stay is o'er!
If I should e'er return, I cannot now foretell—
Then with my "Welcome Home!" let me thus
say—Farewell!

Augusta, Ga., 1836.

THE FOREST PRINCESS,

OR

TWO CENTURIES AGO.

AN HISTORICAL PLAY, IN THREE PARTS.

To the official courtesy and kindness of our minister, the Hon. Edward Everett, and to the facilities afforded by that admirable institution, the Library of the British Museum, I am indebted for the historical details of this play. It would appear only an affectation of pedantry to name the works, (at least twenty in number,) which were consulted previous to the writing of this ephemeral production.

London, 1844.

INTRODUCTION.

The lack of intelligible chronicles has left the early history of the red men imperfect ; the prejudice and injustice of their dispossessors have too often falsified or obscured their traditions ; and the various dialects and rapid disappearance of many tribes render perishable the historic songs some rude Homer may have chanted. The life of Pocahontas is an exception to this rule : the great charm of all connected with her is its certainty and truth. All the particulars of her biography are confirmed by relatively distant and unimpeachable testimony, recorded by writers who, (so far from adding to narrative a single charm,) by their uncouth style and barren enumeration of events denude them of all beauty save their intrinsic worth. While the mere fact that some of the most worthy families in our land are the living descendants of Pocahontas, gives an almost prosaic reality to her existence.

Considered in her individual career, Pocahontas stands forth from first to last the animated type of mercy and peace, unselfishness and truth. Her benevolence, (of which the limits of this play can record but a small part,) is neither a momentary impulse nor a cold system of utility : it is a warm, all-pervading and abiding principle. Her life was pure, active, and affectionate : her "beautiful, godly, and Christian death" was a theme of praise to all beholders.

Considered in relation to the events which resulted from her instrumentality on earth, her character assumes still greater im-

portance. The various historians and colonists concur in the assertion that but for the benefactions of Pocahontas, Virginia would have been lost to England. The Dutch and the Spaniards were then aiming at a settlement, and would have established themselves there during the delay which must have inevitably occurred, had the British colonists starved to death or abandoned the spot,—a result which Pocahontas alone prevented. How far the aspect of civilization, of national character and government, of literature and science, in America, would have been affected, had other lands given customs, laws, and language to so extensive and central a portion of our continent, is a question well worthy of consideration, and in justice to Pocahontas, should ever be associated with her name.

The great difficulty in the construction of a drama from this subject,—its unconquerable defect, rhetorically speaking, lies in the division of the interest. Were it a romance, it were easy to heighten the attraction tenfold by representing love as the result of Pocahontas' compassion and Smith's gratitude, and thus perfecting the unity of the plot. But this tale is no fiction; and though precedents illustrious in literature exist where the acts of historical personages have been misrepresented to embellish romance, the justice of such a course may be questioned, especially when, as in the present case, it would detract from the pure disinterestedness of a woman's fame. However rude may be the shrine on which Vesta's fire is kindled—however dim its blaze may seem, viewed through the misty atmosphere of centuries,—even the laws of classic fable forbid us to employ the torch of Hymen, or Cupid's "purple light" to replenish the celestial flame.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

EUROPEANS.

CHARLES, Prince of Wales, aged 17.

SIR THOMAS DALE, Governor of Virginia.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, "sometime Governor of Virginia, and
Vice-Admiral of New England."

MASTER JOHN RATLIFF, President of the Council.

MASTER JOHN ROLFE.

MASTER ROBERT HUNT, Preacher,

WILLIAM VOLDAY, a Switzer.

ANAS TODKILL.

ADAM FRANCIS.

MASTER NEWTON.

PAGE.

DRAWER.

Colonists, Mechanics, Soldiers, &c.

QUEEN ANNE, Consort of James the First.

MISTRESS ALICE.

MAUD.

NORTH AMERICANS.

POWHATAN, King of the Twelve Tribes of *Powhatan*.

OPACHISCO.

MOSCO.

Americans of the Tribes of the Paspaheghes, Monacans, &c.

POCAHONTAS, the *Forest Princess*, named also Metoka, daughter
of Powhatan, and afterwards baptized under the name of
Rebecca.

PART THE FIRST.

Scene—America, in *Wingandacoa*, the land of Powhatan, named Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth :—Time, 1607.

PART THE SECOND.

Scene—America—in the country of Powhatan :—
Time, 1609.

PART THE THIRD.

Scene—England—in London and at Gravesend :—
Time, 1609.

FIRST PERIOD 1607.



ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

The banks of Powhatan River in Virginia. On one side is the entrance to the fort. On the other, a clump of trees crowning a small acclivity. Rude dwellings are seen near the fort and in the distance. The British flag flies from the fort. All the colonists are discovered in various groups; some of the mechanics still retaining their tools. Mosco is discovered seated on the ground listening attentively. Rolfe, Smith, Ratliffe, Hunt, Francis, Todkill and Volday advance. The rest assemble round them with respectful attention.

Ratliffe.

Now, my brave friends and comrades, rest we here ;
For well is leisure earned by zealous toil.

There stand complete the first abodes by hands
Of British artisans upreared, upon
The Paspaheghes' land—the settlement
Of fair Virginia. And by full consent
Of this good council, we shall call the fort
And dwellings, *James Town*, honouring the king
By whose commission we explore these lands.

All.

Long live King James!

Ratliffe.

Your counsel, friends, I seek.—
Right worthy Captain Smith, as thou hast learned
The languages of many native tribes,
And all their customs and geography,
To thee I first address myself.

Smith.

The same

Fair praise is merited by Master Rolfe,
Who, all unused to labour, still hath toiled
Without reward, hard as paid artisan,
And from the savage brought to Britain young,
Learned e'en as much as I.

Rolfe.

You wrong me there.

You are my elder and my better too :
A soldier prudent, brave and tried, while I
Wild for adventure, only hope to see
The Indian countries noble Raleigh named,
And with my sword to carve my way to fame
And fortune—if I *can*.

Smith.

What more wouldst have ?

Who would at home drag out an aimless life,
When honourable, bold ambition calls
To lead through forests vast the arts and faith
Of polished, civilized life—like pioneers,
To hew a road to Glory's farthest goal,
And write on her imperishable page
The op'ning chapter of a nation's story.

Hunt.

Thy words like fire warm each heart that hears.

Ratliffe.

Now to our plans. This friendly Indian says

Pointing to Mosco.

Yon noble stream and lands of vast extent
Are ruled o'er by Virginia's mighty king—
Great Powhatan: who lives in savage state
At Orapaks, about four leagues from this.
We must with him a treaty make that may
Secure supplies of corn and other food,
When we've exhausted all our vessel's store.
A deputation to this king must go.

Hunt.

Might I advise, but two should bear the news.
A number of strange faces would convey
Semblance of hostile purpose.

Ratliffe.

Well you speak ;

And Captain Smith first named—the other—

Reflecting Stay—

Smith.

Most worthy president, I'll go alone.
Each arm and head are needed to preserve
The safety of the colony.

Rolfe.

Let me

Thy danger share.

In setting gild its rude abodes—so tells

The Indian here. *Rolfe returns with an axe and
gives it to Smith.*

Thanks, friend. I will not lag
Upon the road. The wild grape and the stream
Will feast me in my absence. Fare ye well
Most worthy council, and my trusty friends.
*Ratliffe and Volday bow. Hunt and Rolfe advance
to say farewell.*

Hunt.

Heav'n speed thee on thy errand.

Smith.

Rev'rend sir,

Amen. *Exit.*

Ratliffe.

Now let us in, and feast this wild
But friendly man, and after send him home
Well pleased, laden with glitt'ring gifts to bear
A good report of us among his tribe.
*They are conducting Mosco to the fort as the scene
closes.*

SCENE SECOND.

*The adjacent forest.**Enter Volday.**Volday.*

'Tis ever thus—in Britain—on the seas—
And now in forests, still this Captain Smith
Is foremost in our council and our wars.
No other name can gain a eulogy.

*Enter Rolfe, equipped for the chase.**Rolfe.*

See—the sun shines bright on Smith's adventure.

Volday.

On Smith! Is there no other brave bold man
That he must be the burthen of each song?

Rolfe.

For shame! Thou lik'st him not, because, of all
The lawless spirits here, (and they are many,)
Thou art the hardest to control. Why man!
We are among an untaught race whom we
Would make our friends.

Volday.

What then?

Rolfe.

What then?

Why thus—thou didst endeavour to defraud
The Indians who first came to sell us ven'son.
Thou would'st have robbed, not bartered. Captain
Smith

Made thee pay what with us values little,
But is a treasure to the forest-bred.
For this I grieve to see thou ow'st him grudge.

Volday.

What right has he to lord it o'er the rest?

Rolfe.

The right of rank bestowed for service tried,
The right of valour and integrity—
Prudence, experience, generosity,
Endurance and the pride of conscious worth.
These give him right to rule o'er me, and thee.

Volday.

A man's opinions are as free as air,
And I have mine.

Rolfe.

But if they tend to ill

Discard them, pray. We are a little band
Amidst an unknown country, and should be
United. Come, meet Smith on his return
With friendship. I will try my sporting skill
Till sunset. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Volday.

Young scatter brain!

Your boyish dreams of honour and desert
Will ever keep your purse filled scantily.
You aided Smith in public to disgrace
My name.—I *will* bear friendship—in my *looks*,
And wait the hour to crush ye both.

Noise without. But hark!

Todkill rushes on much frightened.

How now? what ails thee? speak!

Todkill.

Speak! I've hardly breath, I've run so fast.

Volday.

Run! wherefore! why

Dost tremble so? Are foes at hand?

Todkill.

I'll tell you,—only wait. *Recovering himself.*
Master Ratliffe sent me into the forest for Master Rolfe—when two great glaring eyes looked out upon me from the thicket ; then I heard an angry growl. It was a wolf, or a bear, or one of those more hideous beasts you wise heads call a panther.

Volday.

Of course

You shot him dead.

Todkill.

Oh no ! I ran away.

Volday.

Coward !

Todkill.

No ! no ! I don't deserve that name. I've no objection to fair fight with *men*, but wild beasts are my particular aversion.

Volday.

Weak fool ! to let

The brute escape, surrounded as we are

By dangers.

Todkill.

If you are so anxious, seek him out yourself ; and if he makes a meal of *you*, I don't think many will shed tears.

Volday.

Cease your senseless gossip !

Todkill.

Senseless ! umph ! If it was a *bear*, he'll have a fellow-feeling, and make friends with you.

Volday.

Psha !

Exit angrily. Todkill laughs.

Todkill.

Ha, ha ! I think that I was even with him there. —I wonder where young Master Rolfe is gone.

Francis enters.

Ha ! Francis !

Francis.

So, Todkill, no more work, at least to-day. It is to be a holiday.

Todkill.

Not before we want it. Such a life! cutting down trees— chopping up trees—sawing—digging! whew! my arms ache at the recollection.

Francis.

Yes, the work is hard.

Todkill.

Hard! Ay! I believe it is. And at night, before we can go comfortably to sleep, we must light fires to keep off—ugh! the wild beasts.

Francis.

Yes, fires large enough to roast—

Todkill.

Roast! don't talk of roasting! Shall I ever see a joint of meat served up in a Christian way again, or go to sleep without the singing of those vile musquitoes in my ears!

Francis.

And then we cannot have a jovial bout forsooth, because the wine is doled out daily to us!

Todkill.

These savages—poor, ignorant, unhappy creatures, have no wine—no anything except tobacco—that's my only comfort here—to smoke a pipe—for then I think of pretty Mistress Alice whom I left in England, and how comfortable I should be seated at home with her by a nice *coal* fire—a cup of mulled wine and a pipe by my side. That's comfort, Francis.

Francis.

Comfort ! yes ! Harkye, you're a merry fellow, and if you will give your word to keep a secret—

Todkill.

Close as the grave. What is it ?

Francis.

When poor Captain Smith gave out the wine yesterday, I stole a flagon, and here it is. *Producing it.* But mind, in confidence, I'll share it with you, before we go back to the fort.

Todkill.

Ah, Francis, you're a worthy soul. Here's the health of comely Mistress Alice. *Drinks.*

Francis.

Mistress Alice! *Drinks.*

Todkill.

Bless her pretty face, I think I see it now.

Drinks again, then gives the flask to Francis.

Francis.

Here's success to the new colony. *Drinks.*

Todkill.

Ah! this forest life is very dreary.

Francis.

Well, you can return in the next ship.

Todkill.

No, I must stay with Master Rolfe, Heaven bless him! I've known him since we were both little boys. He always stood up for me when I was in

trouble ;—and in our merry game—Lord ! how he used to thump me—bless him ! I wouldn't leave him for the world.

Francis.

Well then, think of fame and money.

Todkill.

Yes, money's very well ; but as for fame, that's charming enough for Master Rolfe, who wants to live in story : I'd rather live in England, and die undistinguished.—

Oh, Mistress Alice ! *Takes the flask and drinks.*

Francis.

Console yourself with the adventures you can relate on your return.

They are going.

Todkill.

Ah ! yes ! How Alice will stare with astonishment ! I'll tell her all I've seen, and more too. Travellers, you know, are not bound to tell the truth ; if they were, their books wouldn't be half so entertaining.

[*Exeunt Todkill and Francis laughing.*]

SCENE THIRD.

*Powhatan's wigwam at Orapaks. A rude throne
on one side. On the other a pile of huge stones.
Powhatan enters from without.*

Powhatan.

The sun has set, yet Pocahontas
Returns not with the forest's blooming spoil.
Why does she linger? Hark! it is her step.
*Pocahontas enters the wigwam, bearing a basket of
wild fruit.*
My child is welcome.

Pocahontas.

Pocahontas brings
A dainty for her father's evening meal.
Her task was shortened by surprising news.
A weary wand'rer from that peaceful tribe
The Paspaheghes, met her on the road.
He says the pale-faced men whose homes are where
The sun doth rise, are come unto our shores
Once more, in their white-winged canoes.

Powhatan.

The God

Of ill rain curses—

Pocahontas beseechingly.

No!

Powhatan.

They come to seize

The red man's lands—to slay—

Pocahontas.

Though some were false,

My father will not judge all harshly. Think!

Even amongst our own and other tribes

There oft are wicked and deceitful men—

So may it be with these. Remember too,

'Mongst those who landed here, and since went home

O'er the big waters, years ere I was born,

I've heard my father praise—ay! more than one—

Many for bravery stood eminent.

Powhatan.

Thy voice breathes kindness ever. Pocahontas

Is her father's dearest child.

Pocahontas.

And fondly

She loves him. Were he meanest of the tribe
She'd share with joy his base inglorious lot;
But as he is a mighty chief and brave,
She loves his glory dear as she loves him,
And ever will entreat him not to cloud
His fame by judgment harsh or cruelty.

*Enter Opachisco with the axe used by Smith in scene
1st, followed by two Indians.*

Opachisco.

Mighty chief! we have surprised a stranger
Wand'ring near this wigwam. Not of our race
Is he, though speaks he our tongue. We would
Have seized and brought him hither, when aside
He cast this tomahawk he held—
(*Pointing to the English axe.*) and raised
A short black wand—a flash gleamed in the air—
The Spirit he invoked, 'mid smoke denounced
Our rashness, and we fled; but soon returned
When he, great wizard, beckoned and besought
To see the mighty Powhatan.

Powhatan.

Ye fools!

It was no Spirit, but a tool of war
The pale-face fights with, as you arrows use.
He is no wizard—Go, conduct him here.

Exeunt Opachisco and the other Indians.

See, e'en as Pocahontas said, 'tis one of those.—

Smith is conducted in by Opachisco and other Indians.

He comes. What brings the pale-face here?

Smith.

I am called Captain Smith. With other friends
Just landed from a long and stormy voyage
I came to seek Virginia's mighty king.

Powhatan.

Where are the white man's countrymen?

Smith.

Upon

The banks of thy broad river, Powhatan.
They wait my coming with assurance fair
Of amity from thee. A bond of peace

With presents rich I offer, and besides
Bright beads and hatchets, tools of every kind,
Arrow heads, glass, wrought iron, copper too,
Your corn and ven'son taking in exchange.

Powhatan.

Powhatan will no treaty make—no peace—
The pale-faced brethren come to spy—to seize
His lands—to make his tribes their slaves—to bow
Him down with tribute.

Smith.

Chief, you wrong me much,
And wrong still more your father, England's king.
Ambition, avarice, may be the curse
Of some who sought your friendship to betray.
My word is sacred as my bond. In deeds,
As well as speech, I proffer amity.

Powhatan, surprised.

Do *young* men speak in the pale-face's councils?
Where are their white-haired sages? Powhatan
Suspects them all; and even now perhaps

Their treach'rous band in ambush lurking near
May spring upon us. One at least shall be
Secure. *He gives a signal and the Indians advance
stealthily behind Smith, and prepare to seize him,
directed by Opachisco.*

Pocahontas springing forward.

What means my father?

Powhatan.

Seize the stranger!

*Before Smith has time to draw his sword the Indians
spring upon him and pinion his arms. After a
struggle, Smith is overcome and held down by the
savages.*

He shall die! appeasing the Great Spirit
Who then may drive all rash intruders hence.
So—bind him hard—. *Opachisco does so.*

Smith.

Yet hear me, savage chief!

Powhatan.

Plead not! 'tis vain.

Smith.

Plead ! 'tis for thyself
I'd speak. Beware the vengeance of my king.
Plead ! never ! Death I fear not. I will meet
Its stroke with firmness as a soldier should.
My peace I trust is made above. My life,
Risked for my country oft, is England's still.

Powhatan.

Prepare the instruments of death.

*(Smith is led to the pile of stones and assisted to lie
down with his head upon the stones. The In-
dians bring their clubs.)*

Pocahontas.

No ! No !

Will not my father spare him ?

Powhatan.

Get thee hence ;

Our chiefs admit not women's counsels.

Pocahontas.

True.

Poor Pocahontas is a woman ; but

She's child of a great warrior and king—
Of Powhatan,—and as she shares his blood,
So may she share his counsels.

Beseechingly. Let her stay!

Powhatan.

Thou art the dearest daughter of the King;
Provoke him not to wrath. Begone.

Pocahontas.

The voice
Of mercy louder speaks than Powhatan.

Powhatan.

Thy father hates these strangers.—Mark me well.
They came in numbers ere thyself wast born.
Their deeds, their history, their conduct, *then*,
To our tribes will *ever* be the same.
The time will come they'll spread o'er all the land.
Foul tyranny and rapine they'll return
For friendly welcome and sweet mercy shown,
Defrauding or exterminating still
Our ancient race, until the red man's name
Will live but in the mem'ry of the past,

Or in some exile powerless, who sells
For a few ears of corn his father's land,
Lord of that soil where then he'll beg a grave.

Pocahontas.

And *should* our race thus pass from earth away,
The shame will not be theirs, but their oppressors,
Who then, amidst the chronicles they keep,
This act of mercy by a forest-king
Full surely must record. Oh! spare him, father!

Powhatan.

Is Powhatan a woman, to be moved
By tears? The stranger dies. (*Turns from her.*

Now, warriors,
Obey your King. When thus I raise my arm,
Dash out his brains!

The Indians brandish their clubs.

Pocahontas.

Rushing to her father. No! No! In mercy stay!
Perhaps he has a child in that far land—
A babe just straying from its mother's arms—
Both watching for his coming—praying too
The Good Great Spirit to protect him still!

Powhatan, incensed.

Let women snatch from wolves the prey their fangs
Have torn, but thwart not Powhatan. Begone!

Pocahontas.

Think were my father captive far o'er seas—
Thus doomed to die alone—no hand to save—
His daughter helpless here in agony—
For her sake, spare him!

Powhatan, with terrible anger.

Dare not speak again!

He dies. Away! Goes up to his throne and raises
his arm. At the same moment Pocahontas rushes
to Smith, and clasps his head in her arms, laying
her own head upon his, as the Indians are in the
act of striking the blow, while

Pocahontas exclaims.

Then slay him thus!

Powhatan.

Hold! Hold!

The Indians pause.

To Pocahontas, with surprise and admiration.

Thou art a worthy daughter of thy race—

A warrior's Spirit in a woman's form.

Thou wilt not doubt the word of Powhatan.

'Tis pledged. *Pocahontas relinquishes her grasp of Smith and comes forward. To the Indians.*
Release the pale-face!—*They raise and unbind him.*

He is free!

Pocahontas falls at the feet of Powhatan who stands upon his throne repelling Smith's expressions of gratitude. The Indians group around in wonder, and Opachisco points to the entrance, directing Smith's departure, as the curtain falls.

END OF ACT I.

SECOND PERIOD 1609.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.

James Town. The same scene as the first of the play. The colonists discovered in various groups, some reclining on the ground leaning against the trunk of a tree—some leaning on their usng—and all more or less feeble and haggard from the effects of famine. Ratliffe, Rolfe, Volday, Todkill and Francis, are most prominent in the group.

Rolfe.

Look cheerly, friends ; we'll not despair as yet.
Each hour brings hope of near arrival from
The shores of dear old England. Come, bear up !

Volday.

Bear up ! with famine's squalid frown upon
Each face ! I say, away with this control.

We're in extremity ; then let us try
Each for himself—the strongest win the day.
Break open all the stores, and let us make
One jovial meal at least.

Rolfe.

A selfish counsel ;
For there are many sick within the fort.

Volday.

Let the sick die or heal—whiche'er they please.
I say, break open all the stores.

Rolfe.

For shame !

Ratliffe.

The ship is fit for sea. Why not set sail,
(Those who are able,) to the nearest port,
With what provisions yet we have—

Rolfe.

And leave
The rest to perish by starvation here—
Give up all prospects of the colony—

Desert the post our country gave in charge!
No! let us act like men! I will not stir
While there's a dog alive within the fort
To make a meal of.

[Smith enters from the fort.]

Ratliffe.

With what strength we have
Let's arm, and rush upon the savages,
And seize whate'er we want.

Night begins to close in the scene.

Smith, coming forward.

A villain's thought!

Besides the tribes to us are scores to one:
'Tis madness, Ratliffe.

Volday, to Ratliffe, Francis, and others.

Come then, friends; we will
Provide for our own safety. On!

Rolfe, drawing his sword.

By heav'n

He dies that stirs!—*They pause.*

Friends, comrades, ye will not

Selfish and reckless, crush the little hope
Of what a few days' fortitude may bring,
And leave so many sick inchmeal to die ?
Like brothers let us stand together !

Volday.

No !

Make way ! *Advancing with Ratliffe, Francis and
the rest.*

Smith whispers to Rolfe, who goes off hastily.

Smith.

Then hear me ! By Saint George ! If ye
Will thus desert your comrades,—as ye pass,
(For pass ye must,) within the cannon's range,
With sakre-falcon and with musket shot
I'll fire upon your pinnace, and I'll sink
Ye all ! *Volday levels a pistol at Smith.*

Ay, fire ! Young Rolfe will execute
My plan ! Desert us if ye dare !

Distant shout. Hunt enters.

Hunt.

Joy ! Joy !

From Lady Pocahontas come her brave

Young brother, and six Indians more, with stores
Of food.

A loud shout from all, except Volday.

Rolfe enters.

Rolfe.

Ay! Shout! and thank the Indian maid
Who watches o'er our safety.—I bring news
Of more good fortune. From the tallest tree
Beyond the fort you may afar descry
In gallant trim a ship that steers this way.

Smith.

Indeed! good news crowds in. On to the fort!
A hearty meal to each, and then prepare
To welcome all our conntrymen.

Ratliffe, to Smith.

Come, friend,

Give me your hand. I own I've been to blame.

Smith.

That cancels all. *Grasps his hand.* Hunt, Rolfe,
Ratliffe and Smith confer together. Francis ap-
proaches timidly. Smith beckons, and in action,
expostulates with, and forgives him.

Volday, apart.

Were not these fools so tame;
So swayed by Smith and Rolfe, I know that some
Would back me in the strife. So let it be.
The secret messages I've sent unto
The savage king, have prospered, and he knows
The fitting time for ambush and surprise.
These *patient* victims then will fall, and I,
Rewarded, honoured by the savages,
In time in lawless luxury may live
And reign amid these forests.

*Meanwhile Rolfe and his friends have been accosting
the colonists and aiding the feeble to rise and
approach the fort.*

Rolfe to Smith.

I'll remain.

For while my hungry comrades feed on what
This Indian Ceres has bestowed, 'tis fit
The outskirts of the forest here should not
Be left unwatched.

Smith.

Thy caution is well-timed.

Farewell awhile.

To the colonists.

Now follow to the fort.

Exit Smith into the fort, followed by the rest tumultuously. Volday goes off slowly.

Rolfe takes up his gun which was resting against a tree.

Rolfe alone.

That I could see her! Such a gentle maid
Were pleasanter acquaintance in these wilds
Than yon rough comrades. I am half in love
Already with this forest-maid, and could
I see her—Hark! a step is rustling through the brake,
Is't man or brute? I'll climb this knoll and watch.

He ascends and looks off.

It is the panther's stealthy tread. I hear,
But cannot see him. *Looks through the branches of
the tree.* Stay! Beneath the shade
Of yon old tree an Indian girl reclines.
I'll nearer steal. *Advances nearer, and starts with
horror.* Is she the panther's aim?

Yes—there I see him. Look! he's crouching low,
Unseen by her, on her recumbent form
To spring. Now—*Levelling his gun.*

Heaven nerve my arm!

Fires and looks off. Well shot!

The brute is down—the maid unhurt.

With surprise. No shriek!

Yet 'tis a woman, and she comes this way.

Pocahontas descends.

Pocahontas.

A gun! the weapon of the pale-faces. *Sees him.*
Thou art the stranger whom the forest-maid
Must thank. Within yon shady nook, where she
A moment sat to rest her wearied feet,
In death a panther lies: one instant more,
Without thy aid, the death would have been hers,
Not his. How shall the forest-maiden thank
The stranger?

Rolfe.

Nay, no thanks, sweet maid; enough
To have preserved thee; mention it no more.

Pocahontas.

Had I been slain my warning had been lost.
Time wears. The wanderer must not delay.
Young brave, take thou this string of beaded shells,
Despise it not. For show this token when
Thy fair locks tremble in the red man's hand,
His tomahawk will fall unstained to earth.

Rolfe kneels to receive it.

Whate'er thy peril, send the forest maid
That little chain, her tribe will free thee straight.

Rolfe.

No sainted relic e'er was treasured more
Than this shall be for sake of her who gave it.
But may I ask the gentle donor's name?

Pocahontas.

Matoka is my *name*. Virginia's tribes
Know me as Pocahontas.

Rolfe.

Princess! what!

Our guardian angel! She who saved the life
Of Smith?

Pocahontas.

Thou know'st him?

Rolfe.

He's my dearest friend.

Pocahontas.

Indeed! Too long I've tarried. I must speak
With Captain Smith, alone, and quickly too.
My life is perilled by my stay.

*Volday enters from the fort, and retires observing
them.*

Rolfe.

Your life!

For him you risk it?

Pocahontas.

Not for *him*, young brave,
For peace and mercy's sake alone: but when
In bonds expecting death I saw him stand,
Compassion made us kin at once, and now
Dear as a father is thy friend to me.

Rolfe.

Sweet maiden, would that *I* might share such love!

Pocahontas.

More like my own brave brother is thy youth,
And Pocahontas as a brother trusts thee.
The time draws on. Oh haste!

Rolfe.

This way, dear lady.

Leads her into the fort.

Volday advances.

Volday.

How's this? An Indian girl conferring with
Young Rolfe! Are then my plans revealed?

Their words

I scarce could catch. I'll follow to the fort:
If aught I see betokens I'm betrayed,
I'll quick to Powhatan for refuge—yes—
And spur the savage to attack at once.

[Exit into the fort.]



SCENE SECOND.

The interior of the fort.

Rolfe leads in Pocahontas.

Rolfe.

Princess, rest here ; I'll seek out Smith : meanwhile
A rev'rend friend shall guard thee from intrusion :
For see, he comes this way.

Enter Hunt much agitated.

Hunt.

O woful news !
Brave Smith is wounded unto death.

Rolfe.

Oh heav'n !

Hunt.

Still first in toil, he launched his skiff to meet
His friends in boats fast pulling from the ship
That now, with England's flag displayed, hath cast

Her anchor in the stream. A bag of powder
That near him lay, by some mischance caught fire,
Exploded, and the captain wounded lies
In cruel suffering.

Rolfe.

Where is he ?

Hunt.

They

Have borne him to the ship, where surgeon's care
Is busy round him.

Pocahontas.

Then to ye must I

Reveal my errand or 't will be too late.

First tell me where my noble brother is,—

For I am Pocahontas. *To Dr. Hunt.*

Hunt.

Gen'rous maid !

Thy brother and attendants, long ere this,
Are safe at Orapaks. Their mission o'er,
They left us instantly.

Pocahontas.

Then they are safe.

A villain lurks among the pale-faces
Who hath betrayed ye all to Powhatan.
With presents a few red men soon will come,
And while ye feast, your weapons they will steal,
And giving signal to the ambushed tribes
Will massacre ye all.

Rolfe.

What fiend can thus
Have sold us ?

Pocahontas.

Strangers, hearken unto me.
Your faith, 'tis said, e'en more than ours, commands
That ye should speak the truth. By all ye hold
Taking a hand of each.
Most sacred and most terrible, I claim
Your word to act as Pocahontas wills :
In peace and pity, slaughter to prevent,
I give this warning ; but whate'er betide,
Ye must attempt no strife—in mercy act,

Nor slay, nor *harm* the tribes of Powhatan.

Ye promise this?

Hunt, solemnly.

For Pocahontas' sake

The council shall their honour pledge to this—

Rolfe, with equal solemnity.

As we do ours.

Pocahontas.

Send one you can trust

To Powhatan, and tell him you've received

From o'er the waters, in that great canoe,

Food, warriors, and arms. But name not *me*!

Oh haste! *A salute is heard from the cannon of the
fort.*

Rolfe.

The Governor has landed. Worthy sir,

Go seek our countrymen. Let all be done

In strict obedience to this maiden's will.

Hunt, to Pocahontas.

May heaven ever bless thee for this act!

[*Exit Hunt.*

Pocahontas.

Farewell, young brave. Ere dawn I must again
Within my father's wigwam be.

Rolfe.

Return

Without repose that distance through the woods
On foot?

Pocahontas.

The forest-maids can travel far
Untired.

Rolfe.

Thou wilt miss the way.

Pocahontas.

We see

Unfailing land-marks in the trees and stars;
Nor e'er forget a path we once have trod.

Rolfe.

But darkness will surround thee.

Pocahontas.

The Good Spirit

Will see and guard me then. Farewell.

Another salute is fired. Hunt enters, showing in Sir Thomas Dale, preceded by Ratliffe, Volday, Francis, and followed by the other colonists and a guard of honour.

Hunt—pointing to Pocahontas.

This is the princess who hath twice preserved
This colony from famine and from death.
Day is seen to break through the windows of the fort.

Dale.

Her plans we've followed, and her message now
We send to Powhatan. *To Volday.*

No moment waste,
But swiftly seek the king, and strongly paint
Our re-inforcing strength.

Volday, obsequiously.

Doubt not my zeal
Or aptness for the task.

Apart. Fate seems to aid
And hasten my revenge. *Bows and exit.*

Date.

Princess, no arm
Shall 'gainst your tribes be raised. You're welcome
here.

Pocahontas.

The red king's child will seek her father now.
Yet would she learn if Smith still lives.

Dale.

He does.

And prays to bid thee, Master Rolfe, farewell.
*Ratliff goes up to Sir Thomas, and talks with him,
pointing to Pocahontas, Rolfe and Hunt.*

Rolfe.

First let me tend thee, princess, on thy path.

Pocahontas.

No, no; farewell! And when thou seest my father,
The stranger he will love who saved his child.

Rolfe.

Thy bidding I obey. But soon I trust
We'll meet again.

Dale, advancing.

And thou, good Doctor Hunt,
Go, sooth Smith's dying pillow with thy prayers.

Hunt.

An old man's blessing be with thee, sweet maid.

[*Exeunt Rolfe and Hunt.*

Dale to Ratliffe.

My friend, your counsel is most excellent.

Pocahontas.

Strangers, farewell. *Going.*

Ratliffe intercepting her.

Rudely. You pass not here young girl.

Pocahontas, with dignity.

I am a warrior's daughter, and am called
Virginia's princess. Stranger, stand aside.

Dale.

All courtesy we'll shew thee, lady, but
Thy father's peace and friendship we would gain
By this one act.

He gives a signal and each entrance is guarded.

Pocahontas.

The child of Powhatan
Ye will not keep a prisoner?

Dale.

But until
Her father signs a peace.—*Pocahontas starts but instantly recollects herself.* You deem this strange;
Policy demands this step.

Pocahontas.

No policy
Doth Pocahontas know, save justice. She
Hath succoured ye, for she believed ye friends:
But if your arms should e'er be levelled 'gainst
Her race, mark well! her country's foes are hers.

Ratliffe.

Why should we trust her tale? We have no proof
The peril she announced was really near.

Pocahontas

Powhatan's daughter is no mocking-bird.
Her voice sings but one strain, and that is truth.

Dale.

Fear not.

Pocahontas.

I am a warrior's child, and know

No fear.

Ratliffe.

And yet thine eye is moist. Thy hand,

Though clenched, doth tremble.

Pocahontas.

The red woman's soul

Is strong, although her frame be weak.

Dale.

A chair!

Francis brings down a chair.

Here rest thee, lady, while the plans I tell

Of England's king, thy Father, in whose name

I speak.

Pocahontas waving back Francis

“The sun's my father, and the earth

My mother : on *her* bosom I'll repose

When I have need of rest."—If I *must* stay
Within your wigwam, solitude at least
A maiden and a princess may command.

Dale.

Lady, thy haughty wish shall be obeyed.

To Ratliffe and Francis.

Conduct her in. *The doors of an inner room are
thrown open.*

Ratliffe.

Hope no escape—the fort
Is closely guarded.

*Pocohontas looks at him with suppressed contempt
and turns to Francis.*

Pocahontas.

I will follow *thee*.

Dale.

Thou hast a bold heart, lady.

Pocahontas.

Though alone,
I'm not defenceless. The Great Spirit's eye
Sleeps never, and His ear is never closed.

Apart.

Father and brother, ye shall find me true :
From these I'll hide my grief; but once alone,
I'll quench my fire in tears. *Going.*

Dale to Ratcliffe.

Now to send news

To Powhatan touching the chance we've seized
To thwart his treachery.

At that word, Pocahontas turns round hastily.

Pocahontas.

In a daughter's ear

Who dares to breathe that word against her sire?
To free his country from invaders' tread
He tries the arts his rugged life has taught.
Ye blame the red man, yet adopt his wiles.
Why do ye practise treachery, deceit,
Trampling on hospitable gratitude
By thus constraining *me*? Oh shame! The stream
Of patriot love flows in *my father's* heart,
Though shadowed so by dark enlacing woods,
The Sun of mercy cannot always pierce

Their thick unwholesome gloom.—No such excuse
Is *yours*: for from the current of *your* souls
The Tomahawk of Ages has hewn down
All that impeded the pure light of heaven!
*She is going in, while the Governor and his party
stand in mute surprise. The doors are closed upon
her. Dale and his friends exeunt.*

SCENE THIRD.

*The forest near James Town. In the distance the
waters of the swamp are seen through the woods.
Clumps of trees in the foreground at the foot of a
declivity. Daylight,*

Enter Hunt and Rolfe.

Rolfe.

Cruel mischance!

Hunt.

Unfortunate, that ere we reached the bank,
The boat was on her way.

Rolfe.

Ah! much I fear
Some ill is plotting, and the message giv'n,
A deep-laid scheme.

Hunt.

Here's Francis.

Francis enters hastily.

Francis.

In the fort
You both are wanted. The young princess is
Detained a hostage till her father comes
To sign a peace.

Rolfe.

Oh shame and treachery!

Francis.

You, Doctor Hunt, she'd speak with. Lose no time.

[*Exit Francis.*

Rolfe.

Base policy! I'll go remonstrate with—

Hunt, detaining him.

Stay! Even my grey hairs would fail to gain
For me a hearing. How much less couldst thou!
Let old experience check thy youthful wrath.
Calm thee, my son. Come on. *They are going.*

Volday enters and intercepts them.

Volday.

Stay yet awhile.

You pass not here, good youth.

Rolfe.

Who'll stay me?

Volday, drawing his sword.

I!

Resist not. I have those at hand whose darts
Ne'er miss their aim.

Rolfe.

Thou art the traitor then!

Hunt is restraining him.

Hold me not, worthy sir; forbearance now
Were cowardice. *Draws his sword.*

Volday sarcastically.

Chivalrous youth! Stand back:

The odds are desperate—

He gives a signal and a number of Indians, armed, start forth from behind the trees and mounds.

Behold!

Rolfe.

Villain!

Detain me not. *He endeavours to pass Volday who rushes upon him—they fight. Hunt has drawn his sword, but has been almost instantly seized by two savages. Volday is about to slay Rolfe, when Powhatan appears followed by Opachisco and other savages.*

Powhatan.

Desist! Shed not the blood

Of thine own people. Powhatan demands

His scalp-lock. *Approaches Rolfe with his tomahawk to execute his intention when he sees the chain around Rolfe's neck.*

Pale-face! whence that token? Speak!

No English hand hath wrought it.

Rolfe.

By thy child,
If thou art Powhatan, 'twas given.

Powhatan.

Rise :
Thou and thy friend pass free.
The Indians release Hunt. That token is
A pledge of faith, which by a red man ne'er
Was broken or forgot.

Volday advances menacingly.

Molest them not,
On peril of thy life.

Rolfe.

Thanks, savage chief!

Powhatan.

Return not to the fort, for there I plan
Destruction.

Hunt.

Know you not your hopes are foiled ?
Each outlet guarded,—food and arms supplied,
By troops in ships now landed ?

Powhatan wonderstruck.

What?

Hunt pointing to Volday.

I heard Sir Thomas Dale that villain charge
To bear this news to thee.

Rolfe.

He speaks the truth

Volday, sullenly.

He does. I own it.

Powhatan.

Double traitor! Yes,

False to thy countrymen, and false to me.

Volday.

I sought revenge—as thou dost, Powhatan.

Powhatan.

The red man wars with strangers, enemies:
But thou wouldst slay thy brothers. Such excuse
Blackens still more thy deed.

Volday is about to speak.

Silence! They most
Who profit by a traitor's arts, despise,
E'en while they use him.

To Rolfe. Stranger, speak! my child
Has left her father's home. When did she give
That pledge?

Rolfe.

Last night within the fort, where now
She is detained a hostage.

Powhatan.

There! *my child!*
And but for thee might Powhatan ere this
Have given signal for the darts to slay
His daughter!

To Volday. Monster! didst thou seek to wade
Through Pocahontas' blood to vengeance?

To the Indians. Braves,
Away with him to death!

Volday darts through the trees. Pursue him! Though
Your speed o'ertake him not, your arrows will.

A party of Indians headed by Opachisco rush in pursuit of Volday, shouting the warwhoop.

Ratliffe enters with white flag.

Ratliffe.

Virginia's king, of thy child's freedom now
I come to treat.

Powhatan.

Inform the white man's chief
How great soe'er the ransom, Powhatan
Will pay it, and here offers all the arms
In traffic bought—and seven pale-faced men,
Captured near Orapaks, and pris'ners now,
With corn five hundred measures, for his child.

Ratliffe.

I'll bear your message, chief. But say, are these
Your pris'ners too? *Points to Rolfe and Hunt.*

Powhatan.

No, they are free. Depart,
Young brave, seek and protect my child.

Rolfe.

While life
Remains. Till in thy arms again she rests
I'll guard her with a brother's jealous care.

Exeunt Rolfe and Hunt.

Ratliffe.

With speed, great chief, I will return and bring
The governor's reply.

Powhatan.

Here, Powhatan
Will wait for thee. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Opachisco enters followed by the Indians.

Opachisco.

Great king! we fast pursued
The stranger. Thick our arrows round him flew.
In the dark waters of the swamp he plunged,
Nor could we trace him more.

Powhatan.

There let him drown,—
Or starve, if he have reached the bank.—'Tis well.

Opachisco retires up the stage.

Reflecting.

More ships—arms—food—more men! 'Tis vain to
strive.

Like swollen streams they gain upon the land,

And one day will possess it. Yes, I hear

My father's prophesying spirit speak

In the low moanings of the forest trees:

He bids me end a struggle useless now:

The red man's portion is—decay! Your voice,

Brave father, whispers! Powhatan obeys.

Retires and leans against a tree, surrounded by the

Indians,—some reposing,—others listening for the

envoy's returning footsteps. The scene closes.



SCENE FOURTH.

The interior of the Fort.

Sir Thomas Dale enters attended by Rolfe, Hunt, Francis, Todkill, and all the colonists, meeting Ratliffe who enters with a white flag.

Dale.

Returned so soon?

Ratliffe.

I gave the king your answer,
That lasting peace alone could free his child.
He answered not : with hundreds in his train,
He followed, and now stands without the fort.
He asks a pledge that if he enters here
He may depart unharmed.

Dale.

Go, master Rolfe,
And in our monarch's name a promise give
Of safety, and with def'rence due, conduct
Him here.

Rolfe exits with Ratliffe and a guard of honour.

To his attendants.

From yon recess, bring forth the deeds
And gifts prepared to please this forest king.

*They bring forth a large table on which are pens, ink
and paper. A large deed closely written on parch-
ment and sealed with the Royal arms of England.
A sceptre. A crown upon a cushion. And a
regal robe.*

'Tis well.

A flourish of trumpets.

Behold, the savage chieftain comes.

*Enter Rolfe Ratliffe, and the guard, escorting Pow-
hatan, Opachisco, and other Indians.*

Virginia's king, we give thee greeting from
Thy father, England's monarch.

Powhatan.

The red man

Has come to seek his child.

Dale.

She's safe and well ;

She'll come anon. Our royal master sends
Across the seas by me his greeting.

Powhatan, looking round.

Where

Is he, called Captain Smith?

Dale.

An accident

Detains him in our ship; no surgeon's aid,
Though it may mitigate, can cure his wounds,
Unless he should return to England's shores.

Powhatan.

Then Powhatan is sorry. Smith is brave:
The red man honours a brave enemy.

Dale.

A friend, I trust, as we all soon shall be.
We come in peace to settle in this land.

Powhatan.

And why? Across the waters are there not
Broad plains where *you* may dwell? The Great
Spirit
To his *red* children gave *these* hunting-grounds.
There is not room for us and you. Ye will

Extinguish our council-fires—destroy
Our stony chronicles and trample down
The mounds 'neath which our sage's bodies rest.
The red men love their fathers' graves.

Dale.

Nor will

Our nation reverence them less. We hope
In amity to dwell. Our monarch doth
Confirm thee in thy titles and thy state,—
King of Virginia and its many tribes.
In proof whereof these robes, this sceptre, and
This crown,—*Francis and an attendant advance with
the robe and sceptre—Rolfe approaches with the
crown.*

Symbols of rank with English kings
He sends to thee, and representing him
I'll place it on thy brow. *All present except Sir
Thomas, take off their hats. Sir Thomas takes
the crown in his hands, and approaches Powhatan.*

Kneel, Powhatan !

Powhatan.

Forbear ! Powhatan never bends his knee,

But standing, prays to Him Who, of all creatures,
Made *man*, alone, erect. The crown doth give
No rank to him who was a king before.
I take these gifts as proofs of friendship from
The white man's chief.

*Takes the crown and gives it to Opachisco. The
other gifts are placed in the hands of the Indians.*

Such wealth as Powhatan
Can give in gold, or pearls, or silver, and
Whatever else the red man's skill can make,
Bear to your king my brother back from me.
Where is my child. *Suspiciously.*

Dale.

We'll send for her anon.

Powhatan.

Let her come *now*. Virginia's chief will make
No treaty till he sees his child.

Dale.

Conduct

The princess hither, worthy Master Rolfe.

Exit Rolfe.

The treaty now, great chief. *Offers it.*

Powhatan, Still resolved.

Powhatan waits

To see his daughter.

Dale.

Look! she comes!

Rolfe leads Pocahontas from the inner room,

She runs to her father.

<i>Together.</i>	{	<i>Powhatan.</i>	My child!
		<i>Pocahontas.</i>	

My father!

Powhatan. .

Yes, 'tis she unharmed, quite safe!

Pocahontas.

Does Pocahontas see her father once

Again! Alone, imprisoned, terror filled

Her heart. But all is well. He's here! Till now

She never knew how much she loved her own

Dear father.

Powhatan, rapturously.

Powhatan's joy ! his treasure !

Recollecting himself.

Stand from me, child. Let not men see a brave
To woman turn. A tear had almost dimmed
The warrior's sight.

Hunt.

Then check it not. My friends
Will not revere thee less. The glist'ning tear
Of sweet affection in a parent's eye
Is jewel for an angel's diadem.

Powhatan.

Why came my child among the pale-faces ?

Pocahontas.

*With one arm twined round her father, she lays her
other hand upon his tomahawk, and looks appeal-
ingly in his face.*

To blunt the tomahawk. *Points to Hunt.*

Much kindness has

This good man shown. *Turning to Rolfe.*

This youthful brave, the friend

Of Smith, preserved thy daughter when she lay
Within the panther's spring.

Powhatan.

In deeds, not words,
Her father thanks him. The young brave shall be
A son to Powhatan. *Giving his hand.*

Rolfe bows respectfully over it.

Dale.

Virginia's king,
Now wilt thou make the treaty?

Powhatan, with firm dignity.

Yes.—

Dale.

'Tis here,
By England's monarch signed and sealed.
To you
It shall be given.

Powhatan.

Take this wampum belt,
The pledge of faith. “Around the council-fire

We'll smoke the calumet of friendship—deep
Inter the tomahawk, and o'er it plant
The tree of peace, beneath whose spreading shade
Our children's children fondly shall entwine
Their arms together."

Gives the belt and takes the treaty.

We are brothers now.

Dale, and all the colonists.

Long live King James and long live Powhatan!

Flourish of trumpets.

Hunt, advancing.

Now hear *me*. If this peace ye would cement,
There is a way to make it last for aye.
This youthful pair, by providential hap
Together thrown, have read each other's hearts,
And found the same fond characters in each.
Let Powhatan his princess wed unto
Young Master Rolfe, and in that marriage, strife
Will die forever.

Rolfe.

It were happiness

Too great for me to hope.

Dale.

Without demur

I speak my sovereign's approbation. What
Does Virginia's king reply !

Powhatan.

The pale face

Is brave and young—he saved my daughter's life.
But he will take my child away, unto
His wigwam o'er the waters.

Pocahontas clings fondly to Powhatan.

Powhatan

Is no weak woman—he's a warrior brave—
But Pocahontas is his dearest child,—
He cannot spare her.

Rolfe.

'Tis my wish to build
My home beside Virginia's flowing streams.

Powhatan.

So be it then. The red man's king consents.
The birds, when *fledged*, go forth—they meet their
mates,

And ne'er unto the parent nest return—
'Tis nature's law. My child shall speak her thought.
If Pocahontas loves the stranger—well—
If not, she shall not wed him. Powhatan
Will still keep faith with England.

Dale.

Then what says

The princess ?

Rolfe, advancing to her.

Lady, speak !

Pocahontas.

The red man's child

Will ne'er desert her father's autumn days.

Rolfe.

E'en shouldst thou visit England, brief would be
Our stay. For all my race are not like these
In iron clad, embrowned by foreign suns,
With voices striving 'gainst the billow's roar.
No—there are hundreds skilled in graceful wiles
To win a maiden's heart. Couldst thou with them

Compare my plain address, I fear thou wouldst
Repent thy choice.

Pocahontas.

Such doubt wrongs Pocahontas.

Whene'er a forest-maiden gives her heart,
Around her the Great Spirit casts a spell;
Before her eyes, the husband of her soul,
Even while absent, ever seems to stand,
And from her sight shuts out all other men.

Hunt.

That faith is worthy of a holier creed.

Retires and confers with Powhatan and Dale.

Pocahontas.

'Tis Pocahontas who has most to fear.

Unlike the fair-haired maids, she has not learned
Those small strange characters of wondrous power
Pointing to the treaty in Powhatan's hands.
That speak without a voice. Thou'lt blush to shew
The fair-faced dames an untaught bride.

Rolfe.

Had I

A soul so mean I should deserve to blush
At my own baseness. I have little lore,
Save what my parents early made me con :
To use plain honesty in speech and act—
To share my purse with those who want it. Still
To love my native land and fight for her
When needed—ne'er to yield, or triumph o'er
The fallen—to protect woman whene'er
Oppressed—and love her too. If thou canst prize
Such simple precepts and a faithful heart
I give them princess, with my hand. Oh speak !

Pocahontas.

Powhatan's daughter will not hide her thought.
No harm can surely dwell in that which gives
Such happiness and joy. Stranger, thy wife
Will Pocahontas be. *Timidly laying her hand in his.*

Rolfe.

My life shall speak

My thanks.

Kisses her hand.

Hunt, pointing to Pocahontas.

To such a heart the Christian faith
Must penetrate and spread conviction there.
Virginia's king, and you who represent *to Dale.*
The majesty of England, go with me.
Within the humble Chapel of this fort
Our Church's rites shall make these lovers one :
The first of the two nations joined as yet
In wedlock's sacred bonds.

Dale.

 This deed unites
In peace and love the Old World and the New.

Powhatan.

Young brave, I give thee here my daughter's hand,
Nor shalt thou take her dowerless. The king
Of Powhatan's twelve tribes can send his child
Well portioned to the stranger's wigwam. Thou
Wilt love, protect her, when her father's eyes
Are closed, her kindred driven from the earth,
As soon they will be, 'neath the crushing strides
Of thy vast nation. And when Powhatan,

Like a true brave, his death-song calmly sings,
Amid his greatest feats of war, he'll proudly boast
His richest trophy was his daughter's love.

*Joins their hands. Rolfe and Pocahontas kneel.
Powhatan lays his hand upon Pocahontas's head.
The other characters group around them. A flourish
of trumpets, as the curtain falls.*

THIRD PERIOD. 1617.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

A street in London, on one side a tavern, with the sign “THE ARQUEBUS.”

“Anas Todkill, Vintner.”

Enter Volday, miserably clad, and weak from privation and fasting.

Volday.

Is this to be my doom? Exhausted, faint,
To die of want and poverty! Abroad
For months alone I lived amid the woods
In suff’ring, till an artful tale obtained
My passage in a Spanish ship. Since then
Each pang of wretchedness I’ve known! ’Tis strange
A will unscrupulous and stalwart arm
Combined, should lack employment. Curses shrink

That child of fortune, Smith ! He ever was
My bane. He hath at last recovered from
His wounds, I hear, and is in London. Oh !
What pangs acute shoot through my heart !

Looking off. Who comes ?

Enter Captain Smith, looking around him.

Smith.

Sure, I have missed the street ; and yet he said—

Seeing Volday, accosts him.

Friend, canst thou guide me to—

Volday, apart.

Great Heaven !

Smith surprised.

What !

Changed as he is, 'tis sure the Switzer, Volday.

Volday.

You know me, captain ?

Smith.

Though four years have passed
I recognize thy face.

Volday, bitterly.

I'm somewhat changed
From what I was in wild America—
For there I dared to brave thee, noble captain.

Smith.

Tut, man! those days are past. I had forgot
Thy mad rebellion. I no malice bear
To living soul, and least of all to old
Companions sunk into misfortune. Go,
*Forcing money into his hand, which Volday takes
unwillingly.*

Supply thy wants; soldiers should share their purse.

Retires looking around him.

Volday.

What! more humiliation! But that weak,
Tyrannous nature craves some sustenance,
I'd hurl his alms in anger back.

Looks off. Who's here?

The comely master Rolfe! What, do I meet
Each of my foes at once! Curses o'ertake
And cling to me if I forgive them!

Retires observing them.

Smith advances to meet Rolfe as he enters.

Smith.

Rolfe !

Rolfe.

My honoured friend, a thousand welcomes.

Smith.

I

Have loitered here to meet you, for I missed
My way but now. How doth your gentle wife ?

Rolfe.

Well, I would hope ; and yet her slender form
Daily more fragile grows. A life of bliss
So radiant cannot last.—Much I rejoice
At your return.

Smith.

I came to speed you on
Your voyage to-morrow to Virginia's shores.

Rolfe.

Come, pledge our welcome meeting here. This house
Affords good wine. Thou know'st the owner well :
An honest vintner—our companion once.

They go into the tavern.

Volday, advancing.

Returning to Virginia—wealthy—safe !

I yet may mar your projects.

Exit into tavern.



SCENE SECOND.

Interior of the Arquebus, denoting wealth and comfort. A casement at the back, through which passers-by are seen, before they enter at the door. A long settle at the back near the door. A cabinet between the door and window. On one side of the stage is a table with wine cups and flagons, at which four guests are seated carousing. On the other, are a table and two chairs.

Todkill and two drawers are attending upon the guests.

Todkill, bustling about.

You say truly, neighbour Varney : it was desperate cold that night. I remember it well.

Smith and Rolfe enter, Todkill bows.

Smith.

Ah ! well met,

Master Todkill.

Offers his hand.

Todkill taking it with deference.

Captain, your notice honours me.

Rolfe.

Well old friend, how fare you ?

Todkill.

Never better, master, never better. I'm more expert at chalking down reckonings than cutting down trees—can draw a cup of wine more easily than a sword,—and like loading my “Arquebus” here, better than trying to shoot a live stag for my dinner. You take, Master Rolfe.

Rolfe, smiling.

I do.

Smith.

How's this ? No hostess yet ?

Todkill.

In good time, worthy Captain. Mistress Alice

waits with all duty upon Lady Rolfe, and only delays our marriage till her departure.

Smith.

Much joy

To you, old friend.

Todkill.

I thank you, Captain.

During the previous dialogue, Volday has entered.

The drawer expostulates with him—he offers money—and after some hesitation, the man takes the coin, brings Volday a large cup of wine—points out the settle—Volday sits and drinks observing Smith and Rolfe.

Rolfe.

Good Anas, here, a flagon
Of your best wine.

Todkill.

Directly, Master Rolfe. *He brings a salver with flagon and cups, and places it on the vacant table. Rolfe and Smith seat themselves. The king, I say*

it with all reverence, drinks no better. What else, good gentlemen?

Rolfe.

Naught else, my friend.

Todkill sees Volday and appears to reprove the drawer for having admitted him—then goes busily among the other guests, still noticing Volday. Rolfe fills glasses. The King And royal Charles.

Smith.

No news from Raleigh yet?

Rolfe.

A vessel from Guiana brought to-day
Despatches to the king. Prince Henry's death
Lost Raleigh a firm friend, whom he will need
When he returns, I fear.

Smith.

Not if he thrives.

Success is always faultless; most of all
In royal eyes. Here's Raleigh's health.

Rolfe.

With all

My heart.

They drink.

Smith.

The Lady Pocahontas.

Rolfe.

Thanks.

They drink again.

Shall we ne'er see thee wedded, Captain?

Smith.

No.

Renown and arms are still my only love.

When wrecked on Gallia's coast, a woman nursed

And succored me. Enslaved in Tartary,

A woman freed me. In America,

The Lady Pocahontas twice preserved

My life at peril of her own. None more

Can honour woman than the man who thus

In ev'ry clime finds her his guardian angel.

*Todkill advances to meet Newton who enters the
tavern.*

Todkill.

Welcome, neighbor, you are late.

Newton.

Yes. I had great difficulty in making my way through the streets. Every one is out of doors listening to the news.

Todkill.

What news? *The group at the table listen eagerly.*

Newton.

Very bad, Master Todkill. Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition has failed, his brave son has been killed, and Sir Walter is now on his way to answer for his conduct to the king.

Rolfe, rising.

My friend, I pray, explain more fully. Speak!
Hast thou further tidings? *Smith rises also.*

Newton.

Nay, master. I know no more than this which I gathered from the gossip round me.

Bows and goes up to table. Todkill gives him a

vacant chair, and converses with him and the other guests. The drawer fills their cups. They drink.

Smith.

Ah, poor Raleigh!

Rolfe.

I dread the worst; for Spain's ambassador,
All potent now with James, will work his fall.
My father honoured Raleigh, and his fame
First roused adventure in my boyish heart.

Smith.

Be cautious in your words. King James, I know,
With eye suspicious looks on *you*.

Rolfe.

The king!

Absurd! What grounds—

Smith.

They take their hats. Are you not wedded to
Virginia's princess? heir to crown and lands
Of Powhatan?

Rolfe, smiling.

James has no cause for fear.

Smith.

Yet be more wary in thy praise of Raleigh.

Rolfe.

Fool-hardy is that man, 'tis true, who thrusts
Unasked opinion in the ears of those
Who wish him ill; but 'tis a coward's heart
That praises not his friend as cordially
In peril as in triumph.

Smith.

Rolfe! thy hand!—

Now farewell for awhile. *They approach*
The door together. But at thy house
We meet again at noon.

Rolfe and Smith exeunt. Smith is seen to pass the
casement. Volday is concealed by the open door
as Todkill shews them out. Volday advances.

Volday.

Most fortunate. I have o'erheard enough.
After long fasting, wine hath fevered me.

No matter, if it gives me strength to work
My plot. Now quick—here, Host, more wine.

Todkill, advancing.

What did you call for !

Volday.

More wine !

Pen, ink, and paper. Never stand, man ! here,
I've that will pay the reck'ning. *Gives money.*

Todkill.

You shall have it, although your money and your
dress don't suit each other, friend.

Volday.

Make haste !

*The drawer brings wine. Todkill brings writing
implements from the cabinet. Volday sits at
the table Rolfe has quitted ; and drinks fre-
quently.*

Todkill.

I'm coming, friend. There's a scrivener lives
next door. Shall I send for him ?

Volday.

A scrivener? No. *Writes during Todkill's speech.*

Todkill.

No offence I hope; but one don't look for such accomplishments in your condition. *Looking at him.* You *are* a ready scribe; and write as fair a hand as the young master who just now left us. *Volday looks up.* Well, you need not stare. You know him surely, for you watched him narrowly enough.

Volday, apart.

The meddling fool! did he
Observe me? *Finishes and folds the letter. Pours
out the last drop from the flagon.*

Todkill.

Shall I send the letter?

Volday.

No! *Rises and sinks back.*

Todkill.

What's the matter?

Volday.

Nothing. *Drains the cup.*

Give me more wine.

Todkill.

My conscience won't let me. You look wild enough already. A hearty meal you shall have, and welcome, at my expense too : but no more wine.

Volday, seizing him.

Thou babbler ! give me wine !

Releases him from exhaustion.

Todkill, terrified.

Stay ! Stay ! I'm a peaceable man. I'll get it you. *Going slowly.* I'll wager my new jerkin against his rags, it is that rascal Volday.

Volday.

The fool speaks truth :

The fire is in my pulse and in my brain.

Now let me read this o'er.

Reads half aloud.

“ Raleigh's friend—

Rolfe—seeks Virginia's crown—conspires 'gainst
The throne—Raleigh's confederate"—so—

Continues reading to himself.

Todkill, apart.

That letter bodes no good, I'll swear. I know
him though he don't remember me—the sour-look-
ing rogue. I'll follow and see where he goes to.
And if I can spoil any villany he's after, I'll do it
as sure as my name's Anas Todkill. *Gives direc-
tions to the drawer who brings him his hat.*

Volday, closing the letter.

'Twill do. This nameless missive to the king
Shall go. Rolfe's ruin will involve his friend.
Together must they fall.—My brain's on fire—
My limbs scarce bear me onward, and my heart
Irregularly leaps as hard as if
'Twould burst its bonds. Let me but be revenged!
No matter *then* what dunghill is my grave.
*Totters out, and is seen to pass the window, followed
cautiously by Todkill.*

The scene closes.

SCENE THIRD.

An apartment in master Rolfe's house in London

Maud enters shewing in Hunt and Smith.

Maud.

So please you wait, I'll seek my mistress, sirs.

[*Exit Maud.*]

Hunt to Smith.

Poor fading flower, each day more near her end,

Each day more fit for heaven! *Maud enters.*

Maud.

My lady's here.

Exit Maud, and enter Pocahontas.

Pocahontas.

My aged friend and monitor!

Hunt.

How fares

My gentle lady?

Pocahontas.

E'en more feeble still
Than yesterday.

Hunt.

And yet you look not so.

Pocahontas.

So says my husband, and delusive hope
Still cherishes.

Hunt.

Thy dear friend Smith now waits
To greet thee. Look. *Smith advances.*

Smith.

Well met, dear lady !

*She looks at him in silence, then turns from him and
hides her face.* What!

Does my presence grieve thee ?

Pocahontas recovering herself.

Gives him her hand. No ; I joy
To see thee, but a host of mem'ries speak
Of home, and father, in thy well-known voice.
'Tis o'er.—My husband will rejoice to see—

Smith.

We left

Each other, lady, not an hour since.
He tells me that to-morrow you return.
You like not Britain then ?

Pocahontas.

Not like it ! Yes !

For beautiful is England ! with her groves,
Her castles, palaces, and abbeys old ;
Like fairy homes her vales and streams appear :
Each landscape glows with history, and wears
The sober perfectness of ripened age.
No classic lore adorns my native land ;
But rich redundant nature reigns alone.
Great rivers, giant lakes, in silence sleep,
And rushing torrents by their solemn voice
Call man to praise his Maker. Insects steal
The summer lightning there, and tiny birds
Bring rainbow beauty from the Spirit land.
There autumn forests on their leaves reflect
The gorgeous colours of the setting sun,
Whose throne, scarce vacant, night usurps, nor waits

Strange twilight's mournful smile : my father's grave
Will be ere long 'mid those familiar haunts.

It is my home ! It is my native land !

Enter Todkill hastily, not seeing Pocahontas.

Todkill.

Oh Captain ! Such dreadful news ! Master Rolfe
has just been arrested in the street yonder !

I saw a crowd, and asked what was the matter ;
the constables told me they'd an order from the
Secretary of State to take him prisoner to the Tower
on a charge of treason.

Pocahontas.

The Tower ! Treason ? did my husband speak ?

Todkill, confused on seeing Pocahontas.

No, madam—that is—he had no time—but he
beckoned to me, and said one word—"Pocahon-
tas," and threw this to me. *Takes out the chain
given by Pocahontas to Rolfe.* I made no answer
for I could'nt speak ; but I looked, as much as to
say—"I understand ;" and then the dust flew in
my eyes, I suppose, for I could'nt see any more.

Gives her the chain.

Smith.

Arrested! On what grounds?

Todkill.

Conspiracy with Sir Walter Raleigh to establish an independent kingdom in Virginia. That was all I could learn amidst the confusion.

Pocahontas, gazing on the chain.

This chain he's worn

Since first I gave it him. It calls me now

To save him. Counsel me, what first to do.

(Placing the chain around her neck, and pressing it to her lips.)

Smith.

Go, seek the king, while I trace out the source

Whence flows this accusation, or they soon

May plot thy peril too.

Pocahontas.

Mine!

With sudden thought.

Ah! My child!

To Doctor Hunt.

Good friend, to thee I give my boy. Depart
For my sake to Sir Lewis Stukely ; he
Loves well my husband, and will guard my child.
At court he's high in favour. Wilt thou go?

Hunt.

I will, dear lady, and will send to thee
News of his safety.

Pocahontas.

Thanks.—Wilt thou, good friend,

To Todkill.

Bid Alice deck him for his journey ! Go !

Todkill goes off.

I dare not clasp him to my heart once more ;
'Twould shake my purpose ; for I feel, I know
I never shall behold my boy again !
My blessed child ! My only one !

Hunt.

Yet hope !

The clouds will break—the sun will shine again,
For Providence is with thee.

Pocahontas.

Best of friends!

Bear to my boy my blessing and farewell.

Now go! *Exit Hunt.* *Todkill returns.*

'Tis done!

Smith.

Rebecca! sure thy frame

Will ill support this trial.

Pocahontas.

Heav'n implants

In woman strength for all her duties. Now

The mother's task is o'er; the wife alone

Remains. I go to seek the king. Again

At Gravesend I will see thee—or in prison.

Exit Pocahontas.

Todkill advancing to meet Smith.

I tell you, Captain, I see through the whole: Anas
'Todkill is no fool, I promise you. I traced Volday
to the palace, which is, you know, hard by my
house. Volday spoke to a lacquey who spurned
him—then he offered money, and the man listened.

I saw Volday give the coin and the letter. I saw the lacquey present the letter to a nobleman who was dismounting from his horse. He read the paper—muttered—“It is as I suspected,” and beckoned to one of the king’s messengers who was standing near. They went into the palace together. I dared not approach any nearer. But in a few minutes, out came the messenger and several constables. As luck would have it neighbour Newton passed me, and I bade him follow Volday, while I ran hither to warn Master Rolfe; when as I came, I found the constables here before. Who would believe so much mischief could be done into a quarter of an hour.

Smith.

To Volday lead me first, and on my way
I’ll take two trusty friends in company
As witnesses. How shall we thank thy zeal?

Todkill.

Don’t name it. It pleases me more to serve master Rolfe, than if the king and the whole court

had sat down to supper in the best room of the Arquebus.

Smith.

I do believe it worthy friend. Lead on.

[*Exeunt Smith and Todkill.*]

SCENE FOURTH.

Gardens of the Palace at Whitehall.

Enter Charles and Anne in conversation.

Charles.

Madam, I doubt these cruel whispers 'gainst
The friends of Raleigh will involve them all
In his approaching ruin.

Anne.

Much I fear

'Tis true.

Charles.

Oh! could my influence protect
The innocent, I'd use it freely.

Enter Page. Well?

Page.

May it please your royal highness, Lady Rolfe
Most earnestly entreats an audience.

Charles, surprised.

What!

Lady Rebecca! Go conduct her here.

[*Exit Page.*]

Anne.

It is the first sad pleader in the cause
Of which thou spok'st but now, my son. But see,
The mourner comes.

Page shows in Pocahontas.

Pocahontas.

Most gracious, gentle queen!
And you, kind prince, oh, grant a wife's sad prayer.
Your royal father will not hear my suit,
To you I come for mercy.

Charles.

Lady speak!

But calm your grief. What would you ask?

Pocahontas.

My life!

For in my husband's life is mine involved.

Oh! deign to sue unto the king for him.

His safety—nay, his life's unjustly perilled,

For he hath done no wrong.

Charles.

Be of good cheer;

Although thy husband is arrested, yet

Tis on suspicion only.

Pocahontas.

A strong foe!

'Tis like that reptile of our wilds, whose sting

Is fatal,—and whose rattle shrill, the knell

Of him who hears. But 'tis *more* merciless;

Suspicion gives no warning ere it stings.

Anne advancing to her.

Hope for the best, dear lady.

Pocahontas.

Hope alone
Cannot obtain the boon I seek. Oh then,
Kind lady, hearken to my prayer ! Mercy,
The brightest gem in royal crowns, will gild
Thy brow with greater lustre than the hues
Of loveliness and splendour. Plead for me.

Anne.

My husband's will I scarcely hope to change,
Yet his displeasure would I risk for thee.
I'll seek him ; but I dare not promise aught.
My heart's best wish, dear stranger, goes with thee
Unto my husband's throne.

Exit Anne.

Charles.

Rebecca, yet
Droop not. A trial will exonerate
Thy husband.

Pocahontas.

Not if Raleigh be condemned.
Sweet prince ! since death hath claimed thy brother
dear,

Thou wilt be king. Then think. (For who can read
The future!) Clouds may dim thy reign, and woes
Arise, such as crowned heads but rarely know.
Should troubles swarm, and death close up thy path,
The thought that thou hast e'er the wretched soothed,
Redressed a wrong, protected virtue—cheered,
Sustained the weak, will more avail thee *then*
Than all the thousands who thy crowning hail
With—"Long live Charles the First!"

Charles.

Cease, lady, cease!

Thy words prophetic seem and touch my soul.
Should woes like these assail my dying hour,
Thy pleading voice will echo in my ear,
And bid my conscience answer the appeal.
Farewell. Thou hast my royal word. I'll seek
The king. If just entreaty can avail,
Enforced with strongest arguments of truth,
And each appeal that filial love can make,
Thy husband shall be free.—Thou faintest!

Pocahontas.

He supports her.

Yes!—

The joy—the hope—my grateful heart o'ercharged

A wife, a mother, and a *stranger's* thanks
Call blessings on thy head!

Charles.

Let me lead thee
First to thy friends—then seek my father. Come,
Look cheerily! This way.—We'll save him yet.

Leads her out.



SCENE LAST.

Master Rolfe's house at Gravesend. The back of the stage is nearly all occupied by a large casement, which being opened, discovers a view of the banks of the Thames at Gravesend, with the George lying at anchor. Sunset.

Near the window a large antique chair with cushions.

Enter Todkill.

Todkill.

I begin to find out what a clever fellow I am :
Opportunity is every thing. I took the captain

and his friends to that villain's den, and then came down here to meet Captain Smith on his return. Odso! I should like to thrash Volday myself.

Enter Alice.

Alice.

Ah, Master Anas!

Todkill.

What, Mistress Alice, is that you?

Alice.

What were you thinking of when I came in, clenching your fists, and looking so valiant?

Todkill.

Valiant! I believe I am valiant, Mistress Todkill that is to be.

Alice.

How came you here on such a busy day? Who will take care of the "Arquebus?"

Todkill, pompously.

The "Arquebus" must take care of itself. I have

had important business. I've been rescuing the innocent, and exposing the guilty.

Alice.

You! mercy on the man!

Todkill.

At least I've helped to do it, which is the same thing.

Alice.

What do you mean?

Todkill.

I've been assisting Captain Smith to save Master Rolfe.

Alice.

I rejoice to hear it. No man is better able to serve a friend than Captain Smith. Such a brave—

Todkill.

Brave! truly he is. Why years ago he was chosen out of a whole army to fight the Turkish champion.

Alice.

Was he indeed?

Todkill.

Yes. Master Rolfe told me. The captain not only fought *one* but *three*; and killed them all! and ever since, he carries their heads on his shield. I've seen them.

Alice.

Shuddering. Oh! how dreadful!

Todkill.

Foolish woman! not the heathen Saracens themselves. Don't you understand! the heads are his arms, and he'll hand them down to posterity. He is a brave man, and so is Master Rolfe, and so am I!

Alice.

What, Master Anas! you, brave?

Todkill.

Yes, you should have seen me in America. Nobody would believe how valiant I was there, among the wolves, and the bears, and the panthers.

Alice.

Heaven's mercy! And had you the courage to fight those terrible creatures!

Todkill.

Courage! Why, Alice, I couldn't tell you how many I killed.

Alice.

What dangers there are abroad!

Todkill.

And at home too, of another sort. Look at this villany toward Master Rolfe. Alice, have they been here to search?

Alice.

Yes—and placed huge seals on all the doors and presses. They ransacked every drawer and paper they could find, and cross-questioned me—

Todkill.

Indeed? It's well I was not here.

Alice.

Then they went away muttering that their search had been unsatisfactory—

Todkill.

To them, which means very satisfactory to us. They found nothing. Has Lady Rebecca returned from the palace yet?

Alice.

No, not yet, poor lady. I know not what I shall do when she is gone.

Todkill, pompously.

You will then be Mistress Todkill, hostess of the "Arquebus," and will have enough to do in looking after the guests, and attending to your husband.

Alice, Looking off.

Hush! here comes my lady.

Todkill.

Then I'll go down to the river's bank, and wait for news from London.

Alice.

Bless thee, thou hast a kind heart, Anas.

Todkill.

To be sure I have: that's why I'm going away

now. I've no consolation to offer the poor lady,
and I'll not stay to stare at a sorrow I can't relieve.
Good bye Alice.

Exit Todkill.

Alice.

She comes. Alas! how slow she moves!
Sorrow has shattered her enfeebled frame.

Runs to meet her.

Pocahontas is led in by Alice and Maud.

Pocahontas.

No news from Captain Smith?

Maud brings down the chair, into which they place her.

Alice.

No, madam, none.

Pocahontas.

Nor of my child?

Alice.

Not yet.

Pocahontas.

I gasp! More air

Throw wide the casement ! Let me see the sun ;
*Maud throws open the window, while Alice adjusts the
 cushions and supports the head of Pocahontas.*

Its sinking beams will cheer my dying hour :
And even now in splendour of noon-day
It gilds my native land. Hark ! 'tis the tramp
Of horses' feet. Run, girl, and see !

Exit Maud.

My heart,

Hold yet awhile.

Maud re-enters with a letter.

Now speak !

Maud.

From Doctor Hunt.

This letter, madam. *Gives it.*

Pocahontas opening it eagerly and attempting to read. Ah! my sight is failing,—

I cannot read it. Alice— *Gives it to her*
and sinks back exhausted.

Alice. Reads.

“ Dear lady,

Sir Lewis bids me say, no harm shall reach
Thy boy, beneath his roof, where now we rest
In safety.”—

Pocahontas, having listened eagerly.

Heav'n accept my thanks! My son!

Thou'lt not forget thy mother's fond caress!

Father and brother,—are ye living yet?

There rides the ship that was to bear me home:

My journey home will be more quickly made:

I faint with weariness!

She relapses into a slumber, her attendants watching her.

[In the performance of this drama, the stage thus illustrates the

Vision of Pocahontas.

A strain of invisible music is heard, and thin clouds obscure the view from the casement. The clouds gradually disperse and discover the open sea, across which the "George" is seen to sail. This view fades and gives place to the mouth of James River with its forest, its rude fort, and wigwams. On the bank stands Powhatan, awaiting his daughter's arrival in the ship which is seen approaching the shore. Clouds again obscure the scene, and through them a figure of Time passes, beckoning Peace who follows. The clouds partially disperse, and dis-

close in the distance, the form of Washington—the Genius of Columbia stands near him. Time hovers near, and Peace encircles with her arms the Lion and the Eagle. A mist then conceals the allegorical group, and again dispersing, discovers the view of Gravesend, at sunset, with the “George” at anchor, as it appeared previous to the vision. The music dies away.

Pocahontas awakes suddenly, and exclaims—after gazing round her—No, ’tis no dream!

As if endowed with temporary strength she starts up clasping her hands in thankfulness.

Souls of the prophet-fathers of my race,
Light from the Land of Spirits have ye sent
To paint the future on my mental sight.
Like the Great River of far Western wilds,
Improvement’s course, *unebbing*, shall flow on.
From that beloved soil where I drew breath
Shall noble chiefs arise. But one o’er all,
By heaven named to set a nation free,
I hear the universal world declare,
In shouts whose echo centuries prolong,
“The Father of his Country!” O’er the path

Of Ages, I behold Time leading Peace.
By ties of love and language bound, I see
The Island-Mother and her Giant Child,
Their arms extend across the narrowing seas,
The grasp of lasting friendship to exchange !

*As the prophetic enthusiasm dies away, Pocahontas
sinks exhausted in the arms of her wondering
attendants.*

Smith enters hastily.

Smith.

Lady, hope on ! Led by an humble friend
I sought the dying Switzer. By revenge
And famine tortured, nature found relief
In madness. Volday's ravings soon revealed
His motives, and his slanders. Witnesses
With me to royal Charles have borne the news,
Which long ere this is laid before the king.

Pocahontas falls on her knees.

I stayed not to hear more, but hastened on
To bring thee hope.

*The women raise Pocahontas and place her in the
chair.*

Pocahontas.

Oh! take my fervent thanks!

The thanks of one whose name and race will die
Together!

Smith.

No! thy country's sons will task

The sculptor's and the limner's art to pay

Hereafter homage to thy memory.

In Britain too, whole ages hence, the tale

Of Pocahontas' noble life and death

Will love and admiration claim from all.

Thy name will live for ever!

*Pocahontas, who has exhibited all the restlessness of
approaching dissolution, now exclaims,*

Listen! Hark!

A murmur heard without.

Alice.

A murmur in the hall and rapid steps.

Rolfe, speaks without.

Where is she? speak?

Pocahontas, starting up and tottering forward.

It is my husband's voice!

Rolfe rushes in exclaiming,

My wife!

Pocahontas falls in his arms.

Pocahontas.

He's safe! He's here!

Rolfe.

Dearest! see,

Restored to thee! Look up!

Smith.

Acquitted? Free?

Rolfe.

My innocence confirmed, Prince Charles himself

Brought me my prompt acquittal from the king.

But say, dearest, why sink you thus? I'm safe.

Pocahontas raises her head and gazes at him.

Great Heaven! how changed thou art!

Pocahontas.

Our child will be

Thy stay in after years. My husband! I—

Must leave thee.

Rolfe.

Say not so ! my wife ! my love !

Pocahontas. .

I warned thee of this parting months ago.

Our peaceful lives rob death of half its sting.

Extends her hand which Smith presses reverentially to his lips. She then flings her arms around Rolfe, exclaiming,

Bless thee ! *Sinking back in the women's arms.*

Rolfe, in anguish falling on his knees.

Live, Pocahontas ! Live !

Pocahontas, with a faint smile of joy.

That name !

My own ! the first by which thou knew'st me, love !

'Tis music to my soul. *Her trembling hands vainly attempt to lift the little chain from her neck. Her women raise it for her, and Pocahontas with fading sight and uncertain action at length casts it round Rolfe's neck.* I lose thee now.

My eyes behold Virginia's grassy turf—

I hear my father—Husband, fare thee well.

We part—but we shall meet—above!

Her right hand, (which has been momentarily pointed upwards,) falls, and she dies in the arms of her women. Rolfe still remains upon his knee, clasping her hand and gazing upon her in utter despair. Smith bends over him in silence.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

The incidents of this play are historical in their most minute details : but the unities of the stage required the condensation of events into days instead of months, and rendered several anachronisms necessary ; the reader of history will at once perceive them.

Page 166, line 6.—Pocahontas was the *title* ; Matoka, or Matoax, the *name*. The Indians kept the latter a secret, lest the whites should avail themselves of it to practise sorcery upon the forest princess.

Page 180, line 16.—These are the words recorded as having been uttered by Smith on that occasion.

Page 214, line 9.—Pearls were found in great profusion in North Carolina and Virginia, and were an important article of barter.

Page 213, last line.—Powhatan's refusal to kneel is minutely dwelt upon by the historian ; but as no motive is assigned, I have given that which seemed most probable.

Page 240, line 18.—Volday's fate is summed up in history in these words : " he perished miserably."

Page 257, line 6.—The coat of arms of " Captain Smith" was confirmed by Garter King at Arms in London : three Turks' heads, on a shield.

Page 264, line 5.—The belief in prophetic inspiration at the hour of death, was, and is, general among the American red men ; and although Pocahontas died a Christian, the new faith could not fail to be tinged by the hues of early association. The embodiment of her prophetic vision, by allegorical scenes and figures, was a necessity consequent upon the acting of the drama.

All the names in the play, without exception, are historical. The speeches of Pocahontas, page 197, and of Powhatan, page 217, marked as quotations, are recorded specimens of Indian eloquence, and only paraphrased by me.



The correct pronunciation of *Powhatan* by the Indians themselves, lays the emphasis on the last syllable.

THE HEART? OR THE SOUL?

A SERIES OF TALES.

INTRODUCTION.

Reader, gentle and courteous reader,—have you ever travelled from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, by the canal route, passing over, beside, and through the Alleghany mountains? If you have, you know the delight of such a journey. If you have not, make it your first pleasure-trip; for if, in these days of utilitarian innovation, it remains as it was some years ago, you will find it is an excursion unsurpassed in picturesque beauty. The travelling too, is, or *was*, delightful,—the boats, models of cleanliness,—the fare and style of the table excellent,—all combining to prove that the proprietors might justifiably add “Fulfilment,” to their official announcement of “Good Intent.” With books and needlework, (provided you are not like too many of us in this working-day world, running a race with time,) you will find the hours pass rapidly, when you are wearied with long gazing; and frequent variety is offered by the ascent and descent of the locks, the bustle ever attendant upon the frequent cry of “Bridge,” and all the other little incidents which on such occasions seem so great. Then the sociability! None but the incurably sulky or stupid can resist the influence of the place, and sit silent and alone, and of them you say, “So much the better.” If you have youth and health on your side, the cramped, out of the way accommodations for bed and toilet, are particularly amusing in the

contrast they afford to your accustomed home. The management too, (is it not ingenious ?) whereby the odd little beds are packed away daily like magic,—with their coverings ticketed so as to be awarded to the “rightful owner,”—does it not suggest, the comparing of yourself to a cup and saucer, which are carefully laid by upon a shelf at night, and taken down again in the morning ?

Had you ever travelled on this route, you would have sympathized with the exclamations of delight which broke unconsciously from the lips of Anna Clayton, as she stood one bright morning, gazing on the fair prospect before her. She turned round and called to her companions,—her cousin Emma Willis, and their mutual friends, Alice Hargrave and Jane Miller. Age and youth generally seek their kind, and the elder members of the party tacitly combined in their morning and evening consultations, while the four young ladies, whose names have just been chronicled, likewise formed an intimate little society. Anna was a bright, merry, beautiful girl, scarcely seventeen, taking her first excursion from home, in company with the parents whom she loved : to her might be truthfully applied the words of our own poet :

“The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its bright blue sky is o’er thee,
Thy bosom, pleasure’s shrine.”

Emma was a few months older, amiable and intelligent, with poetry and sentiment enough to make her agreeable, but not sufficient to render her ridiculous.

Jane had just entered the bright season of womanhood, and

with the *conscious dignity* of one and twenty, and the sedateness of a promised bride, tamed the exuberance of her younger companions.

Alice was the oldest of the party. Graceful and elegant in form, placid, thoughtful, and benign in feature, she possessed a remarkably energetic and intellectual character, which had been refined and perfected by education. If the first bloom and roundness of youth had too early left her cheek at this her sixth and twentieth summer, the expression of lofty thought and pure resolution which supplied its place, was more fascinating than the brighter faces of her companions, as it spoke of a mind and heart disciplined by care, purified by trials.

These girls would sit, clustered together—one reading aloud, while the others sewed—their joint labours repeatedly interrupted by frequent comments upon the beauty of the scenery, or the merits of the volume. Sometimes the elder of the party would disturb them most agreeably by informing them that the next two locks were only about two miles apart, and that the obliging captain would allow them a brisk walk on shore. In a moment, shawls and bonnets were adjusted, and before the boat had risen half-way to the summit of the lock, these merry girls and their friends would be gaily walking along the banks, turning back to fling an inoffensive jest at their idle companions left in the boat. Exhilarated by the pure air, glowing with exercise, they would rejoin their friends at the “next lock,” and expatiate upon the charms of their ramble and of the scenes around them.

“I have travelled much,” said Alice one day, “but I recollect no lovelier view than this in any part of our country. Look at those high mountains, their summits crowned with snow, their

rugged sides mantled with forests, and at their base a carpet of soft verdure and flowers. And, whenever we leave the artificial canal, how gracefully does the boat wind among the meanderings of these mountain streams, the Juniata, the Alleghany, and Kiskiminitis."

"Such scenery as this would make any one a poet," cried Anna.

"No," replied Alice; "the poet's inspiration must be *within*. In circumstances most adverse, in scenes most uncongenial, have many of the finest poems been written. If the genius really exist, the sight of what is lovely in nature acts like the collision of flint with steel, and strikes out the fire from its native bed,—but that bed is the poet's soul."

"Why are *you* so silent, Emma?" said Anna.

"I am thinking of the tale Alice has just been reading. I am so glad it ended happily."

"So am I!" cried Anna. "I do not like heart-rending catastrophes: I love what is called poetic justice."

"And I," rejoined Jane, "cannot describe the delight, (as Burke defines the word,) which a pathetic conclusion affords me."

"What diversity of opinion!" cried Anna, laughing. "And you, Alice, what do you say? Which do you side with?"

"With all," answered Alice.

"How can that be?" the three girls eagerly exclaimed.

"For mere gratification, the state of the reader's mind decides the point. And for morals too, it is beneficial that in fiction the good should sometimes be happy; otherwise the picture of life would be too discouraging. Yet as a general rule—But stay, I will give you a high authority for my opinion," said Alice, taking

up a book which her uncle had cast upon the sofa, and reading therefrom the following passage:

"To reward virtue with temporal prosperity is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions or the attainment of our wishes."*

"How admirably expressed!" said Jane. "When I write a romance," she added laughing, "I will take that sentence as my motto."

"Then I hope," cried Anna, "that you will not exclude *love* from your moral story, or I will not read it, I promise you."

"Nor," continued Emma, "make your lovers so terribly prudent and reasonable that you feel assured they can never move except with mathematical precision: if you do, *I* will not read it."

"Nor," remarked Alice, playfully, "must your heroine achieve perfection through the force of *mental resolution* only, unaided by religion, or *I* shall consider its moral purpose incomplete."

"A thought has struck me," cried Anna, leaping from her chair, and clapping her hands in girlish glee. "My Aunt Bladgely has invited us all, you know, to spend next June at her lovely country house. Before we meet there, let us all write a story, based upon the excellent quotation Alice read to us, and the *learned* discussion which has followed it," she added demurely; "and then read them, aloud, at my Aunt's to one another."

* Walter Scott.

"Delightful ! agreed !" cried Emma and Jane, while Alice smiled assent.

"How dignified our literary party will be !" cried Emma. What a valuable collection of tales ! what shall we call them ? Love Stories ?"

"Oh no !" said Anna. "All people who pride themselves upon being very sensible, will curl up their noses at the very name."

"Well then," exclaimed Alice, "as they are to illustrate the struggles of Love subdued by Religion, what do you think of *The Heart ?* or *The Soul ?*"

The three younger maidens smiled and iterated their eager assent : the playful compact was ratified.

* * * * *

The month of June had arrived, and the happy party had been once more united at Mrs. Bladgely's delightful residence on the banks of the Hudson. Before retiring to rest one evening, Anna reminded them of their compact, and suggested that it should be fulfilled before the addition of many visitors should render privacy unattainable by the "literary club." The next morning was accordingly appointed, and when it came, the merry party sallied forth to a shady nook some distance from the house, where the green sward and the trunks of old forest-trees afforded a natural couch, and the waving foliage spread a pleasant canopy. The bright sun peeped in through the branches, and smiled upon faces as fair as he had ever beamed upon ; while the hum of insects, and the chirping of the birds, seemed modulated as an accompaniment to those sweet murmuring voices that one after the

other rose on the air, perusing their harmless fictions. By common consent, Anna was to commence the lecture ; and the saucy girl gravely unfolded her manuscript, and took from her reticule her grandmother's spectacles, which she adjusted with a mock seriousness that called forth a hearty laugh.

“Do not laugh, young ladies,” she exclaimed. “I am going to read a very serious story, all about an old maid, as I intend to be one myself. You may laugh, Alice—Mrs. Harvey, I mean ; but I am in earnest. And now young ladies, I claim your respectful attention.” So saying, Anna commenced her story :

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

A TALE OF TEXAS.



CHAPTER I.

She breathed more sweetness than the east,
While every sentence was divine ;
Her smiles could calm each jarring breast ;
Her soul was a celestial mine
Where all the precious veins of virtue lay,—
Too vast a treasure to be lodged in clay.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO CAPTAIN RUSPORT, U. S. SHIP UNION.

Rusportville, March 16th, 1834.

THE design you have persevered in, my dear brother, of sending Gertrude to a boarding-school so far distant, though a plan frequently adopted by us, is by no means a judicious one. It is natural to conclude that where her home has been for eight

years, she would form attachments stronger than mere instinctive regard towards her own family whom she has so little known. Never having seen even her father but three times since her absence, it would not be extraordinary if to those of her own blood she were a comparative stranger. Besides, her instructors may have been common-place, though well-meaning persons, and their knowledge of the character of a scholar is necessarily superficial—the *moral* culture they impart, unavoidably limited. Their very position precludes that “perfect love which casteth out fear”—their many occupations prevent constant care for one individual. At an age when imagination is strong and judgment crude, the pupils can hold unreserved and unrestrained intimacy with their fellows only; and the puerile romance, or premature worldliness, or selfish cunning, or unhealthy sentimentality of *one*, too frequently has its influence upon *many* who are not shielded by the armour of *home counsels* and *instruction*. I do not blame you for a moment, my dear James, but as an only and lonely sister, older than yourself, you have always sought my candid opinion. Educated

near me,—who would, God knows, have been a mother to her,—her principles, her mind, would have been equally adorned and cultivated, although, I acknowledge, some few fashionable accomplishments might have been wanting. However these are only my individual sentiments drawn from observation. There are bright exceptions to this, as to every other general rule, and I hope and indeed believe our sweet girl is one of them. She has returned, as pure in heart and lovely in form as her dear mother was at eighteen. I shall give no account of her proficiency, that you may be the more delighted when you see her. I earnestly hope your adopted son may be worthy of such a treasure. If it pleases the Almighty to spare you many years, which I devoutly trust He may, you have a life of happiness in prospect in the society of such a darling girl. The letters I have received from her bespeak a gentle and amiable character, and if she is not frightened, by anticipation, at that terrible bug-bear, *an old maid*, I doubt not she will love me so that I may in some degree replace the mother she has lost. This letter will greet you on your arrival at

Norfolk, whither I trust you will soon return safe, and we shall eagerly look for you and Lieutenant Stansbury in a month at furthest. There is a gentlemanly, intelligent young man residing here just now named Greville Drayton. He is about two and twenty. I think you would be much pleased with him were you to meet. He is an old acquaintance of Gertrude's who knew him at our friends the Williams' of Albany, where she spent her summer vacations. Gertrude sends best love and affectionate regards, with many kisses to her dear father. But when I asked what I should say to the Lieutenant, she answered—"Make my respects to him, if you please, Aunt." Oh, the dignity of eighteen! We are going to Raleigh to our friends, the Leslies, in a fortnight; you can meet us there as it is on your way home, and we will return to Rusportville together. I long to show you the improvements I have made. Gertrude is sure you will like them. That we may all be soon united in health and happiness, is the constant prayer, my dear James, of

Your affectionate Sister,

AGATHA RUSPORT.

TO MISS CAROLINE WILLIAMS,

Nut Grove Academy, New York.

Rusportville, March 24th, 1834.

At last my *dearest* Caroline, I reply to your letter, but I have been in such a continued whirl of excitement with every thing new around me, that I am scarcely able to write. I am as yet but half reconciled to the parting with our kind friends at Nut Grove. How happy we have been together for so many years, and now perhaps I may never see them again ; from you at least I may often hear, and you would scarcely believe me were I to tell you of the delight your letters afford me. Independent of my unchanging affection for *you*, my associations and attachments are of course chiefly at Nut Grove. The friends I have met here are however exceedingly kind to me, more especially my aunt, whom you know I have dreaded to return to, as I expected to find her so cross and prudish. But I have been agreeably surprised ; she is not at all like an old maid, only that she is very particular. A *thread upon the carpet* makes her uneasy till it is removed ! But she is very sweet tempered and cheerful, in no

way vain or austere. She is handsome *for her years*. She dresses elegantly, her whole appearance comports with her age, and is *therefore* dignified and admirable. Her manners are lady-like and affable in the extreme, she must be much over fifty, for she is older than my dear father; she must have been a charming woman. Is it not a pity she is an old maid?

My father will soon join us, for the papers announce the arrival of the Union in Norfolk Harbour. But my joy at seeing him, will be marred by Lieutenant Stansbury's accompanying him as usual. Mr. Stansbury was my early playmate, and I liked him very well *then*. But unfortunately my dear father has determined that I shall marry him. It has been the favourite hope of both, (my aunt tells me,) since my childhood. I am in a painful dilemma; for indulgent as my father is, I know, from what I have seen in the short visits he paid me at Nut Grove, he will not endure contradiction when determined. I dread opposing him, and yet I must do so or be miserable. Feel for me, my dearest Caroline; the assurance of your sympathy will be an alleviation

to my distress. Let me soon hear from you, my sweet friend.

Ever affectionately Yours,

GERTRUDE.

P. S. I had almost forgotten to tell you that Greville Drayton arrived here nearly as soon as I did, and has shewn my aunt and myself every attention. Indeed we see him every day. He is going to Raleigh next week when we do. He begged to be remembered to your family. He is now in the house, having just sent up his card and such lovely flowers! I must therefore close my letter at once, for if I leave it unfinished till I come upstairs again, I shall lose the post, as Mr. Drayton generally spends the whole evening here. Adieu.

CHAPTER II.

There are precipices at every rood on the highway of human life, over which our best intentions fall and dash themselves to pieces.

JAMES.

We make a ladder of our thoughts, where *angels* step,
And sleep *ourselves* at the foot.

L. E. LANDON.

It was a fine evening late in April. The air, laden with the breath of the wild honey-suckles that bordered the road for miles, perfumed with its sweet odours the drawing-room of a charming residence at the extremity of Raleigh—one of the loveliest spots in the Carolinas. The windows were open, and two young persons stole forth from the merry group within, and stepped upon the piazza. Greville Drayton—for it was he, drew his companion Gertrude's arm within his own, and led her towards a cluster of trees that shadowed one wing of the building.

“Here dearest Gertrude,” said he, “we shall be unheard by even your watchful aunt. Within two days your father will return, and with him my rival. I know your gentle, yielding nature will not maintain opposition to a father’s commands,—will not dare to brave a father’s anger. Wretched indeed will be my future fate when I see you the wife of another: and can you, dearest, after the sweet confession you have so lately made—can you look forward calmly to such a prospect? You cannot—the timid pressure of that dear hand is a sufficient reply. Your father cannot object to my family or fortune, and when he finds his early project foiled, he will not long cherish indignation for what is irrevocable. As your suitor I may be forbidden the house—I have no power to interpose. As your husband, I should be ever near you, with the *right* to shield you from every harshness—to sustain you in every trial. I would not for the world propose a step so startling to your sensitive mind, but circumstances allow no alternative. Consent then, my own Gertrude, to fly with me.”—None but a lover could have heard the faintly articulated assent, but it was enough for

Greville. A delicate forbearance, arising from the peculiar circumstances of their relative situations, checked the ardour of his thanks: and only pressing his lips rapturously to her hand, he was about to detail his plans, when two or three guests issued from the drawing room, calling playfully for Gertrude. "We are again interrupted,"—he exclaimed—"but I will write. Adieu for a moment, dear girl." And he darted through the trees and was out of sight before the intruders approached.

"My dear Gertrude," cried Julia Leslie, "where have you hid yourself? my chattering, I suppose, drove you away. But you must return now, for we have all decided upon a dance as the evening is so cool—and we cannot spare you. A ball extempore is what I love beyond all things: Miss Agatha looks as though she would add 'except the sound of your own voice.' "

"No, indeed," replied Agatha smiling, "no such sly satire was in my thoughts. Gertrude, my child, your face is flushed, and how your hand trembles!—you have stayed out too long." They returned to the house; and the next two hours

passed merrily enough with many. But Agatha could not account for her niece's agitation, except by a suspicion of the truth, which had crossed her mind more than once during the past week. The company were resting after their fatigue, when Miss Leslie perceived Greville who had returned at the close of the dancing, and with playful curiosity inquired the cause of his absence. He replied in the same gay tone, and made his way towards the piano, round which many were assembled listening to some sweet melodies from others of the party. The strain ceased, and Gertrude in her turn was requested to sing. Miss Leslie approaching cried, "Do sing one of your plaintive airs, Gertrude dear. Now here is one every body will like—Bayly's—of course. His ballads are in every family circle, an unequivocal test of their natural pathos."

"And what song is this?" asked another; Gertrude replied; "It is his last. It had just arrived from England, when I left New York." (The Ballad was, "We met:" and though its reign of popularity has been succeeded by newer strains, all

can recollect the enthusiastic admiration its first appearance created.) In the bustle caused by searching for the music, Greville, unseen by all except Agatha, slipped into Gertrude's hand a note which she hastily concealed.

"The beauty of that song," said Greville, speaking quickly, so that Gertrude's momentary confusion, might pass unobserved, "arises as much from what it implies as from what it relates. I conveys a whole history of mutual love, of broken faith, parental tyranny, weak obedience, and unavailing remorse."

"I am always melancholy," said Julia Leslie, "for at least *five minutes* after I have heard that song—an extraordinary effect upon *me* by the by. Its tone of reproach is natural, but painful. I wish there was a third verse to complete the history, with less bitterness of feeling."

"Somebody," remarked Gertrude, glancing archly but timidly, at her aunt, "has pencilled a few lines, (anticipating your wish, Julia,) on the cover of the Ballad."

“Indeed !” cried Julia : “ then pray sing it !”

“ Do let us hear it !” broke from many voices at once.

“ Willingly ; if the letters are not quite effaced.” So saying, with pathos and expression, Gertrude sang the ballad now so familiar to every ear, subjoining the following lines as a third verse :

But now—I am a wife—useless grief I must banish—
My life, with love and hope, like a dream soon will vanish.
My lot on earth is cast, no regret can avail me—
But sad as is my fate, reproach ne’er shall assail me.
When death prepares repose for the heart that is broken,
These words to one afar, without shame may be spoken :
“ I loved but thee alone, though I wedded another ?
Farewell, and when I’m dead, thou wilt pardon my mother ?”

Throughout the progress of the song, Agatha had observed Gertrude as well as Greville ; and the character of their feelings, which gave an unconscious intensity to her tones, and an additional expression to the features of both, became evident to her scrutinizing eye.

The party dispersed, Agatha and Gertrude went up stairs together, and as the latter gave her accustomed kiss, Agatha said : “ Gertrude, my child,

you are still feverish. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing, dear Aunt. Good night."

Agatha sighed and entered her own room, leaving the door awhile ajar, hoping for a summons from Gertrude, but none came. She closed her door, and retired to bed—but not to rest. Her heart yearned towards Gertrude with a mother's yearning for her affection. She dreaded the jeopardy in which her niece's happiness seemed to stand, and the night was passed in vain wishes for a confidence she felt was withheld.

Quickly did Gertrude dismiss her maid, fasten her door, and draw forth Greville's note. Blushing at her own eagerness, she sat down, and tremblingly perused it. "In haste dearest Gertrude," it began, "I write those details I have been prevented from telling you. If you will, my own love, be true to the promise which was scarcely given when I was forced to leave you, all shall be prepared the day after to-morrow. A carriage shall convey us to Goldsborough, where we may be united, and remain till your father is reconciled. I have per-

suaded our humble and respectable friend Mrs. Dawson to accompany us, thinking it would contribute to your comfort. All that remains is to confirm your consent, dearest, and name the hour on Thursday evening when I shall join you. I may not be able to speak to you unobserved. *Write* therefore your reply, and find an opportunity to give it me to-morrow evening, when I make my accustomed call. But if you cannot do so without suspicion, drop it into one of the vases in the piazza, where I will seek for it. I know this secrecy is repugnant to your nature as to mine, but we must yield to necessity. Remember, dearest, your promise has been given. All care, all delicacy and respect, shall attend you in this step, and the whole of my future existence shall study to repay, by every endearment and solicitude, this one inestimable blessing. Let your own heart prompt the reply to your ever devoted Greville."

Gertrude pondered awhile upon this note, and then murmuring, "No, not to-night," she kissed it, placed it under her pillow, and retired to rest.

Throughout the next day, her mind was in a

pitiable state of anxiety and hesitation, and although she knew that her letter *must* be answered; she delayed writing as if reluctant to give the final decision. At last five o'clock struck. "He will be here directly," thought Gertrude. "This hesitation is folly. I *will* write;" and she hastily left the drawing-room and ran up stairs. Her hand was on the lock of the door of her room, when she recollected that Julia Leslie was seated there copying an intricate pattern of embroidery from a new dress Gertrude had brought from New York. Agatha's door opposite was ajar, and Gertrude, knowing that her Aunt was not at home, softly crossed the gallery, entered the room, and closed the door gently. The precise neatness every where visible in the apartments, told the character of its owner. On a small table near one of the windows stood a desk and writing materials. Gertrude sat down instantly and wrote her reply, but not without frequent pauses and great agitation.

"I feel, dear Greville, that I am doing wrong, but I will not withdraw my promise. At seven to-morrow morning I will meet you, and trust in

your noble heart and strong affection not to esteem me less hereafter for this one sacrifice of woman's pride.

GERTRUDE."

The closing of a door startled her. She listened, and heard Julia, whose step she recognized, leave the room opposite and descend the stairs. The note was folded and directed. Gertrude looked for a seal. There were several lying on the desk; she took up one, and with a pre-occupied mind gazed vacantly upon it. But as she looked, some association made her of a sudden gaze more earnestly. The setting was old fashioned—the device, quaint. It was a dove perched upon a branch, peering into a nest; the motto—"Look within!" It was but a trifle it is true; yet what memories does a trifle often recall! It was a seal, she had been told a few days before, often used by her mother, and for that reason her aunt prized it. Her mother's sweet form arose in Gertrude's imagination, as she remembered being held up, a merry-hearted child, in the nurse's arms, to take a last kiss from that mother on her death-bed. That scene was imprinted

on her infant mind, for she had wondered why every one looked so sad, and why the tears streamed from her mother's eyes while exclaiming—"God bless my child!" The motto on the seal assumed another meaning, and that same soft voice seemed now to murmur, in the more solemn signification of the phrase—"Look within!"

She thought of her father, bereft of his chief comfort, having now only a daughter to cheer his lonely life, and his kind voice that ever breathed affection, seemed to send echoing from afar the admonition "look within!"

Gertrude *did* look *within*—into that complicated recess—her own soul. She saw that the act she was about to complete would wring her father's heart: that the sweet ties of childhood and of filial love had power to strive against newer and more ardent feelings. She saw that selfishness, disguise it as she might, formed the basis of her present conduct. Onward and more powerful rushed the stream of pure affection and of infant memories coursing through every channel of her mind. She rose from her seat for the purpose of descending

the stairs with the note, before her resolution should forsake her; but she felt unable to stir from the spot, and sinking again into the chair, buried her face in her hands upon the desk before her, and like the conscience-stricken disciple “wept bitterly.”

After some little time had elapsed, she was startled by an arm being gently wound round her, and her aunt’s voice inquiring if she were ill. Stifling her tears, she muttered an excuse, and rose to go. But Agatha detained her, and drawing her into the chair again, sat down beside her. “Why, my dear child, do you avoid me? If you are ill in body, my care may restore you; if indisposed in *mind*, my sympathy may soothe you. If any little secret weighs upon you, confide in me, dear child. But first calm this passionate sorrow, and tell me, can I serve you.”

“No, no: I am miserable: I do—I do want help. But not from you, aunt: not from you.”—

“And why not, Gertrude?”

“I—I cannot tell you. Pray let me go.”

“Stay, my child, stay;” Agatha resumed as she perceived the note lying on the desk. “What note

is that you have been writing? Is it not to Greville Drayton? You need not hide your face nor sob so piteously—confide in me, my love. As your dear father's representative—as the only relative near you—as one who loves you, darling, like a daughter—I am likely to prove as safe a counsellor as your young school-mates, and certainly have a greater claim upon you. If you think the difference in our ages prevents my sympathizing with you, compose yourself and listen to me. You know I am not much given to egotism, therefore will forgive a narration of certain events in my own life. An old maid's romance may make you smile, perhaps, but recollect, I was not always old."

So saying, she laid aside her bonnet and shawl. Gertrude dried her eyes, and resting her head upon her aunt's shoulder, gazed with a sad but eager look in her face. Agatha kissed her fevered cheek, and smoothed the discomposed ringlets on her throbbing brow—then clasping her niece more closely in her arms, proceeded with the following narration :

CHAPTER III.

A noble fortitude in ills delights
Heav'n, earth, ourselves, 'tis duty, glory, peace :
As night to stars, wo lustre gives to man :
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtues in calamities, admire !

YOUNG.

“ Long years ago, most people—(forgive my retrospective vanity, Gertrude,)—most people thought me an agreeable, pretty young woman. But there was one whose opinion to *me*, outweighed all the rest. He was about my own age, and we loved each other dearly. I will not describe Lewis Thornton. He was”—and she smiled as she spoke—“ all that Greville Drayton is, or seems to you. His father lived in Albany, but Lewis spent most of his time with an uncle in New York, where we then resided. Our attachment was of some years' duration, and at last Lewis asked me to be his wife. I consented, having alas, no one's inclination to consider but my own, and only stipulated

the necessity of his father's assent. Lewis wrote to him, and received his reply in the affirmative. Two weeks elapsed and we were most happy: when a letter arrived addressed to me from the elder Mr. Thornton. He said that upon reflection he considered that my name coincided with that of a person he had long disliked; and that if my late father was Richard Rusport of North Carolina, the husband of Agatha Walworth, (my mother's maiden name,) their child should never marry his son. That he had written to Lewis who refused to rescind his pledge, and that he now appealed to me to relinquish Lewis, unless I wished him to be renounced and cursed by his father. I saw Lewis almost immediately after the receipt of this strange and cruel letter, and conjured him to reflect upon his father's threats. He continued firm in his adherence, I intreated him to write again to his father; he did so, but with no effect. Some time passed in this state of suspense.

“I have now reached the object, Gertrude, for which I begun this story—my trial and suffering. God knows how dearly we loved each other!—

Well, as I still delayed our marriage, Lewis determined on making a final personal appeal to his father, and for that purpose bade me farewell. He was to write as soon as he had seen Mr. Thornton, as the mail conveyance would arrive before him. Those were tedious days for travellers, and well I remember my agitation of mind during the interval. But that very absence proved a blessing. It afforded me time to reflect and resolve. I felt—Gertrude, mark me—that an unjust, and as it seemed, groundless prejudice obscured my prospects of happiness, but I considered that I had no right to bring sorrow and family rancour upon any one, more especially on him I would have given my life to serve. I thought of the horror of a parent dying unreconciled and unforgiving, and above all, I felt that as a christian woman, I ought not to prefer my own selfish happiness to another's future peace of mind. I knew that Lewis would not resign me, and therefore *I* must make the sacrifice. As this conviction forced itself upon me, for whole days I could only sit and weep, as bitterly, my child, as you have

done to day. But if I wept, Gertrude, I also prayed, and by degrees I gained resolution. The promised letter came, written in haste and agitation. It was brief: no wonder that I can repeat its contents now. "Agatha—my own Agatha," it began, "my father is inexorable—no matter. Our mutual affection and my pledged honour are not to yield to an unfounded and cruel prejudice. In the sight of heaven you are my promised wife. Within twelve hours from the arrival of this letter I shall claim my bride."

"My plan was formed. I requested my orphan brother who was a mere youth at home from sea—and your mother (then very young and lovely, Gertrude,) to be with me on Lewis's arrival, that the presence of others might be a restraint to him, and a support to me. He came: long and earnestly he strove to persuade me, but in vain. At last, perhaps my efforts to maintain firmness made me seem cold, and he reproached me with want of affection. God grant, my child, you may never feel what I did then!—We parted friends at last, as friends part

who are never to meet again. The next day my brother told me, Lewis had left New York, and before night I was in a raging fever."

"My dear, dear aunt," interrupted Gertrude, "did you indeed never meet again?" "By the blessing of heaven, and the kindness of my friends," Agatha continued, "I recovered, to pray for a christian resignation, a cheerful content, which, as time rolled on, by God's grace I obtained. About three years after, I went with a party of friends on a summer excursion, and on our return we stopped at Saratoga, where by a strange coincidence, Mr. Thornton"—"Lewis?" eagerly ejaculated Gertrude. "No, his father—came according to his annual custom to the springs, and of course to the only inn the then obscure village afforded."

"Did he know you?"

"No, he had never seen me; and probably, while at the inn, never heard my name. I knew it was he, for he had been pre-eminent at Albany in the practice of the law, and was now *Judge* Thornton. I was aware that he had married late in life, but had not expected to see him so aged and infirm.

On the second night after his arrival, a fire broke out in the hotel. Its progress was arrested, but all efforts could not save the left wing, which the flames were rapidly investing. Every one had, it was supposed, left the building, and the last group, of which I was one, were descending the main staircase, which was yet free from danger, when one of the party cried, ‘I fear no one has thought to rouse Mr. Thornton, he will be suffocated.’ I heard no more, but ran rapidly back towards the left wing, shouting forth his name. The first and second rooms, lighted by the adjacent flame, were empty. I opened the door of the third, the smoke drove me back, once more I advanced, while there was yet time to do so, without mad and useless risk. Lewis’s father was lying, apparently senseless, across a small chest; I called to him and shook his arm violently. At last he heard me. The smoke was increasing, and grasping his hand as he rose to his feet, I dragged, rather than led him, into the air. We descended the main staircase rapidly and left the house in safety, when from the agitation I fainted.”

“And you saved him,” cried Gertrude, “at the risk of your own life?”

“No, my dear child; I ran little risk. What I did was the mere exertion of presence of mind. I had never known fear in any danger by fire.”

“But to save *him*, Aunt, who had so injured you!”

“That was a thoughtless remark, my love,” said Agatha impressively. “That being must indeed be ‘desperately wicked’ who, with even *greater* provocation, could coolly and wilfully suffer a fellow-creature to perish. I only obeyed the impulse of common humanity. I should not have related this egotistical event, but that you might understand the sequel. We were lodged in our neighbours’ dwellings. All lives were saved. It appears that Mr. Thornton, (who had been carried to a physician’s near us,) had on hearing the alarm of fire, hastily endeavoured to take down from a press, a small trunk of valuables; but his strength failing, the box had slipped from his hands, and struck him to the ground. The hurt he had thereby received on his chest, was pronounced fatal. On

the following afternoon, the physician, his host, brought me a letter dictated confidentially to him by Mr. Thornton. I will shew it to you, Gertrude."

Agatha rose, and unlocking a small old-fashioned cabinet that stood near, took thence a little casket tied around with a faded ribbon. "Undo the knot, Gertrude," she said, as she gave it. "It has not been unfastened for eighteen years." Gertrude complied, and opening it, found two letters. Taking out one, Agatha gave it to her niece who read as follows:

"If you are the Agatha Rusport who was to have been the wife of my son, I beseech you to read these my dying words with patience. In my youth, I loved your mother, we were engaged; a little dispute in which I own I was to blame, occurred between us, and to punish me, she encouraged the attentions of Richard Rusport. It was a thoughtless but dangerous artifice. I remonstrated with her, and she declared she never would be my wife. She adhered to that resolution, and within a twelve-month married Mr. Rusport. I led a blighted life for many dreary years, until I met Lewis's gentle

mother; about which time I lost sight of Agatha, who had buried two children since her marriage. I did not then know that Agatha had again been a parent. But the *name* made me anxious and inquiring,* and hating your mother's memory, I vowed her child should suffer the pangs of disappointment and desertion, such as I had endured. On my death-bed I see the enormity of such feelings. I recall many circumstances that palliated your mother's conduct. You have saved my life: that deed, noble hearted woman, bespeaks your forgiveness. If you will confirm that pardon, I shall indeed bless you, but I ought not to ask it. Write to my son and tell him all this. As life is leaving *me*, such an act is no sacrifice of your pride for delicacy. I have not heard from Lewis for many months, he is in Mobile, write to him; my blessing go with you and rest upon you both!

(Signed) EZEKIEL J. THORNTON."

Gertrude put down the letter, and kissing Agatha, joyfully exclaimed, "Dear Aunt, then you were happy, and yet, you never married—pray go on."

Agatha smiled sadly at her niece's eagerness, and resumed. "I went to Mr. Thornton, I forgave him; he died in peace. A short time after his interment I wrote to Lewis, enclosing a copy of his father's letter, and adding an encouragement, so worded as not to compromise my sense of womanly propriety or self-respect, implying that my affection remained unaltered. There is his answer. My child, read it."

Gertrude did so. It was written in an agitated hand. "Common place thanks and gratitude would be an insult to you Agatha, noble-minded, self-abnegating as you are. A lifetime could not speak the overflowings of my admiration, of my reverence for you. I will strive to imitate your generous self-denial and endurance. Heaven grant I may have strength to do so through life. How shall I tell you? I cannot enter into detail—I know not how to explain by degrees. You were lost to me—for nearly three years I had not even heard your name. Your precious letter has arrived a month too late.—God for ever bless you, Agatha! I am married!

LEWIS THORNTON."

Gertrude looked up as she concluded, with the tears glistening in her young eyes, and saw that Agatha was endeavouring to calm the emotion apparent only in the convulsive twitchings of her countenance. Gertrude laid down the letter and threw her arms around her. After a pause, Agatha partly regained her self-possession and said : “ Since this recital has so affected me after a lapse of years, you may judge what my sufferings were in former times before my sense of duty—of rectitude—of submission to Providence, and above all, of gratitude for the many blessings it has granted, taught me to lay aside sinful regret for the *one* blessing withheld.”

“ And did you never see Lewis again ? ”

“ Never.”

“ And did you never write to him ? ”

“ Wherefore ? to affect an indifference he knew I did not feel—to offer congratulations which from *me* would have been an insult—or what would have been worse”—and her tones become more solemn as she spoke—“ by perpetuating the remembrance of *me*, to have introduced repining into his heart—dis-

trust and unhappiness into the bosom of his wife—and the sin of *mental adultery* into my own soul.”

“Dear Aunt, I wronged you by the question,” said Gertrude. “But you must have been miserable.” “No, my dear girl, not *miserable*. Not perhaps as happy as in another sphere I should have been, but still resigned, and above all, contented. Rest assured, Gertrude, that when the first prostrating shock of grief is past, despair and misery rarely attend a mind at peace with itself. Look at that plant in the window, my child,” she added, pointing to it, “which you thought destroyed by yesterday morning’s storm ; the rain has bowed that yielding shrub to the earth, the wind has scattered its blossoms for a season, and even wrenched some branches away for ever ; but the *root remains firm*, Gertrude ! and when the glorious sun shall shed its warmth again, another spring will see that plant again thriving, erect and fragrant.”

CHAPTER IV.

For while I sit with thee I seem in heaven,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast ; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant, but thy words with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

MILTON.

“Our conversation, my dear girl, has been,” Agatha continued, “a long and serious one. Give me those letters, I will restore them to their case. I destroyed, as was my duty, all tokens or relics of Lewis’s affection or my own, but I have retained these two letters lest I should one day need justification. My delicacy took a needless precaution, perhaps, for scarce any one remembers my troubles now.” “And have you never heard of Lewis?” asked her niece. “Never,” she answered. “But remember, Gertrude, no one living except your father knows what I have this night told you. I should not have related it, (for such a detail of past

affection is perhaps derogatory, or at least inconsistent with the dignity that should attach to my years,) but that I hoped my own experience would more impress your mind than a whole volume of abstract principles and counsels."

"And you were right, dear Aunt. Painful as your frankness has been to you, it has wrought its end. Your disappointments have made mine seem lighter by comparison—your christian resignation and content have shamed my repining heart, and made me blush for my lack of self-control. Dear Aunt," she continued, sinking on her knees before Agatha, and looking up in her face; "I place myself under your guidance—direct me—counsel me—support me!"

"That is not enough, my darling girl. Prayer will bestow more fortitude than I can give. There is One Friend who never will desert—never will misguide you—apply to Him."

"I will, I do!" Gertrude murmured solemnly.

"Bless you, my child!" said Agatha, kissing the fair girl who knelt before her. And beautiful was the picture. Beautiful was the confiding inno-

cence in the look of the younger: beautiful the affectionate benignity in the countenance of the elder.

After a pause, Gertrude remarked: "Dear aunt, he—Greville will soon be here. This is what I have written," and colouring deeply, she drew from her bosom the letter she had hastily concealed when Agatha before spoke of it. "Read it," she continued, "don't blame me! I know I *deserve* reproof, but don't blame me," and sobbing she hid her face in Agatha's lap. Agatha read the note, and raising her, said mildly—"You will not send this, Gertrude?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, snatching and tearing it.

"Then you will write another reply?"

"I will," she answered, still sobbing. "But he will soon be here: it must be done at once;" and she hastily placed herself at the desk before which she had sat with such different feelings two hours previous. "What shall I say?" "What your own heart dictates, my child." Gertrude took up the pen—laid it down. "Poor Greville!"

she murmured. "How can I tell him that"—A burst of tears came to her relief. Again she took up the pen, but her hand trembled so violently she could not trace a letter: then she paused to wipe away the tears that fell rapidly upon the paper. Agatha remained silent. She wished Gertrude to acquire that inestimable blessing, the power to judge and act for herself. At last the note was written. Gertrude gave it to her aunt. Its contents were these:

"What can I say to you, dear Greville? I know you will think me capricious, vacillating; I fear you will be unhappy. I am so, indeed; but less wretched than before I made this resolution. Dear Greville, do not seek to persuade me again. Without my father's consent I can never be your wife, though never can I cease to love you."

(These last words were almost blotted out with tears.) "Bless you, my dear, good girl,"—said Agatha, laying down the note and lighting the taper. "Stay," cried Gertrude. "Give me the note again," and seizing the pen she added these words: "I act solely from myself, under a firm con-

viction that I am at last doing right. Blame no one else. Forgive me.'

"Aunt, you will give him this?"

"No, my dear child, it is but just he should receive it as he expects from you."

"No, I dare not see him. I know my own weakness. Let me at least be wise enough to shun temptation. If I see him,"—and she smiled through her tears, "I fear I could not say no. That is his knock, I know it," she added: and as she spoke,

"A thousand blushing apparitions started
Into her face: a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bore away those blushes."

Trembling with agitation, as her aunt offered her the light she folded the note, and sealed it with the same *little seal* she had before caught up. Agatha took the note and was leaving the room, when Gertrude said hesitatingly, "You will—that is—I mean, you will explain *why* I cannot see him. I would rather he should think me weak than heartless. You can break all to him, but"—and she laid her hand on Agatha's arm, "speak kindly to

him even if he blames me, for indeed I alone am in fault."

"I will, I will, my darling, innocent girl," said Agatha, leaving the room as a servant was ascending the stairs to announce Mr. Drayton. Gertrude listened till her aunt entered the drawing-room, whence sounded the hum of many voices. Then seating herself and leaning her head upon her hand she seemed lost in thought. In a few moments she raised her head, and clasping her hands, murmured: "Father in Heaven; do not desert me in my trouble!" After this brief prayer her eye fell upon a paper that lay near her feet; she took it up; it was in Agatha's hand writing, but the colour of paper and ink indicated its having been written many, many years before. As the day was closing, Gertrude seated herself at the desk, and by the light of the taper which had been left burning, read the following verses. Their tenor plainly shewed their date was immediately subsequent to Agatha's farewell interview with Lewis:

"'Tis o'er! We've parted, love, at last;
One pressure of the hand was given,
While eager eyes on us were cast:

We ne'er shall meet again ! All's past—
The farewell said, the fond link riven :

Thou know'st I love thee ! The warm flush
Of shame is spreading o'er my brow,
But still thou canst not see the blush,
Nor hear the rapid words that gush
To hide what I have owned e'en now.

Thy tongue, that day, in accents blest,
Confirmed the hope so dear to me.—
Thy frequent tenderness, expressed
By daily tokens, then confessed
That I had long been loved by thee.

I feel thou then didst read my heart,
For though half breathed in whispers low,
My faltering words did *all* impart.
And yet—while tears of pride now start,
Those words, would I recall them ? *no !*

Thou ne'er shalt know of streaming tears,
Of nights in sleepless anguish past,
Of struggles twixt my hopes and fears,
Of days whose agony seemed *years*,
Ere I could say farewell at last.

Forget me, if thy lot be bright :
Or shouldst thou think upon me ever,
Be it as *Sister* fled thy sight.
But if sharp cares thy spirit blight,
I would not from thy mem'ry sever.

No. *Then* I'd be the distant star,
To shine upon thy dreary way :
No earthly stain my light should mar,
I'd cheer thee on thy course afar,
With kind but *unimpassioned* ray.

Thou lov'st—(and thou deserv'st it well),
A home with sweet endearments decked ;
May this, my first affection's knell,
Turn to a joyful marriage bell,
And peal through all thy life unchecked.

* * * * *

Yet—though the love that I have borne for thee,
Hath marred my future prospect of pure joy,
I would not lose its sweet sad memory,
That ever will my soul's chief solace be—
No ! not for years of bliss without alloy !

I'll think of thee as of the sainted dead
Passed into happiness beyond our view,
From whom all mortal passions long have fled ;
The wounds with which on earth our spirits bled
Healed with faith, holy, changeless, pure and true.

* * * * *

Bless thee ! Oh Bless thee ! And farewell !
Each link in memory's chain I'll sever
That could my love hereafter tell,
With prayer I'll break the mighty spell,
All's past ! Once more, adieu for ever !

CHAPTER V.

Il n'y a pas quelquefois moins d'habileté à savoir profiter d'un bon conseil, qu'à se bien conseiller soi-même.

ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !

Let the dead past bury its dead :

Act.—Act in the living Present :

Heart within, and God o'erhead :

LONGFELLOW.

At this moment Agatha returned. “I have seen Greville, Gertrude. It is a sad shock to him ; but he says that perhaps you are right, and he will endeavour not to blame you. On entering the room, I remarked aloud that you were not well this evening, and in a few moments I went towards the window. Greville followed, asking if you were much indisposed ; and we stepped out upon the piazza unnoticed by the company. I then gave your note and explained all. He was painfully agitated, but says he will go out of town for a few days, and hopes by that time to gain calmness enough to see you once more—but not again to

persuade you, Gertrude—No! I told him that a renewal of this struggle would endanger my darling's health, and I believe him to be too generous to attempt it."

Thank you: bless you, dear, dear aunt," said Gertrude, sadly, but firmly. "Here is a paper I found, it must have dropped from that casket. I ought not to have read it I confess, but I did so thoughtlessly. Pray forgive me."

A faint tinge arose in Agatha's usually pale face as a cursory glance at the verses told her their subject, and she remarked, "I thought that had been destroyed with the rest. No matter," and she was about to tear it, but after a moment's thought, she folded it, saying, "I will place it in the casket again. It is only an epitaph on dead affection long ago entombed in the past." * * * "Now my dear girl, let me see you to your own room. I will send your maid thither, and account for your continued absence," she said smiling, "by woman's usual excuse—a head-ache; that plea will prevent Julia's intrusion. Go early to rest, my child;" and kissing her affectionately, she left her. When all

the household were retiring for the night, Agatha tapped at Gertrude's door; a faint voice inquired, "Is it you, Aunt? come in." Gertrude was in bed. Agatha sat beside her, placing her candle on the table near, and its light shining full upon Gertrude's face, disclosed the colourless cheeks, the red and swollen eye-lids, the heavy drooping look, that all so plainly tell of hours spent in sorrow.

"Gertrude," said Agatha, caressing her, "I fear you are ill."

"No; no; dear Aunt, I am exhausted—that is all. This is my first heavy trouble, and I must expect to feel its weight. It has pleased God to give me fortitude to sustain it as yet, and I trust He will hear my prayer, and grant me support for the future. But is this all? I have been reflecting, but my mind is so bewildered I can scarcely think. Is there no further sacrifice? *Must* I be Stansbury's wife?"

"No, my dear girl; no. There are limits to all things; the extreme of *virtue itself* is sometimes criminal; duty may be carried too far. Your first obedience is to your parents or those who supply

their place. You have no right to prefer your happiness to theirs, or to let voluntarily assumed duties and attachments outweigh the ties of blood and nature, or the care, love, and protection of years. Beyond this point, you owe a duty to *yourself*. And by word and act I would be most zealous to prevent your incurring so terrible a responsibility, so heinous and vital an error, as to become the wife of one man, while your heart was given to another. Your whole life would be an acted falsehood,—a daily and cruel injustice to your husband, and should events bring you in contact with the object of your regard, what would be your prospect? A continued struggle with temptation, or an abyss of misery and guilt. In some rare instances, a marriage of indifference, where the heart is not preoccupied, may result in strong regard; but a self-immolating marriage, or a union from mortified pride, too frequently terminates in disgust and wretchedness. No, my beloved child, endeavour to regain content and happy peace of mind: you are very young, and time is the engine of the Almighty for soothing, gradual and effectual change.

If this attachment should wear away, and at some future period you should feel that you love Stansbury, to the exclusion of Greville's memory, then, and *not till then*, accept his hand."

"Thank you a thousand times, dear Aunt. You do not know how much you have comforted me, my thoughts were similar, but I feared that I was not a dispassionate judge. Oh! what a weight you have taken from my heart," and with a deep sigh Gertrude leaned her head upon Agatha's shoulder, who murmured gently,

"God's blessing be for ever with you, my own innocent girl. May He soften every trial that will fall to your lot, and raise up friends and happiness at an hour you least expect."

Gertrude's eyes closed, and her head pressed more heavily upon its resting-place; while in a tone scarcely above a whisper, Agatha's tremulous, but still sweet voice, breathed the following words to a soft and soothing melody:

When grief would drive us to despair,
While far from every friend,
To thee, our hopeful earnest prayer,—
Lord,—daily shall ascend.

For thou the fainting wilt protect,—
The desolate, sustain ;—
Entreaty thou dost ne'er reject,
To thee none plead in vain.

If *sad* our lot is doomed to prove,
Aid us the weight to bear ;
If *happy*—let a life of love
Our humble thanks declare.

Our future course is in Thy Hand—
Direct it as Thou wilt :
But teach us tempters to withstand—
Preserve us free from guilt !

Let Patience her sweet stores unfold,
And every murmur cease !
Whatever else Thou dost withhold,
Still grant content and peace !
That so our hearts, of holy love
The dwelling place may be,—
Till in Thy presence we shall rove
Through blest eternity.

Like an infant in its mother's arms, Gertrude slept peacefully. Agatha laid her head gently upon the pillow, and with motherly care arranged the covering around her—then kneeling down beside the bed, she offered up a silent prayer. Rising soon, and shading the lamp with her hand, with another glance at the unconscious sleeper, she stole softly from the room, and closed the door.

CHAPTER VI.

'Tis man's bold task, the generous strife to try,—
But in the hands of God is victory.'

POPE'S HOMER.

At the expected time Captain Rusport arrived, assigning an insufficient excuse for the absence of Lieutenant Stansbury, and rejoicing to find his daughter's lovely mind and form alike improved. Gertrude also rejoiced to meet her father—and such a father! so fond, so indulgent, so provident for her every comfort; the thought that she had been on the point of making him unhappy, by proving unworthy of his confidence, tended, unconsciously to herself perhaps, to increase her solicitude and affection. Greville had returned, and occasionally renewed his visits,—the captain seeming rather partial to him than otherwise. Three weeks passed in gay society at the Leslie's, and the captain returned with his family to Rusportville.

One day, being left alone with his sister, Captain Rusport remarked upon the apparently failing

health of his child. "I hope," said he, "it is not anxiety for Joe Stansbury that makes her so unhappy."

An ambiguous smile was Agatha's only comment.

"I am in a terrible dilemma, Agatha," he continued, "about Joseph, and though I have put off explanation till now, the matter must be known at last. You know the wish of my heart has always been to see Joe and Gertrude man and wife. He is a generous, noble spirited young fellow. But—when we were stationed off Rio the last time, every moment's leave of absence he spent with an American family there whom he had been acquainted with, when only a rattling young midshipman. I never knew the secret of the attraction until just before we left, when Joe after much hesitation and embarrassment, informed me that the daughter, a pretty lively girl, was as fond of him as he of her: and in the sorrow of going away, and the prospect of indefinite separation, he had persuaded her to an immediate marriage as her family approved of him. Poor Joe blamed himself for his ingratitude so severely, that I tried to make light of my disap-

pointment, and besides, one could not be *very* stern with a young man for so *natural* an offence as falling in love with a pretty girl when constantly in her company. He is now as happy as man well can be: but the mischief is, how shall I ever tell my darling girl? I am afraid," he continued with a sigh, "the news will go nigh to break her heart." "No *very* great danger of that, my dear James," replied Agatha, with tears of joy starting in her eyes at the prospect of her niece's happiness. She immediately detailed to the captain the circumstances of Gertrude's attachment, and shewed how nobly she had sacrificed her own inclination to his peace of mind. The result may easily be imagined. Gertrude's marriage with Greville Drayton, soon followed; and with the love and blessings of her father and aunt, their future career exemplified that beautiful description of the poet:

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
And thus their moments fly."

CHAPTER VII.

Oh, if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire,
Upon the unsumm'd temper of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis *human love*.

WILLIS.

TO MRS. DRAYTON, Rusportville, N. C.

New Orleans, September, 1837.

My dearest niece, I think my health is renovated by this journey and the kindness of the Leslies, but circumstances will prevent our being fellow travellers any longer. How anxious I am to see you and my charming little namesake, who will I suppose be able to run alone to meet me on my return! I cannot in this letter give you any account of my journey, for an event has occurred of such interest to me, as to exclude all other details. You remember what I once told you concerning Lewis Thornton? Well, the Leslies and myself took ship

from Saint Augustine for New Orleans. We had few passengers ; one, an invalid lady, had been conveyed to her berth on first going on board, and we had never seen her. She was a widow with one child, a lovely, but delicate girl about twelve years of age, in a rapid decline. Every one was interested in the sweet child ; and as I, you know, am a good sailor, I proffered through little Mary any service I could render to her mother. I then learned her name was *Thornton* ; adverse winds made our passage very tedious, and during that time, I became quite intimate with the sufferer. She was even amidst disease, a fascinating woman between thirty and forty years of age, and must have been beautiful. Her whole soul seemed wrapped up in her child, who faded, if possible, more rapidly than the mother. By degrees Mrs. Thornton voluntarily communicated her history. She was indeed Lewis's widow. They had long lived happily together : but consumption, hereditary on her side, had removed three children successively in the course of the first fourteen years of their married life. Lewis was an exemplary hus-

band; and remembering him as I do, I do not wonder at his widow's adoration of his memory. But she said he was always of a melancholy disposition from the first period of their acquaintance. *His father's death*, shortly after their marriage, had been a severe shock: the loss of their children made him more desponding: several speculations in his business proved unsuccessful, and at last he totally but honourably failed. Pride made him reluctant to reside in the place where he had once held so different a position, and he left his wife and sole surviving infant in Mobile, while he went to the Mexican province Texas. He toiled unceasingly to establish himself in a country where industry, activity and perseverance served instead of pecuniary capital. But soon, the Texans, considering themselves oppressed, revolted; hostilities ensued, and Lewis forbade his wife to join him while the troubles continued. The Mexican general marched down upon Harrisburgh—the inhabitants fled—the females being unable to procure even a change of clothing; the men, from the instinct of self preservation, or the more patriotic

love of home, joined the main body of the Texans. Lewis had enrolled himself with the rest: and had he needed an incentive to courage, it was afforded in the news of the burning of Harrisburgh and the utter and wanton destruction of every comfort and means he had been accumulating. These, my dear Gertrude, are a few of the least horrors of war. God grant our country may never again behold them! The victory of San Jacinto followed which decided the fate of Texas. Lewis was one of those who fell. When peace was somewhat secured, his connections in Mobile being known, Lewis's wife was told the melancholy truth. By her husband's death in that cause she became entitled to several privileges—among others to an important grant of land. And it was to claim these in case her child should survive, that she was now going from Saint Augustine, whither, by many sacrifices, she had obtained the means of conveying herself (previous to her husband's death,) with the last forlorn hope of the consumptive. Is not this a sad story, Gertrude?

Providence be thanked for enabling me to alle-

viate their distress! I informed Mrs. Thornton that I had known Lewis in early life, and easy was it for me sincerely to promise to protect his child; a promise which seemed to blunt the acuteness of the widow's sufferings. She died in my arms. Oh Gertrude, Heaven forbid that you or yours, should ever be doomed to the cruel necessity of casting in the ocean the remains of one you love: never shall I forget that solemn funeral, nor the anguish of the poor child. She had nerved herself, contrary to my entreaty, to be present at the sad ceremony. With a respect, a devotion and sympathy that did honour alike to our fellow passengers, the captain and the humblest seaman, the melancholy event proceeded. The captain read the service provided by the Episcopal Church, and Mary, who leaned upon my arm, was soothed by the beautiful and impressive address. But at the words, "we commit," the captain made a slight pause, and then added the necessary variation of the text—"our beloved sister—to the *deep* until the *sea* shall give up its dead"—as the coffin enshrouded for the purpose, was lowered over the ship's side. It seemed

as though poor Mary had not reflected upon the painful mode of interment, for—as a splashing sound indicated that her mother's lifeless form had indeed reached the restless sea, with a shriek of agony she fainted. For the few remaining days of our voyage, her strength rapidly failed: but she bore her inevitable destiny with an angelic sweetness I never saw equalled. The day we landed here, I endeavoured to divert her thoughts by telling her that she was to live with me as an only and beloved child, and that I knew you and your family would cherish her for my sake, until you loved her for her own.

“My dear kind friend,”—she replied, “your family will never see me. I shall have gone *home* before you meet them,” and the frightful cough that interrupted her speech only confirmed the assertion. She continued as near as I can recollect, in the following words. “Do not think I grieve to die, for a helpless orphan will be happier in Heaven than on earth. Perhaps you think such an idea unnatural in a little girl like me: but you know I have seen much trouble, and sorrow teaches a great

deal ; it makes us *old before our time*. Do not be angry that I talk of leaving you, for you have been *very* kind to me ; and night and morning, I pray to God to bless you, and thank him for sending you to comfort my poor mother and me. And there is a favour I would ask, but I am almost afraid, yet perhaps you will not say *no* ; it is the *last* I shall beg. Take me to Texas—I cannot when I am dead be laid by my mother’s side,” and a shudder passed over her at the recollection of that funeral. “Then pray take me to Texas, and bury me near my *father*, so that in the grave I may not be *all alone*.”

Inured as I am to endurance, Gertrude, I cannot dwell longer on this conversation—the last of any length I have allowed her to attempt. We are to set sail for Texas to-morrow morning, and may hope to arrive there in three or four days. Nor shall I leave Lewis’s child until I have fulfilled her request. She *may* recover—but I fear, I fear.

Yet amidst this sorrow there is still a saddened happiness for me. Not all this world’s joys could *one moment* weigh against the privilege of watching

over Lewis's widow and orphan. It is an unexpected blessing, an inestimable delight for which the whole remnant of my life is inadequate to thank my Beneficent Father. God bless you and yours, my beloved niece. I will write again on my arrival.

Your affectionate Aunt,

AGATHA RUSPORT.

* * * * *

CHAPTER VIII.

But many are my years, and few
Are left me, ere night's holy dew,
And sorrow's holier tears, will keep
The grass green where in death I sleep.
And when that grass is green above me,
And those who bless me now and love me,
Are sleeping by my side,
Will it avail me aught that men
Tell to the world with lips and pen,
That *once I lived and died* ?

HALLECK.

TO MISS AGATHA RUSPORT, Rusportville, N. C.

Galveston, (Texas,) April, 1839.

——It was indeed, my dear Aunt, a strange whim you will say, of Greville and myself “to go to Texas,” but I hope the account I have just given of our journey, will afford you as much pleasure as the visit itself has given us. Your letters have been duly received, and we rejoice to find my dear father and our little ones are so well. We sincerely hope that Mr. and Mrs. Stansbury will not have left you before we return.

I have only omitted one circumstance in our visit which possesses additional interest to you. The obliging captain of the steamboat "Friend," in which we descended from Houston to Galveston, in compliance with the general wish, detained his vessel more than two hours at the battle-ground of San Jancinto. I know not whether a year and a half since your return, have effected an alteration, but the description will at any rate be new to my father, though not to you.

The ground is a spacious and beautifully undulated area; and as we rambled over it, a most intelligent friend who was of the party, gave us a succinct and graphic account, of which I will endeavour to afford you an abstract. "On the twenty-first of April, 1836, the Texans," said he, "fought like *devils*—not men. I hope I may not live to witness such a scene again. Every man had personal feelings to arouse the more savage portion of his nature; the destruction of his home, the wreck of his property, or the deaths of private friends and comrades in arms. *Many* Texans had by painful necessity been *themselves* compelled to destroy more

than one settlement, the fruit of continued toil, rather than afford the enemy the opportunity of there establishing a garrison. The events occurring at the taking of the citadel, El Alamo, which had been defended for fifteen days in spite of the inferior numbers of the besieged, until only seven remained alive, were fresh in every mind. The memory of one of that little band, the brave and eccentric backwoodsman and member of Congress, Crockett, who, like a knight of old, was found dead with five Mexicans slain around him—the murder of Bowie, who was ill in bed, but still had made good use of the arms placed near him ; the heroism of Travis, who, with his last gasp, slew the foe from whom he had received his death-wound ; the ferocity of the Mexican commander Cos, who was reported, emulous of Achilles' immortal disgrace, to have insulted and mangled the dead body of the leader of the besieged ; the slaughter in cold blood, a few days after their surrender at Goliad, of Colonel Fannin and his troop of four hundred men, of which the ten or twelve who escaped gave a heart-rending relation ; the destruction of Harrisburgh and many

adjacent villages and farms: all these circumstances were vivid in the memories and familiar to the hearts of every soldier there. The Mexicans, who doubled the number of the Texans, fought well; but their *souls* were not in the cause. The prisoners were numerous, for many flung their arms aside, crying for quarter, and exclaiming in the only English words they knew,—‘*me no Alamo! me no Goliad!*’ as if the asseveration of not having shared in those events, would assuage all wrath. General Houston was wounded, and carried after the battle, to the shade of yonder cluster of trees,” said he pointing to them as he spoke, “and while there the Mexican General, Santa Anna, who had been captured while endeavouring to cross yonder stream, was brought to him a prisoner. The Texans did not recognize him in his disguise, or infuriated as they were with carnage and success, they might have sacrificed him. I stood near Houston when Santa Anna approached saying to him in Spanish, ‘General Houston, I am Santa Anna; as your prisoner I have no fear; the brave are always just.’ Hearing these words, I ran out amongst the crowd,

crying, 'Santa Anna is taken!' Had you heard the shout or rather *yell* of joy which followed that announcement, you would never have forgotten it. The forbearance and courtesy shown to Santa Anna, and the peace that ensued to our infant republic, are now matters of history which you already know. But follow me," he added, "from this spot you can have an uninterrupted view."

The scene was indeed beautiful. The deep blue southern sky, with scarce a filmy cloud to relieve its intensity of colour, canopied us amid the oppressive heat of an April sun. Before us lay the clear stream which detained the flying general, and in the horizon, the far distant trees beyond the plain. Behind us spread the shrubbery and brushwood skirting the Buffalo Bayou, where our steamer awaited us, while around and beneath our feet extended the gracefully undulated battle-ground, covered with verdure and enamelled with flowers of the most gorgeous and varied hues. Who could think such a spot had ever been the scene of strife and bloodshed. "Here," continued our obliging companion as we followed him, "is the last object deserving

attention." Near the shade of a few trees, somewhat apart from the more open space, stand several wooden posts, rudely carved with initial letters and dates. Each post is placed at the head of a grass-grown grave.

"Here," he resumed, "upon the spot where they fell, are interred the remains of the eight brave Texans who died on that day."

I approached, and thought of *you*, dear Aunt, for near the soldier's grave is one smaller than the rest, evidently that of a child, bearing this inscription:—"M. T., 13 Sept., 1837."

A thrill went through my heart, and checking my tears, I inquired: "Whose is that little grave?"

"There," our informant answered, "*lies the child of one of the slain, who on her death-bed, begged to be buried by her father's side.*"

Plucking some flowers that grew near, for I could make no comment even to Greville, I slowly retraced my steps; and with a last gaze at that lovely spot, at that spacious and isolated burial-place, our party returned to the boat, bidding a long farewell to San Jacinto.]

Poor Mary Thornton! You, dear Aunt, fulfilled her wish, and there her body rests in peace! At night, when I pondered over the ramble of that day, I thought of that *little grave*, preserving amid the stormy associations of war and hatred, the rainbow light of human tenderness and filial love. I reflected on the long and sad history unfolded within the brief sentence uttered by our guide,—a history of friendship and self-denial, of suffering and fortitude, of love unchanging through two generations. And doubtless many women whose career seems uneventful, whose characters appear calm and cold, would as well as yourself, if their histories were known, be found, like the English queen, to have their “Calais” engraven on their hearts.

Now, whenever I hear a jest or see a smile at those of my own sex, who, like the poet’s rose,

“ Withering on the virgin thorn,
Grow, live, and die in single blessedness,”

I shall think of *you*, dear Aunt.

Yes! *you*, one of that ridiculed class, “*Old Maids*,” are alone sufficient to rescue them all from contempt, and add dignity to the humblest,—your

life is a blessing to every one who knows you ;
your good deeds are numberless on earth ; your
christian faith and virtue will be rewarded in Heaven !

Adieu, my second mother !

GERTRUDE DRAYTON.

(NOTE. The eighth and last chapter describes a view which I saw ; and a narration of which I was an auditor. The traveller who *now* visits Texas, will hear the same account of the *Little Grave* as that given to Mrs. Drayton : and if it has not been since defaced, will see the inscription,

“ M. T., 13 Sept. 1837.”

The young girls remained awhile silent, reflecting on what they had just heard ; and then their clear voices “ made the air musical,” as each expressed her opinion of Anna’s narration.

Emma Willis, (the youngest of the party, except Anna,) was then called upon for her contribution ; and the almost unconscious hesitation with which she prepared to comply, prettily contrasted with Anna’s previous playful self-possession.

Anna commanded “ silence in the court,” and Emma read as follows.



THE SISTERS.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



CHAPTER I.

Wo to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins !
Pity and wo ! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind :
And wo to those who train such youth
And spare to press the rights of truth,
The mind to strengthen and anneal
While on the stithy glows the steel.

SCOTT.

Some dream that they can silence, when they will,
The storm of passion, and say, "*Peace be still ;*"
But "*thus far and no further,*" when addressed
To the wild wave or wilder human breast,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man.

COWPER.

Mr. Gordon, a wealthy and respectable merchant,
had lived for many years in New York, when he

was justly regarded as an honest man, and a kind husband and father. His wife, a woman of plain manners and warm feelings, had, like himself, risen from a grade of life far inferior to that in which she was now placed. Quiet by nature, with no excitable or romantic feelings, no keen sensibilities, no acute penetration, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon esteemed each other, were fond of their children, took them duly to church, and sent them duly to school, and often declared that "though Clara was as merry as a cricket, and Adelaide had some nonsensical notions, yet they were both on the whole very good girls." A friend of theirs, a man of high standing, died in embarrassed circumstances, and with their usual kindness, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon extended every aid and attention that regard could bestow to the widow and her son, inviting them to reside in their house and retaining them there for some years, until Harry was old enough to enter into business. But truly tenfold were repaid the blessings shown to the widow. From her first sojourn in their dwelling she had displayed great affection towards the children, which by Clara was reciprocated. Adelaide,

though she respected, cared little for Mrs. Wilmot. The widow died, and left a daughter's sorrow in Clara's heart. Young Harry Wilmot, now an orphan, went forth into the world to toil for competence. The sisters grew in stature, years, and beauty. Clara possessed deep feelings and great firmness of purpose; while Adelaide's disposition was energetic whether in right or wrong, her passions strong, her resolution weak. She was addicted to "castle building." She had from early childhood indulged an inclination for revery, which augmented with her years. Every hour unoccupied by necessary pursuits, she would devote to her own beautifully sketched visions of future happiness. By degrees she found such delight in these musings that she felt impatient when aroused from them, and after being interrupted would return to them with increased appetite. No tales of actual woe, no relation of a friend's happiness, no events in which her parents and her sister were interested, could excite her feelings more warmly than the dreams of her own romance. It may be asked, what harm was there in the indulgence of these

dreams? No other harm than that which must arise from idle revery; the habit of so enlarging upon our own fancied cares, as to impair that interest and sympathy for others and for the every day occurrences of life, which the Almighty has implanted in us for the general benefit of mankind: the habit also of dwelling so intensely upon our own feelings, and of analysing them so subtilely, of so enhancing their importance on all trivial occasions, as to make the heart more susceptible to outward impressions, and less able to fortify itself against the indulgence of extravagant wishes or the inroads of inordinate passions. Adelaide formed dreams of future bliss; and where is the day-dream of an imaginative girl in which the form of love does not appear? He may but hover over the scene, it is true; but still *he is* there, and the reflection from the golden plumage of his wings gives the last, richest brightness to the picture. Dwelling thus in a world of her own, Adelaide did not confide each thought to her parents or her sister. "They would not understand me," she would mentally exclaim, when her conscience at times reproved her for not impart-

ing to them the outpourings of her fancy. Is not this the cant expression of all hearts that seek excuse for selfishness? The egotistical husband, proud of his lofty intellect or vivid imagination, flies from the society of a wife, to the dexterous adulation and artificial enthusiasm of others, hiding the workings of his mind from her who *should* share all, because, “she could not understand him.” The lonely man, who has met with slight or repulse where he sought reciprocal nobleness of soul, retires within himself, and becomes a misanthrope, shrinking from the humanizing influence of social intercourse, and the consolations of friends, because,—“they could not understand him.” The giddy girl indulges in the foolish romance of a puerile fancy, which ends at last in misery, and shuns a mother’s counsels that might have saved her, because—“she could not understand her.” Few are the minds that will not, when quickened by affection, expand sufficiently to *understand* the sorrows of those they love; and when we feel that we are *not* understood, we may be convinced it is *frequently* owing to some lack of benevolence or some excess

of pride, exaggerated sensibility, or selfishness, in ourselves, rather than to defects in others.

When the sisters were about fifteen years of age, an old friend of their father's, a merchant in New Orleans, wished his son to spend some time in New York, and during his stay there, requested Mr. Gordon to act as his guardian. George Stanley, (for such was his name,) was received as a constant and intimate visitor in the family. Heir to an immense fortune, accumulated partly by industry, partly by extraordinary but fortunate speculations, no pains, no expense had been spared in his education. His manners were attractive, his appearance even more so. A few months after that momentous period when Adelaide and Clara were to be "brought out," George was invited by a friend to accompany him in a tour through Europe. He had seen and learned all that his own country could afford of intelligence or refinement, and was glad to avail himself of his father's permission to enjoy those advantages which must be gained by a man of superior mind, in visiting the thronged cities and polished circles of the old world.

CHAPTER II.

The glory got
By overthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it;
We cannot but by pieces call our own;
But when we conquer our intestine foes,
Our passions bred within us,—and of those
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love,

* * * * *

That's a true victory!

MASSINGER.

THE beautiful twins were the belles of the season in New York. Lovely and intellectual as they undoubtedly were, their fascinations were greatly enhanced in the eyes of the fashionable world, by the report of the munificent dowry their father would bestow, whenever they consented to resign their state of "single blessedness." Time passed, George returned, and was constantly thrown into Adelaide's society. It could not be denied that he was struck by her beauty, interested by her mental attractions, and his ardent admiration was too

marked to pass unnoticed. Adelaide's happiness had reached its height; her dreams were breaking forth into still more enchanting realities; she felt that George was the live embodying of all her bright visions. Feeling thus, it was easy for her to imagine that the mere fancy she cherished was love. By constant brooding on the thought, she made it of real importance and actually *dreamed* herself into an attachment. Clara's penetration, rendered more keen by her affection, suspected something of the truth. She considered the subject in its prosaic aspect. She knew and weighed in her mind what Adelaide thought unworthy of remembrance: that Mr. Stanley, one of the few in this country who could boast of a descent from noble ancestry, was, as regards birth, an uncompromising aristocrat; and though he respected Mr. Gordon much, and felt his value as a friend and guardian to his son, would yet shrink from the contamination of uniting his family with that of one who had originally toiled as an humble artisan, the humblest of his class. Clara knew this, and wished in time to warn her sister, but scarcely ventured to

do so, fearing to offend her. She had, besides, real distress of her own to struggle with; and so day after day passed on and no confidence was established between the sisters.

One morning, when Adelaide was absent on a ramble, Clara sat down in the tasteful boudoir appropriated to the twins, and opening her writing-desk, fulfilled her mother's wishes by answering a few notes for her. Unable to find the memorandum of an address which she required, she ransacked every corner of the desk, and untied every parcel of papers in the search, until she had scattered everything into "most admired disorder." Having found what she wanted, she began to arrange her papers, destroying all useless memoranda, and once again glancing over old letters and other precious relics. In this task hours slipped away, unobserved by Clara.

Who does not know the charm of looking over old letters, if they were written by our former friends; the very handwriting has an "old familiar face;" the signature recalls to the imagination the form of him or her who traced the lines. We see

them once again in our “mind’s eye;” the events referred to, the passages containing long-forgotten allusions which we in vain endeavour to remember, —the very date,—conjuring up, as it does, a thousand associations as to what we were then engaged in, how we then felt,—throws a delightful spell around us. Then too, Memory, with her potent wand, calls from their recesses all those sweet, but melancholy thoughts of affection, once felt, now faded, like “half forgotten dreams.” The beings who then lived and loved, where are they now? Perhaps the hand that formed those delicate lines, lies in the tomb, borne hence in youth and hope from sorrowing friends, on the resistless pinions of decay. Perhaps the manly strokes that we now gaze upon were traced by one who has since withered beneath an African sky, bearing the golden light of truth to the benighted heathen, or sunk beneath the ocean wave when on his way to seek in distant lands the competence that was to secure his dearest hopes. Perhaps the letter may recall one who in the world’s murky atmosphere had “stained the plumage of his sinless years;” and

whom his friends would now rather number with the dead, than mourn as lost to honour and to virtue. Perhaps the letter speaks of one who loved us dearly, but to whom time and absence have given stronger, fonder ties : perhaps she, whose lively sallies were the outpouring of a happy trustful spirit, is now an honoured matron, the faithful partner of a husband's grief and joy,—the anxious tender mother of adoring children,—the duteous daughter, gently guiding her aged parents down the hill of life, and by that bright example securing to her own old age a prospect of similar filial duty. While reading these old letters we live again in the past ; the graves of Youth, of Love, of Joy, long buried,—open, and send forth the spectres of their tenants. Our hearts may have grown cold and callous ; but like the statue of old, when the beams of association and remembrance first gleam upon them, the spirit that lies imprisoned within emits a sweet, but mournful sound, acknowledging their influence and answering their appeal.

Similar to these were the ideas that floated in Clara's mind as she pored over the papers before

her. The last she unfolded was one of a more recent date ; it was in her own handwriting ; and as she gazed upon it, a few tears fell and blistered the paper. Its contents were these :

WHAT IS LOVE ?

To know no joy, when he's away ;
Yet scarce happy when he's nigh,
Weighing well each word I say,
Lest it should some thought betray,
And the laugh not hide the sigh,—

Is this love ?

To wish that with a painter's eye,
A poet's taste, he may adore
Each beauteous form that passeth by ;
Yet with a *lover's* warmth descry,
In *my* face what he prizes more.

Is this love ?

For that blest day in stealth to pine
When he a wife might seek in me ;
Might with me see life's sun decline,
Till both this mortal frame resign,
E'en while I know it cannot be,—

Is this love ?

To fear that absence hath depressed
His passion,—felt, but scarcely told,—
To know one word of mine confessed
Would call the secret from his breast,
Yet die ere speak that word so bold,

Is this love ?

To feel, whene'er his name is heard
A trembling joy, to fear allied,—
To hear a music in the word
Whose melody my soul hath stirred,
Yet with indifference all to hide,
Is this love ?

To shrink from aught that e'er could tell
To others' eyes what now I feel ;
While blushes 'gainst restraint rebel,
With pride's cold mask their warmth to quell,
Yes—e'en by scorn the truth conceal,—
Is this love ?

To be amended, pleased, to hear
From him correction's truths expressed,—
Though flatt'ry's siren voice be near
And strive to charm a woman's ear,
Prefer reproof by him addressed,—
Is this love ?

To pray, (though with another shared,)
That bliss may still his portion be
By no untoward chance impaired ;
While midst its brightness may be spared
Some pleasing thought cast back on me,—
Is this love ?

To know that while of him I think,
My heart expands, my hopes ascend :
To seek to be more pure—to shrink
From aught that's ill—from error's brink,—
Lest I should lose a darling friend,—
Is this love ?

To feel I do not Heav'n profane
Though his name's uttered at its throne ;
For my pure passion knows no stain ;
A blessing still I hope to gain,
Not for myself—for him alone,—

Is this love ?

God is our Father ! Mortal ne'er
His loving, wise designs may scan.
If 'tis His will we two should share
Earth's ills *apart*, I'll not despair,—
Contented pass this life's brief span,
And hope for happiness above,—
Oh ! tell me is this woman's love ?

So absorbed was she in the contemplation suggested by these verses, that she was not aware that Adelaide had entered the room and was seated opposite, until an exclamation which she uttered startled Clara from her reverie. "Good heavens! Clara," she cried, "What is the matter? What are the contents of that paper, that have such power to agitate you? May I not see it? What is it? A love letter?" She added laughingly, as she saw Clara's self-possession returning.

Blushing at the question, even though asked by a sister, Clara hastily endeavoured to fold the paper.

"Oh very well ; it's a secret then? I am satisfied.

Do not think I wish to intrude upon your confidence, Clara. Believe me, I did not mean to grieve you."

"I do believe it, Adelaide, and I am ashamed of my own folly. This was not intended for any eyes but mine, yet I know not why I need conceal it. Read it, Adelaide, do not refuse, I request you to read it." Adelaide did so.

"And do you think, Clara," she added archly, as she looked up after perusing it, "that a woman who loved with the fervour here described, could so calmly and contentedly look forward to her lover's union with another? I doubt it."

"Doubt it not, Adelaide, it *is* possible if the struggle between good and evil is not too long delayed. If any passion be allowed to gain entire ascendancy over the heart, it may be a death stroke to tear it away. We should labour to crush it in its infancy before it attains too formidable a growth."

"And do you attach no importance to strength of mind, that when temptation comes we may be able to resist it? Can we not call back our fancies at will, when we find them straying too far, and drive

them into a different course before they become passions?"

"Do not judge thus proudly, Adelaide. A passion is too often merely an amplification of a fancy that we have indulged and dwelt upon. It is not for inexperienced minds like ours to determine the point where imagination ceases and passion begins. That the former, unless checked in time, will at last swell into the latter, and thereby lose its purity, no one can doubt."

"Quite a philosopher, lady Clara. I protest you seem to have reflected much on the subject. But, dear sister," she exclaimed, her light laugh dying away as she gazed upon the verses she still held, "this does not explain your agitation. Your eyes are full of tears now. Why Clara!" she cried, as she dropped the paper, and running to her sister, passed her arm round her and sunk on a seat by her side, "surely this is one of my own wild dreams. Do those verses speak your thoughts? Can it be that you have felt the truth of the arguments you used just now? Why what a fool I have been not

to reflect. I see it all. That is the reason why Harry Wilmot trembled and hesitated as he took his leave. That is the reason why he has never called since, though I met him only to-day on the Battery."

"You met him, Adelaide?"

"I did; I only spoke a few words to him; he seemed confused, and hoped that my sister was well. Why Clara! what does this riddle mean? I should have thought him too diffident ever to tell you that he loved you."

"He did not, Adelaide. He behaved most honourably; he declared to my parents that he loved me, but that being bound to them by every tie of gratitude and duty, he would not breathe his hopes to me without their sanction. They told him what I believe they really think, that it was but a childish fancy that would wear away. But they repeated this conversation before me, and unused to conceal my feelings, my confusion was so great, that"—"That they discovered that you loved him."

"Yes, Adelaide, with a love such as those verses describe—a pure and unselfish love—I may say with truth."

“What did they say?”

“They were surprised and grieved; but my father’s resolution is taken. He has known the bitter struggles of a life toiling for affluence, and he will not suffer us to marry unless it be to fill a station equal to our present one.” “Dear Clara,” said her sister, kissing her affectionately, “I never coax, you know, but I will do so now. Father is very rich, and a sacrifice of but a part of his superfluity would make you happy.”

“Generous, energetic girl, how shall I thank you for your offer? With the warmest affection of my heart. But it must not be, Adelaide. Harry would not live upon my father’s *unwilling* bounty; and I should *despise* him if he would. Besides I am proud too, in my own way, sister. I am, though you seem to doubt it. I could not endure to see my husband received on *sufferance* by my parents, the husband whom I revere as deeply as I love him.”

“But your resolution has caused you much pain.”

“I know it, but it cannot alter. It is true there have been many, many moments, when bright dreams have risen before me of future days passed

in the society of one whose affection is mine. But my father's decision has crushed those prospects; and though I cannot wholly forget, I have repressed all repinings which would have been alike ungrateful to God and cruel to my parents, while they would have proved destructive to my present peace of mind, and marred my career of usefulness to others. And how was this done? Not by confidence in myself, not by forming a code of moral principles by which to abide, but by praying to my Maker Who has heard my prayer. Yes; it was God's strength, and grace, and holiness, that enabled me thus to act, and to Him alone do I look for support for the future."

"You are an angel, Clara," cried Adelaide rapturously, as she pressed her more closely to her heart.

"No indeed, sister," returned Clara, smiling through her tears. "I am but a Christian woman who relies on God that 'He will not suffer her to be tempted above that she is able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that she may be able to bear it.' Dear Adelaide, I am ashamed of

my egotism, but it is for your sake I speak. Should you ever be situated as I have been, I entreat, do as I have done! Humble yourself and pray! You have not enjoyed the advantages I possessed in Mrs. Wilmot's kindness; you were not like me made to love the Bible and look to its precepts as rules of conduct through life. But young as I am, let her voice speak in mine. Let us not be united merely in blood or earthly regard, let us be sisters in soul; let our religious duties be fulfilled together; it will be a new and precious bond of union between us. I blame myself most bitterly for not having spoken so directly before, but I was foolishly timid. Oh promise me, Adelaide,—mind, I do not ask you to decide hastily,—promise me to think on what I have said: and as one hour gave us both existence, so side by side let us unite in daily prayer."

"I promise, Clara, dear Clara, I never knew your value until now."

The sisters parted better and dearer friends than ever; and that day and the next, Adelaide certainly felt the impression of her sister's words most strongly. But as that impression faded, her besetting sin, her

pride, crept in upon her hours of prayer; and though her knee bowed low, her heart wandered from the duty she was performing and refused to bend before the throne of Heaven. Then, instead of viewing this as an additional reason for redoubling her efforts at devotion, she fell into the too common error of confounding perseverance with intentional hypocrisy, and of ceasing to pray because she did not love prayer. It is true she thought of what her sister had said, but it was in her usual way, by sketching scenes in which her fortitude, dignity, and piety were brought to severe trials, were triumphant and rewarded. She forgot that in real life these *great* trials occur but seldom, while every hour brings with it occasions for practising *minor* virtues, for combating *small* vices, and for endeavouring to break those “diminutive chains of habit which are scarcely ever heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.”

CHAPTER III.

That *man* was never born whose secret soul
With all its motley treasures of dark thoughts,
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,
Was ever opened to another's scan.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Celui qui n'a point senti sa faiblesse et la violence de ses passions, n'est point encore sage ; car il ne se connaît point encore, et ne sait point se défier de soi.

FENELON.

ABOUT this time, unfortunately for Adelaide, a party of friends offered to take Clara with them on a visit to Charleston, in which delightful city they were to pass the winter. The delicate health and subdued spirits of Clara induced her parents to yield a ready consent, and in some haste she departed. Adelaide was thus left without a confidante or monitor, and her heart daily became more and more interested for George, whose more than brotherly regard, though not declared, was tacitly manifested in his conduct. His attentions it is true, were not so marked as to be unequivocal ;

but as we all know, there are in every-day intercourse a thousand little circumstances, almost too minute to be defined, peculiar tones, looks, or manner,—that indescribably convey volumes either of affection, dislike, or total indifference. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, as is not an uncommon case among parents, saw nothing; and even had it not been so, the injudicious fondness of the latter, long continued, had flattered Adelaide into the belief that she was by nature and education such a superior being that advice or guidance from one whose ideas were as circumscribed as her mother's, was neither important enough to be solicited, nor offered.

At this period, George received a letter from his father, who had gone to Michigan to inspect some land he had lately purchased, requiring his son's immediate presence. The elder Mr. Stanley had been seized with a severe illness, and in alarm had instantly written to his son.

Affectionately, tenderly, did George take leave of Adelaide; his farewell to her was evidently of a more heartfelt nature than to his other friends. A few hours' notice saw him on his journey. For a

month after his arrival, his father lingered, and then left him an orphan. Deep was his grief, and like Rachel, he refused to be comforted. He remained absent from his friends, and when the first year of mourning had expired, Mr. Gordon received a letter from him stating that he had gone to Louisiana. Poor Adelaide was of course melancholy. Clara again gladdened the quiet fireside, her health restored, her heart resigned,—happy in the consciousness of duties performed and in the presence of tranquil hope.

* * * * *

News at last came of George Stanley; he was about to marry a young lady in New Orleans. Surprise was the predominant feeling of all. But what were Adelaide's thoughts? She knew that she ought now to forget him. But *could* she do so? She was now to act upon the bold assertion she had made. She was now to bid the troubled waves of passion roll back, but as with the Danish king, they obeyed not her commands. No eye witnessed the conflict. Pride withheld her from communing with her sister or her mother; thus like

the Spartan boy she concealed her tortures, preferring to die rather than reveal them. The love which through mere revery and romance she had at first cherished, had gained new strength from the belief that it was returned. Report soon reached the city that Mr. Stanley and his wife were coming thither, and the lady's reputed beauty and her husband's known wealth led to the supposition that she would be a bright star in the gay circles of fashion. She came. Report had not belied her. She was the reigning queen of the season. On their first arrival, George's friends crowded round to welcome and congratulate him. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were most eager in their hospitality. They looked upon George almost as a son, and were anxious for his sake to show all kindness to his wife. On their first visit the sisters were, by the calling in of some acquaintances, prevented from accompanying them, but with all the warmth of that old-fashioned frankness now so seldom to be met with, they insisted upon Mr. and Mrs. Stanley's returning home with them to pass a quiet social

evening. As they entered the drawing-room, Clara advanced to George, who after pressing her offered hand with respectful warmth to his lips, turned with equal warmth to introduce his bride. "I shall claim *you* as an old friend as well as George if you will permit me, my dear madam;" said Clara with her habitual enthusiasm. Then as the bride gratefully responded to this appeal, Adelaide approached. With some embarrassment, George took her hand, but raised it not to his lips, and bidding him welcome in a firm tone, she withdrew it calmly, though the "mantling blood in ready play," covered cheeks, and brow, and neck. Hastily she advanced to his wife and with trembling eagerness bade her welcome. The bustling kindness of Mrs. Gordon interposed, and unconsciously prevented the embarrassing pause that must otherwise have followed. Agitated by the affectionate greetings she had received, the bride saw not George's confusion nor Adelaide's painful blush, and as other relatives assembled and the conversation became general, the evening passed happily. Mrs. Stanley and Clara seemed

to be mutually pleased, and from George's friendship with the family, felt as though they had long known each other.

Who shall lift the veil from Adelaide's heart when that night she retired to her apartment; who shall describe the woe that burst forth in smothered sobs as she buried her face in the pillow lest the sounds should pierce the thin partition that separated her from her sister! * * This trial, if trial it was, was daily renewed. Constant and familiar intercourse was kept up betwixt the Stanleys and the Gordons. Adelaide strove to drown in gaieties, and the excitement of society, the feelings that oppressed her—but in vain! she found it impossible to avoid the presence of him who was still too dear, and she feared to make her avoidance marked lest it should create suspicion of the truth. She tried to view Mrs. Stanley with sisterly regard, but a sort of loathing seemed to rise within her at the mere sound of her voice. Worse too,—amidst all George's scrupulous attentions to his wife, attentions too pointedly paid to be the outpourings of *real* affection, she saw that he had not forgotten times

long past, too well remembered by her. As the struggles between right and wrong became more vehement and their separating line less palpable in her mind, her spirits grew unequal, now wild with mirth, now listless with sorrow. Clara often sought to speak with her, but with intuitive skill she would turn the conversation to merriest topics, and zealously avoided being left alone with her for a moment.

CHAPTER IV.

—————Call up thy noble spirit,
Rouse all the gen'rous energy of Virtue,
And with the strength of heaven-endued man,
Repel the hideous foe. Be great : be valiant :
O if thou could'st ! e'en shrouded as thou art
In all the sad infirmities of nature,
What a most noble creature wouldst thou be !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

—————To nobler worlds Repentance rears,
With humble hope, her eye ; to her is given
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers ;
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven—
She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.
Then patient bear the sufferings you have earned,
And by these sufferings purify the mind :
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learned :
Or pious die, with penitence resigned :
And to a life more happy and refined,
Doubt not you shall, new creatures, yet arise.

THOMPSON.

So months flew on. Mrs. Stanley was taken ill, and as Clara, who had been to visit her, announced the fact on her return, Adelaide trembled exces-

sively and sank upon a chair. Why did she so? that question she asked herself, and as her wavering weak heart answered, the horror of the half framed thought within her made her unconsciously utter a shrill cry. All present ran to her assistance. Suddenly and eagerly she accounted for what she called her folly, by an acute pain which had all day oppressed her heart, and which her emotion of regret at the news of Mrs. Stanley's illness had increased. This answer satisfied her unsuspecting parents, who attributed her indisposition to over fatigue during the day. With fond care she was comforted and nursed, and after an early and tempting meal which Mrs. Gordon's own watchful hands prepared, but which poor Adelaide could not taste, she was taken to her room, to seek undisturbed rest.—“Do not stay now, dear Mother, Clara and my maid are here. I shall be well to-morrow. Pray join the family below. Good night.”

Assured by her calm words, her mother kissed and left her, saying that she would go immediately to Mrs. Stanley's and offer her assistance. Adelaide dismissed the maid, and then, turning to

Clara, said, "Sister, I feel I shall be better when alone. I have no wish to sleep, and shall read till I grow weary. I need no help: pray go down, Clara, you can do me no good, and are depriving yourself of pleasure. Good night."

"I will go, Adelaide, since I can do *you no good*," she echoed sadly: "good night, sweet sister, God bless you." She kissed her fondly and not without emotion. Adelaide answered not: and Clara left the room and closed the door. As the sound of her footsteps died away upon the stairs, Adelaide mentally ejaculated: "And will God bless me? Will he ever bless me again? Wretch that I am, what thoughts have I indulged; I have contemplated the possibility of George's being set free from all ties, without daring to ask even my own heart, how the release was to be accomplished; unconsciously I have wished the death of another. *That* was the hope that made me shriek at the idea of my own guilt. The eternal voice of heaven declares to the *soul* as well as to the *hand*, Thou shalt do no murder, and with that warning in my ears, I have defied it."

Who that could have seen her then would have believed she was the same innocent and therefore happy being, that had welcomed George on his first visit to their family! A blight had passed over her beauty, and she seemed like the “star bright apostate,” an “archangel ruined.” Could any one have told her six months before, that she would so cherish her clandestine love, that it would at length grow sinful and murderous, Adelaide would have spurned the supposition. She had at first weakly soothed her heart by this too pleasing sophistry: “it is no crime to love one who is in every way most worthy, and if the report of his marriage be true, I can at once forget him; I could not retain affection for a married man.” Vain subterfuge to silence conscience!—Her thoughts, once her slaves, were now her tyrants. The reflection of what foul inmates she had taken into her soul, urged her almost to frenzy. She paced up and down the room with violent rapidity, as if by bodily exertion to exhaust her “thick coming fancies.” “’Tis true then, I have loved him: I do love him still,” she unconsciously exclaimed aloud. The

sound of her own voice startled her, and involuntarily she cast her eyes behind her as though fearing she was not alone: then though no ear could hear the words, no eye could see that her lips pronounced them, the deathly sickness of the soul's shame seized her, and bowing her head she buried her face in her hands, then raising her head with a slight shudder, she again paced on; her left hand pressed against her temples whose burning and swollen veins made it feel of corpse-like coldness, her right grasping her throat, striving vainly to check the convulsive choking that almost strangled her. Tears that flow rapidly and easily down the cheek, relieving as they fall, spring not from guilty anguish: *such* weeping is often a solace to the bosom unassailed by remorse. The tears that singly swell around and linger on the lash, blistering in their moisture, but *flowing not*, while the eye aches with fiery pain, *these* are the tears of agony where bitter self-reproach is mingled. Such were the tears *she* shed. Conscience then cried: Weak and presumptuous woman, how canst thou know that thy internal passion wilt content thee?

Wilt thou endure to love, and unlike every other human heart, not crave for some *return*? The idea was horror: wildly she shrieked forth, “God help me, whither am I going?” and sunk upon the seat beside her bed. As the tumult of her mind abated gradually, her eyes, wandering around, fell on the small stand before her. There lay the precious volume which the widow had bestowed to be her solace, counsellor, and friend. Why not consult it now? Alas, it had so long been laid aside, or only studied by the eye as a mere form, that its rich blessings were unknown to her. She knew not where to look—what page, what holy writer to select in which to find advice or support. Oh! had her parents made her familiar with that Book of Life!—But to repine now was useless, and worse than useless; it was sinful. For her kind and gentle sister, as well as the pale and resigned widow, had proffered the very aid she once rejected but now sought. Distressed she opened the volume, turning over leaf after leaf, not knowing where to pause, when the narration of “that disciple whom Jesus loved,” arrested her attention. Her eye

glanced down the page; it related the history of the adulteress who by the law was doomed to death, but to whom the Saviour said "Go, sin no more." Breathlessly she read on, and the fearful appropriateness of the tale to her own thoughts startled her inmost heart. Was she as guilty as the woman whose condemnation the vicious world mercilessly sought? Man would say, no. But conscience dared not answer. Spotless in *act*, her *soul* had deeply sinned. The direct simpleness of scriptural language, the strong unvarnished expressions it employs, washing the whiteness off the sepulchre, and calling crime and vice by their own names, spoke truths no artifice could evade, no fear could deny. The Bible shewed no *degrees* of error; the flimsy cant of *Platonic regard*, of the *irresistible force of sentiment*, of an *innocent interchange of soul*, found no shelter there." Like the wretched woman of whom she read, she owned that He before whose eye her pride bowed down abashed, was the Lord. "Neither do I condemn thee," sounded in her ears; to her excited mind it seemed an especial warning, and as her eyes still pored

upon the page, she glided from the chair, and sinking on her knees before the sacred volume, with her hands clasped in supplication, the first fervent prayer of genuine humility burst from her lips. Long she prayed, and when she had ceased she still remained kneeling, her head supported against the stand, in that listless vacancy of mind that so often follows violent mental conflicts. A gentle tap at the door aroused her; rising to her feet, she mechanically said, "come in," and Clara entered. "What? not in bed yet, sister!" she exclaimed. But her tone changed to alarm, as she saw Adelaide's unnatural expression of feature. Since she left the room, Adelaide had passed those terrible moments, which occur once, and sometimes but once, in the life of almost every one: "moments, in which we live years," in which we often gain more knowledge of ourselves, of the depth of our feelings, the redoubtable strength of our passions, than we otherwise learn in a whole existence; moments which perhaps influence the whole tenor of our future career, giving a new impulse, a different aim to our characters,—moments in which the mind often passes

from the fragility of girlhood to strongly marked maturity. Clara cried eagerly : “are you ill, Adelaide? What *is* the matter?” Adelaide gazed at her for an instant, and the blood rushed to her temples and spread over face and neck in one deep painful glow ; then clasping her arms around Clara, she gasped forth, “Oh Sister :” and burst into an agony of tears. No further words were needed ; that look, that flush, that exclamation told all ; Clara read each page of her sister’s heart—its struggles and its trials, *but she spoke not of them*. Locked in each other’s arms they wept long and unrestrainedly, and when relieved by this gush of feeling, Clara whispered “now Sister, let us pray!” they both knelt down and the twin voices of their two hearts ascended to Heaven together.

CHAPTER V.

A thousand miseries make silent and invisible inroads on mankind, and the heart feels innumerable throbs which never break into complaint. Perhaps likewise our pleasures are for the most part equally secret, and most are borne up by some private satisfaction, some internal consciousness, some latent hope, some peculiar prospect, which they never communicate, but reserve for solitary hours and clandestine meditation. JOHNSON.

SUCH a vehement struggle between the worse and the better nature could not leave the frame unscathed. Long was the illness that followed that eventful night, and when Adelaide returned to consciousness and strength, she learned that Mr. and Mrs. Stanley had gone to Louisiana, where it was thought her native air would restore the latter's wasted health, which the keen northern winter had severely tried. Adelaide recovered: her cheeks again flushed, her eyes again beamed as before with youthful loveliness and vigour, but her spirit was not unchanged. The strong besetting sin that had clouded her brighter qualities,—her pride “the

sin by which the angels fell," was now subdued. She had learned, and bitter was the lesson, the vile-ness and the weakness of her own heart, and the halo of innocent beauty which is ever imparted to those who possess truly Christian humility, shed added grace around her natural loveliness.

Two, three years passed on, and the sisters had attained that momentous period of woman's life when friends begin to inquire—"do you think they will ever marry?"—implying thereby that the "horrors of old maidenhood" are impending over them. It was indeed a mystery to those who knew not the truth, why two rich, beautiful, and accomplished women should remain single, when so many opportunities offered for their prosperous "establishment." A noble-hearted, devoted admirer, Mr. Enfield, a distinguished lawyer, had long loved Adelaide, and in spite of discouragement or indifference pressed his suit with the fostering approbation of her parents, but in vain. Finding his affection hopeless, he plunged more deeply into the turmoil of business to deaden the acuteness of his disappointment. In the autumn of 1836, Mr. Gordon

found that commercial matters required his presence in New Orleans, and as he would be compelled to remain some months, he wished for a companion. Adelaide was selected by her father, Clara having expressed her perfect satisfaction and indeed preference for remaining at home with her mother. They departed. To Adelaide's intelligent mind the journey through the southern states could not fail to prove an unequalled gratification. In New Orleans they met Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. There was a look of care and pain upon the brow of George, that ill accorded with the apparent happiness and wealthy comfort of his household, to which the presence of a sprightly infant was at once an addition and a charm. It was a source of heartfelt thankfulness to Adelaide to behold their domestic peace, and to feel that by the blessing of God she could contemplate it without envy or repining.

The winter and opening spring passed in friendly intercourse, and Adelaide insensibly grew more and more attached to Mrs. Stanley. A lonely orphan, without any surviving kindred, reared in comparative seclusion, married to the first love of her inno-

cent heart before the sun had risen on her eighteenth summer, there was an infantine simplicity, a clinging timidity in her character which made her particularly fascinating ; and when Adelaide remembered how she had formerly loathed her very presence, she strove to make amends for her secret injustice.

The rich beauty of a southern spring was bursting into early summer, and his business having drawn to a close, Mr. Gordon was anxious to return home by way of the Mississippi : Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were to accompany him and his daughter. Preparations were made for their departure, and the afternoon of Saturday the sixth of May, was the time appointed. On Friday evening Mr. Gordon having left home to bid farewell to a few friends, Adelaide received a note from Mrs. Stanley, requesting her company that evening, as George was compelled to be absent, and she was somewhat indisposed. Adelaide willingly complied. Mrs. Stanley, whose delicate and nervous temperament made her health a constant source of anxiety to her friends, was that evening peculiarly desponding, and it required all Adelaide's assiduous cheerfulness to raise her droop-

ing spirits. Hour after hour wore away in the calm delight of an intimate intercourse between two intelligent, refined and affectionate women,—than which, what enjoyment can be greater? Insensibly they had dropped more common place and general subjects, and had discoursed on their peculiar views and feelings, and on matters of personal interest. Each had then sunk into a momentary revery, which was interrupted by Mrs. Stanley's exclaiming: "How deeply I feel the advice dear George has often given me, to guard against forming hasty judgments from a first impression. How much I have lost, my dear Adelaide, by not seeking your intimate acquaintance when we were in New York; I felt partial to your sister, and of course could not fail to hear your praises on every side, and yet I shrunk from you, and why? You will never guess it; it was such a foolish, extravagant idea: I was absolutely jealous of you." It was well the shades of evening obscured the apartment, or the sudden ghastly paleness that overspread Adelaide's face must have been observed by her companion. "It was only," continued Mrs. Stanley, "a heedless

remark made by an acquaintance which caused my uneasiness : she casually said that George had once paid you particular attention. This trifle was enough to rouse my nervous temper. You cannot conceive what a life I led, how eagerly I watched you whenever we met, how my jealous eyes followed George while in your presence ; it was said, you may remember, that the keenness of the northern winter was too much for my frame,—but no ! the keenness of jealousy was the true cause. My dear Adelaide, you must not despise me for my weakness, or hate me for so wronging you. Perhaps I am inconsiderate in acknowledging my folly now, but I have scarcely any friends but you and Clara and dear George, and it seems a relief to me to talk thus confidentially. You forgive me, Adelaide, do you not ?”

“Forgive you,” murmured Adelaide, “as far as regards your—your unfounded fear of me, Yes—but for your injustice to yourself you do not deserve to be forgiven. Why had you not sufficient confidence in Mr. Stanley’s regard, in your own sweet character and love, to conquer such sickly fancies ?”

“Ah! there it was; I felt that George did not love me,—at least not as I loved him. I am his wife now,” she added, as a faint blush momentarily overspread her cheeks, “and therefore I may confess how fondly, how intensely I have always loved him. Dear George! wicked indeed would be my heart did it harbour one thought of reproach or complaint against him; but have you not often observed that persons not gifted on ordinary occasions with acute penetration, become profound and just analyzers of character where their feelings are concerned? So it was with me. From the first hour I knew what the word love meant, I had been taught by my guardian, his father, that George was to be my husband, I had studied his disposition, the peculiar bent of his mind so closely, that I felt convinced a man of his enthusiastic temperament, whose friendships were equal in ardour to the love of most men, must be capable of deeper, more rapturous affection than he displayed even in the days of our courtship. There were times too when I observed a cloud of depression upon his spirits which my society could not disperse; and once or twice I was tempted to

act the heroine, and say that if it were irksome to him I would release him from his engagement. But I was not formed for a heroine: had I resigned him, I must have resigned life too. And I should have been justly punished, for now I am assured it was the gloom of his father's recent death that preyed upon his mind. In my marriage I may truly say with the poet: 'Woman ne'er was blessed since the first pair met as I have been!' So ends the confession of Bertha Stanley, related by herself," she added with a gay laugh, "and glad are you, no doubt, that the wearisome tale is over. But you know human nature loves egotism, and will excuse me, will you not?" and caressingly she wound her arm around Adelaide's neck. "What! sobbing! is it possible! and can you, do you feel such kind compassion for my weakness? I shall indeed bless this evening, since it has given me this proof of your regard." The entrance of Mr. Gordon and George prevented a reply or more embarrassing pause. Lights were brought in, and the gentlemen proceeded to relate the disappointment they had received. George was obliged to wait the arrival of a letter of some impor-

tance before he could leave the city, and the northern mail would not be due until the next evening at eight. "Can we not postpone *our* departure, my dear father?" said Adelaide. "Impossible, my love, as my arrangements now stand, we have no alternative but to look forward to our safe and speedy meeting in Louisville."

The friends soon after separated for the night, and on the ensuing afternoon visited the floating palace which for a week was to be the home of Mr. Gordon and his daughter. Bright were the wishes, affectionate the adieus that passed between them and the majestic "Ambassador"* wended her way up the dark waters of the father of Rivers.

* One of the first class Mississippi steamboats, then commanded by Captain James, which left New Orleans for Louisville on Saturday, May 6th, 1837.

CHAPTER VI.

What though no fun'ral pomp, no borrowed tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell,—
No weeping friends attend your sable bier
Who sadly listen to the passing bell,— * * *

Yet shall remembrance from oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene and sigh with grief sincere,
And soft compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

FALCONER.

ON the same evening the expected letter arrived, and finding that a steamboat was to depart early on the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley embraced the opportunity in order that they might sooner overtake their friends. They were already acquainted with many of the passengers, and they looked forward to an agreeable journey. On Sunday evening, Mr. Stanley, who, from the lateness of his application was unable to procure an entire state-room for his family, and was thus separated from them, bade his wife and child good night, and taking the arm of a friend, strolled up and

down the hurricane-deck. The moon shone brightly and coldly on the misty waters,—the black cloud of smoke spotted with its myriads of ruby sparks, “like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along” through the “darkly blue” sky,—the low, wooded banks on either side, cast their lengthened shadows in the waters, while here and there a light beaming from a solitary cabin on the shore, only threw the surrounding objects into deeper shade. No sound disturbed the quiet of the hour but the dash-
ing of the wheels and the hoarse panting of the steam. The time wore on, and George, bidding his friend Mr. Elliot good night, retired to rest. The latter still continued his walk, and disinclined to sleep, wandered down to the third and lowest deck, to observe the labours of the firemen. As he passed the pile of fuel placed near the boilers for immediate use, he thought there was danger in its proximity to the fire, especially as the sparks were falling rapidly upon the wood. Calling to one of the men, he attracted his attention to the circumstance, but the man with an oath bade him “mind his own business,” and sulkily passed on.

Mr. Elliot for a time remained near the spot, but supposing that those employed about the engine must be better judges than himself, he looked at his watch, and finding it was long after twelve o'clock, he too retired to rest. Scarcely were his eyes fairly closed, however, when he was awaked by a bustle around him and the awful cry—"the vessel is on fire." Hastily he sprang up, and dressing himself, ran to the small boat which was hanging at the stern, he leaped in; several others followed and one in his eagerness to escape, cut the rope connecting the steamer to the bow of the yawl, which immediately fell perpendicularly, and all on board were precipitated into the water. Mr. Elliot *alone* rose again, and floating down some distance, was rescued by a boat's crew who were approaching. Meanwhile the devastating element spread with awful rapidity through the steamer. The heroic pilot, still motionless at his post, continued his earnest but unavailing efforts to direct the vessel to the shore, and in the performance of his duty *died*. For miles round might be heard the agonizing shrieks of the poor wretches calling in vain

for help,—the destructive light showed every object with the vividness of day. Some clung convulsively to the burning sides of the boat, while others madly plunged into the stream, there meeting a more sudden and less horrible death. One noble youth, with the impulse of our nature's law, self-preservation, had reached the hurricane deck in safety, when the thought of his dear and loving sister left to perish, rushed across his mind. Eagerly he threaded his way back to the cabin amidst the crowds and confusion that obstructed his path, and clasping his sister to his heart, both sunk into the flames together. There at one end of the vessel a mother, leading her little son, while the attendant stood by bearing another infant,—called loudly for her husband; while the boy clasping his tiny arms around her, tearfully besought her to take him away, crying "the fire is burning me, it is so hot, so hot!" Her husband heard the cry and joined them. "Collect yourselves," said he,—"save God, our only hope now is in presence of mind." The timid and delicate mother grasped her son in her arms, whose weight at another time would almost have over-

powered her ; seizing a plank, her husband leaped overboard and called on her to follow ; she did so, and catching her as she rose with her burthen, he placed their precious charge astride upon the plank to which they clung, while he prepared to receive his infant and her nurse. Here a violent explosion for a moment involved all in smoke, and as the mist dispersed, the horror stricken parents beheld the nurse in all the frantic energy of panic fear, grasp their infant and madly plunge headlong into the fire. For a time their efforts were paralyzed by the shock, but the incessant appeals of their unconscious boy aroused them. For two hours they drifted down the river ere they could reach the shore. Nature bore them up until that moment, when, in the transition to perfect safety they could but gasp forth their thanks to Providence, and then sank exhausted at the feet of those who came to their assistance. Meanwhile, Mrs. Stanley, hearing the cries of her domestics, who ran to and fro helpless and terrified as the conflagration first burst forth, sprung from the bed, and holding her babe to her bosom, rushed out of the cabin to seek her husband,

wildly shrieking forth his name ; she heard his voice in answer : she beheld him striding through the mass of fire to reach her ; the glaring light revealed his features convulsed with anxiety for his dear wife and child, but as he came to the verge of the blazing gulf that separated them, his footing gave way and before her eyes he fell into the flames. Scarcely conscious of the action, Bertha leaped into the water with her babe. Providentially a plank was floating near, she seized it with one hand, and the current carried her on towards a steamer that was approaching to offer succor. Oh joy ! they see her with her infant treasure ! They advance with slackened pace lest the commotion of the water should destroy those they wish to save ; with eager care some prepare to send out the boat, while others at the same time fling forth a rope ; she sees it, collects her almost exhausted strength, (and thanking heaven for the aid) reaches forth her arm to grasp it ; twice she makes the effort, but in vain. With a mother's love, strongest even in death, she murmurs forth a prayer and benediction on her child, while both sink to rise no more !

Another explosion now burst forth, the powder on board the vessel had ignited, and ere the morning's dawn, the scattered fragments of the ill fated Ben Sherrod, strewed the river in all directions!*

CHAPTER VII.

The office of a wife includes the exertion of a friend. There are situations where it will not be enough to love, cherish, and obey: she must teach her husband to be at peace with himself, to be reconciled to the world, to resist misfortune, to conquer adversity! MACKENZIE.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but when the *desire cometh*, it is a tree of life.

IN the autumn of 1838, bright were the preparations in Mr. Gordon's happy family for the marriage of Adelaide. The discipline of her heart in the erring passion she had once cherished had been of infinite service to her character. The unconscious

* The events related in this chapter are minutely true in every particular: I received the account from one of the chief actors in the heart-rending scene.

narration of Mrs. Stanley on the last evening they had passed together, had shewn her the happiness she might have poisoned, the pure devotion of the heart she might have broken; while the awful and sudden event that afterwards occurred had been a painful warning. Softened in manner, subdued in temper, she was now prepared to be a loving companion, a faithful wife to Mr. Enfield, who had on her return, renewed his suit and at length been accepted. This was the evening previous to their marriage, and in their family circle all seemed joyous. Encouraged by the approving smiles of her he loved, Mr. Enfield had been giving life-like sketches of his adventures in the far west, whither he had for a time exiled himself after Adelaide's rejection of him. He continued, "One of the most delightful acquaintances I ever made was in the infant state of Michigan. A small village, settled but a short time previous, was rapidly, like a young Hercules, destroying opposition and rising to celebrity. The man whom all regard as a presiding genius, is a native of New York, and has scarcely reached manhood's prime. He is the pre-

eminent lawyer and magistrate of their new "town;" he resides on his extensive farm like a patriarch, save that no wife shares his solitude. His own hands had cut down the first tree on his now well cleared and cultivated domains, round which those jewels of earth's crown, "flowers of all hues," blossom brightly to reward his fostering care; he has organized the habits of the settlers, he has legislated in the new colony; the well regulated school-house boasts him for its founder, the traveller blesses his hospitality; wealth, respect, and an approving conscience, mark his days with brightness. He seems to live but to do good, and amidst all the wilder and sterner virtues, the refinements of intellectual and educated life are not forgotten."

"Surely, Mr. Enfield," exclaimed Adelaide, "you are painting a hero of romance."

"No, truly; all I say is simple fact, and trust me, in the vast regions of our western land, his character will find more than one parallel. All that is wanting to complete the picture is a woman's presence. How such a man can live without loving is to me a mystery, and *now*," he added, gently

pressing Adelaide's hand as he spoke, "I feel that amid all his dignity and comfort there is one blessing in his loneliness without which he cannot be happy."

"You say then," rejoined Mr. Gordon, "that he is from New York. Do you not remember his name?"

"I never can forget it: Wilmot, Henry Wilmot."

"Indeed! Harry Wilmot! He was as dear to me as my own son. Bless the boy! I am glad to hear of his success; Clara, my child, where are you going?" he inquired, as her receding form disappeared through the closing door. "Oh, some little preparation for to-morrow, I suppose."

"And that remark unwillingly reminds me that I must take my leave," replied Mr. Enfield as he rose to bid adieu. Adelaide accompanied him to the door, and a few moments passed in the murmuring of those fond words and gentle wishes that ever new though still repeated, gush with harmonious flow from the lips of affianced lovers. With a smile and blush yet lingering on her face, Adelaide sought her sister who was weeping bitterly in her

own apartment. "Forgive me, Clara," said she, "that in my own happiness, I for a moment neglected your sorrow."

"Oh, Adelaide, you talked of my fortitude, where is it now? God grant me strength to bear this blow! I did not expect it, but it is too plain: Harry has forgotten me, else what now prevents him from coming to claim me?"

"Hope yet, dearest Clara; I cannot but believe that you are mistaken."

"No, no, it is but too true; the turmoil, the ambition, the pride and enterprise of his present career have effaced my image from his memory. Do not offer consolation, sister; leave me for a while. *Hereafter I will reason,—now I can only feel.* Oh merciful Father, if indeed the blessed hope that I have cherished for long years is to be crushed, teach me to bear the shock, and in the discharge of friendship's ties and duties, let Thy bounty, Thy protection, and Thy love, satisfy all my earthly cravings."

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Morning dawned beautifully cloudless as the

prospects of the bride. As the company were assembled on their return from church, a knock was heard at the door, and an inquiry made for Miss Gordon. The only lady now bearing that appellation tripped unconcernedly down stairs, and on entering the dining-room where she learned a stranger waited for her, the exclamation, "Clara! dearest Clara!" met her ear. A cry of joy burst from her lips—reserve, dignity, injured pride, were all forgotten in the impulse of the moment, and she rushed into the arms that were outstretched to receive her.

The mystery was easily explained. As soon as Henry Wilmot had accomplished Mr. Gordon's requisition and acquired wealth, he hourly toiled to make his home fit for the reception of his bride. When this was done he wrote to both her parents and herself announcing his intentions and his hopes. This letter had miscarried as it should seem, and bestowing a passing epithet, not very complimentary, upon mails, post-offices, and all connected therewith, Harry proceeded to relate that he had arrived in New York the night previous, and having heard of

the intended wedding and ascertained it was not *Clara's*, hastened to the house.

“And now, dearest Clara, may I claim my reward? Will you leave the city and its luxuries for a colony in the wilderness? I have nothing to offer in exchange for all these comforts and the dear society of relatives and friends, but a settler's rude unfinished home, and the love of an honest and adoring heart.”

“I could reproach you for the doubt were I not so happy. Do you, Harry, deem it necessary to ask the question? I can answer in the words of Ruth: ‘whither thou goest, I will go, where thou lodgest, I will lodge, thy people shall be my people,’ and—Oh blessing that *I can* say so; ‘thy God shall be my God.’ ”

CHAPTER VIII.

Our actions are our heralds, and they fix,
Beyond the date of tombs or epitaphs,
Renown or infamy.

TOBIN.

Thou unrelenting Past !
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

In thy abysses hide,
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee,
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labours of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

BRYANT.

No great effort of imagination is required to divine the conclusion of their history. Adelaide's marriage, which allowed her still to remain with her parents, was soon followed by that of Clara, who, with her husband, was shortly to depart. Until that time the family were inseparable, and the hours passed swiftly in solicitude on the one hand

as to the strange mode of life and journey in prospect, and on Harry's part in eager inquiries after old acquaintances and friends. Among others he had asked all particulars relative to George Stanley, and on being informed of his melancholy fate, he remarked: "I knew but little of him here as you are aware: but I have felt an unfailing esteem and respect for his character from a circumstance to which I was accidentally a party." Every one anxiously begged to hear it related, and Harry continued. "While he lived, nothing would have induced me to reveal it, and thereby perhaps annul the effect of the noble sacrifice he made; now however I cannot hesitate to narrate it to you in confidence. Sometime after I left New York and bent my way to Michigan, I was introduced to the elder Mr. Stanley, who was engaged in the survey of some lands he had purchased there, but I became only slightly acquainted with him. Business called me still further into the interior, and on my return to the inn, where he was also staying, I found that he was seriously ill, that his son had been sent for, and was then with him. Not wishing to

intrude, I satisfied myself by making inquiries concerning him, and by an offer of my services in any way that might be needed, and taking a traveller's meal, hastened to recruit my strength by a night's rest after my weary journey on horseback. As is often the case in intense fatigue, though exceedingly tired, I was unable to sleep, and about midnight I became aware of a slight bustle in the adjoining apartment. The inn was a large log hut; it boasted of several rooms however, which were formed by slight and rudely constructed partitions barely answering the purpose of a screen. Every word could be distinctly heard through them, and thus I became the involuntary auditor of their conversation, of which the entire purport and many of the actual expressions are firmly impressed upon my memory. It appeared that Mr. Stanley had been asleep, and on awakening called for his son, who was at his bedside. "Now that we are alone, George," said he, "I wish to speak to you on matters of the utmost importance. It is for the sake of this interview more than all the rest that I required your presence before my death. George,

my son, I have one desire, one prayer to you, that you will marry Bertha Delacroix."

"Great Heaven! Marry Bertha! Father, it is impossible."

"George, beware ere you decide so hastily, I do not command—I do not threaten; but I entreat with my dying breath, as you would see me leave the world in peace."

"Be calm, my dear father! Think me not unfilial or ungrateful. But this sudden proposal has startled me I confess. My feelings are already engaged—indeed my honour is already pledged. It is true I have not directly offered myself, but I am not the less bound. With your nice sense of justice, you need not be told, my dear sir, that there are many points, far short of an actual declaration, on which to hesitate or retract, would be unworthy the character of a man of integrity and rectitude. Such is now my situation,—and to marry another,—even were I to consent so to sacrifice my own affections, would entail unhappiness as well as mortification and perhaps scandal upon the woman I love."

"This argument is just, my son, but it must not

avail here. I know your strength of mind. The bride I offer is, as you well know, lovely, young, intelligent, and amiable. She has been sought after by numerous suitors, but I have led her innocent heart to contemplate the prospect of a union with you. She loves you with all the fervour of a first affection. She cannot fail to make you happy. Oh George, consent, I beseech you !”

“You call upon me so earnestly to make this sacrifice, my dear father, that I feel there must be some powerful undivulged reason for your vehemence. I have an unquestionable right on this point to demand your confidence.”

A deep groan burst from his father’s lips as he ejaculated: “Yes, yes: you are right, listen to me, and if possible do not despise me! You know I am reputed to be immensely rich—the wealth is not mine—it is Bertha’s. Her father left me her sole guardian, as you know—she was then a child. At that time I had for years indulged a passion for gambling, which was gradually destroying my fortune. The more unpromising my position became, the more desperate I grew: my infatuation in-

creased, and at last I lost everything. The ruin of my reputation must have been the consequence of a discovery of the truth, and to be pointed at as the beggared gamester was an idea that almost drove me mad. More than once I contemplated suicide: yes, groan as you will, George, it is too true. I was deterred from that crime, not, (I blush to own it,) by the fear of punishment hereafter, but by the certainty of the stigma which would be entailed by an investigation of the causes of such an act. At this moment the evil spirit within me recalled the thought of Bertha's fortune. The documents were all in my possession—you were then at college—I have not strength to tell or to describe details—the struggle was long and violent, but at last I yielded. The insertion of one word, the transposition of others sufficed—the deed was accomplished—my reputation unstained; I was still a rich man. I entered into commerce: men wondered at the mad speculations I embarked in, which as it happened brought me tenfold profit. They knew not that I flew to every species of excitement to deaden the tortures of remorse. One

only hope brought me consolation : that you would marry Bertha, and thus, unsuspected by the world, secure to her the fortune of which I had robbed her.” “Restore it all to her, my father. Let your last act be one of justice and restitution. I am young, and thanks be to your care, well educated. Providence has given me health, ability, and strength. I will make a name and fortune for myself.”

“It cannot be. What reason can I give for enriching her, and impoverishing you, that will not excite suspicion or remark? I could not rest, even in my grave, if my secret were discovered. Not only to have my name blasted as the forger, the thief, but as the accursed, the *man who wronged the orphan!*” With a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, George interrupted him : “My dear father, be composed, urge me no further, it is needless. I will marry Bertha Delacroix, and as far as in me lies do all to make her happy.”

“Bless you, my son ! the blessing, the love, the gratitude of your unworthy father be with you forever !”

Almost at this moment I heard the physician enter the apartment. The next morning I procured a more distant room, and a few days after, Mr. Stanley died. Within a year I learned that George had fulfilled his promise and married Bertha Delacroix."

* * * * *

"Adelaide," said Clara, before they separated for the night, "I rejoice that we are at last enabled, though tardily, to do justice to George Stanley; and not the least noble part of his character was the silent forbearance with which he bore the odium of trifling with your affections, never seeking to vindicate himself or to make his wife unhappy by a suspicion of the facts. It seems to me that his life, as well as ours, tends to prove a consoling truth: that when we lay upon the altar of duty or religion the offering of our heart's dearest affections, the approval of our conscience and the happiness derived from the fulfilment of our allotted task, form the sweet reward by which Providence benignly teaches that the offering is accepted.

After repeated comments upon the story, Anna, who had the happy faculty of making every one do as she pleased, and of pleasing every one by so doing, called upon Jane for her contribution. "I have it here," said Jane, drawing forth her roll of paper. "But my time has been so much occupied, that my narrative is not embellished by poetical quotations, such as adorn Anna's and Emma's story."

"Of course," cried Anna, with playful sarcasm, "brides elect are always very important and very insolent individuals, and their excuses are admissible. Pray begin, my dear Jane. Order, ladies, order!"

Jane then read the following narrative.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.



PART I.

ON a bright afternoon in May 1835, two young persons were seated side by side in a drawing room in Charleston, South Carolina. They were both silent, both sad; but the face of one wore a look of manly hopefulness as his eyes rested upon the dejected girl beside him. Well might they be sad, for they were betrothed lovers on the eve of separation. He was a lieutenant in the army. The Seminole war had begun,—a war, which being confined to a distant part of our territory, was looked upon almost as a foreign conflict by the northern states. It was a protracted war with a savage foe, arising out of the exaction of treaties supposed to be the acts of the Indian nation, but in reality only sanctioned by a few chiefs. Other

causes too contributed to engender and foster bitter blood: the erroneous policy of Indian agents—the frauds of sub-agents and petty dealers—and the lavish introduction of the Indian's curse—the fire-water. The chiefs refused to ratify the treaties, and the government sought to compel their fulfilment: the savages then commenced warfare according to their own savage rule, by burning, destroying, pillaging, scalping, and in cold blood slaying the innocent, as though the “pale face” were in itself a cause for hatred. The war is scarcely remembered now except for its cost of blood and treasure; and few know or reflect upon the privations, the wreck of health from fatigue, exposure, and hardship, incurred by the army in opposing a foe whose mode of warfare deprived their conquerors of the glory resulting from open field and fair fight: a glory whose light so dazzles the soldier that he sees not the red hue of the blood in which it is bathed. Major Dade, to whose command Lieutenant Ferrers was attached, had just issued orders for departure into Florida: and Catharine, the betrothed of Ferrers, was to remain with her

surviving and invalid parent, Mr. Allston, a southern merchant, who in a few months expected an unavoidable summons to Europe. Thus, while affection, as well as duty, made his daughter promptly prepare to attend him, it was not the less painful to have the ocean added to the time, distance, and danger, which were about to divide her from her love.

“Cheer up, Catharine,” said Ferrers, as he drew his arm more closely round her. “We must hope for the best.”

“Oh, James,” replied Catharine, “I am not so weak as to give way to forebodings if ours were an ordinary separation. But the time of our meeting is so distant and uncertain—and above all the service upon which you are going—the daily unseen peril, the treachery, the ambush, of which I have read so often without thinking it would be more to me than a dream or a story of the past—all this is so terrible, James, that my fortitude has entirely fled.”

More than once had Ferrers affectionately endeavoured to interrupt her, and he now continued in a

tone of assumed cheerfulness, to name the time when she might expect to hear from him. "I have said good-bye to your father and to Cummings, who will I know watch over you like a brother. Yet indeed I should be fearful of leaving you to his guardianship, did I not know his mind is so devoted to mercantile pursuits that he leaves love entirely to idlers like myself."

The few moments yet left to them, soon passed away. With fervent blessings, loving, tearful words, and fond farewell caresses, they bade each adieu, looking forward to the period, when time should have deepened and peril sanctified Love, and when they should meet again with affection warmed and inspirited by Hope and Joy. So often do friends and lovers part, but how rarely do they thus meet again.

Months passed, and every available chance was seized by Ferrers for communicating with his promised wife. The daily rumours from the army, from whatever source obtained, were kindly brought to Catharine by Frank Cummings, her cousin, and for years her associate. Frank had been received

into Mr. Allston's most intimate confidence, and now that the invalid was wholly unequal to the fatigues of business, Frank was in truth his right hand. Cummings also sympathized with Catharine in all her anxieties—assisted her in her devoted attentions to her father, and in protection and kindness was indeed a brother. Whenever an opportunity afforded for the safe conveyance of letters to Ferrers, Frank's quiet, but significant inquiry "Catharine, have you any letters to send to day?" was blushing, but promptly answered by her placing them in his hands: and he was equally considerate in procuring and bringing to her Ferrers' replies at the earliest moment. At length the month of November arrived—the period fixed for Mr. Allston's departure: and it was supposed that the voyage would be beneficial to him. At his urgent request Cummings was to accompany him and his daughter; and every comfort was arranged for the invalid on board one of his own commodious vessels. The ship sailed bearing thence Catharine and her father, and Frank. The day before her departure, Catharine received a hasty

scrawl from Ferrers—dated at the camp, north of the Ouithlacoochie River, announcing their expected march.

The voyage was agreeable and uneventful, but the first vessel that arrived from home after they had reached Havre, brought disastrous news. Major Dade with his detachment had proceeded half way from Tampa Bay to Fort King, when on the 28th of December, they had advanced to the borders of a cane-brake; the eyes of the little band wandered around in search of some Indian, (lying as was often the case, like a log upon the ground, painted and covered with green boughs,) the first knowledge of whose proximity was often the sharp click of the death-dealing rifle that stretched the sentinel upon the earth: but no sound broke the silence. After having halted there awhile, the order to march was given: in an instant a volley from an unseen foe laid the front rank in the dust: among them was Major Dade. Bravely, desperately, did that little band defend themselves against their ambushed foes. One after another the officers were shot down: Ferrers was among the first.

Lieutenant Henderson, after one arm had been broken, rested his gun upon the stump, and so loaded and fired, until another shot deprived him of life. "We must sell our lives dearly—come on boys!" was the cry of Lieutenant Bassinger, the only officer left alive to lead the men against the now apparent foe. Out of one hundred and twelve men, but two returned to tell the tale. On the ensuing day, the troops who visited the spot beheld the mangled remains; for after the Indians had scalped the dead, atrocious mutilation of the bodies was the work of the negroes in attendance upon the savage tribes.

Passionately, sincerely, did Catharine mourn, struggling in vain to conceal from her father the full extent of her suffering which was but too apparent in her face and form. *Now* Frank Cummings was indeed a brother; and as soon as she was able to refer to the past, she asked of him all the details of that dreadful day. He gave them delicately and kindly, stripped of their most harrowing adjuncts. This much was, alas! too true. One of the men who escaped saw Ferrers fall at the

first fire, although when the slain were interred, the bodies were not all distinctly recognized. Poor Catharine's widowed heart caught eagerly at the meager hope this news afforded ; but with considerate care, Frank checked its rise. For in the subsequent arrivals from America no further tidings of him came ; the war still continued, and volunteers were daily departing from the Southern States to protect the Floridians from Indian incursions. In the newspapers dated several weeks after the event, Catharine read repeatedly the sad comments on the loss of *all* the officers ; and Frank told her that many letters he received alluded feelingly to poor Ferrers' fate. Still Catharine hoped on : and trusted that a line from Ferrers himself, might, by some improbable but blessed chance, arrive like an angel to relieve her heart.

None such came ; although Frank still forwarded her letters,—still brought her all replies, and all tidings from America that could interest her. Mr. Allston grew daily worse, and as Catharine rarely left him, her correspondence with friends at home was necessarily limited, while a tempestuous spring

which strewed the coast with wrecks, satisfactorily accounted for the non-arrival of letters from many of her home companions.

So passed six months. Change of air and scene were tried (as usual) for the invalid ; but with the summer, he too faded fast. One afternoon Mr. Allston had been wheeled from his chamber to the adjoining room, and asked Catharine if she felt able to sing and play to him once again. She instantly complied. Seating herself at the piano, her thoughts unconsciously reverted to a few quaint lines, which Ferrers had adapted to an appropriate German strain, and which had been formerly their mutual favourite.

Yes, I will love ! Though love may end in tears,
And trace my weary path through life in sorrow,
Though memory's regrets may last for years,
And not a single ray from joy may borrow,
Yet will I love !

Love bids the mind look inward—ceaseless strive,
Of pure affection still to prove deserving :
If Hope be dead, Remembrance will survive,
From each temptation like a shield preserving :
Therefore I'll love !

True love inspires unto noble deeds,
True love the charities of life doth cherish;
Softens the sternest heart, and daily feeds
Each humblest sympathy that else would perish :
Then bid me love !

For love doth shed its blessings all around
To farthest strangers : like the lavish flowers,
Which, while they beauteously bedeck the ground,
Perfume the breezes, and embrace the showers :
Therefore I'll love!

Love's glance doth bless, though quickly fades its smile :
The babe, whose life one little day doth measure,
Deserteth thus the angels' throng awhile,
To give on earth a brief, but priceless pleasure :
Then let me love !

So, when I reach the autumn of life's year,
The rustling leaves, and wind around me sighing,
Will murmur sweetest comfort to mine ear,—
" Love outlasts Life," and I can answer, dying,—
" Yes, I have loved !"

Frank Cummings was ascending the stairs as Catharine commenced, and he lingered outside the door until she had concluded. As he listened his brow contracted, and his cheek grew pale, but he drew himself up more firmly, and a strange cold smile passed over his face as the last sounds died upon his ear. He entered the room gravely, and informed Mr. Allston that the gentlemen whom he

wished to see were waiting below. Mr. Allston desired they might be shewn up, and turning to Catharine, said: "They are my solicitor and friends, Catharine, who have come to witness the signing of an important document—my will." Catharine burst into tears and flung her arms around her father's neck. In youth and health, the duty of making a will is to all reflecting minds an act of solemnity. More than almost any other isolated action of our lives, it awakens our consciousness of free agency. It enables us to bequeath comfort to another generation,—it affords us the power of carrying our resentments or our attachments beyond the grave. Whatever be the amount, immortal beings are its destined recipients; if small, it will afford their maintenance; if large, the welfare of hundreds will hang upon its use or abuse. But at the hour of death, such an act is sad as well as solemn, and therefore who can wonder that Catharine should weep!

"My dear, dear child," said Mr. Allston, "there is no need for tears. I am not nearer the grave because I make my will; and indeed I take shame

to myself, alone and unprotected as you are, that I have not done so before. The neglect has arisen from an idle, perhaps a superstitious procrastination ; such as too often occasions delay in such matters until too late, or at least till approaching death renders affairs so hurried that they cannot be rightly apportioned. Leave us awhile, my good girl." Catharine kissed her father fondly, and left the room, followed by Frank, as the gentlemen entered, and bowed to her gravely and respectfully. She entered the drawing-room. Frank sat down near her, speaking gently and kindly. So he had ever done ; but of late, his gentleness had grown more tender, his kindness more warm, and Catharine's heart at once expanded with gratitude and deepened with sorrow, for she felt that this increased sympathy was elicited by her approaching desolation. Cummings proceeded to tell her that he must unavoidably leave them for a few days. The whole business of the firm devolved upon him, and a particular affair required his personal attendance. Catharine expressed her deep regret at his departure, and asked if it was inevitable. Frank replied by detailing the

particulars, to which Catharine listened with judgment and attention. For Mr. Allston, while he abhorred that family interference in the petty details of business, which is annoying to all concerned ; yet considered that a wife, or in her stead, children, should be confidentially advised of the general aspect of affairs. He looked upon it as their due ; as a preventive of that thoughtless extravagance for which women are often, (in America, how often!) unjustly blamed. While he abhorred as a pest, that most monstrous of all civilization's offspring, a mercenary woman of the world, he felt that such confidence removed that helpless ignorance of worldly transactions, which, when real, is ruinous, and when assumed, contemptible. He felt too, what most men have known at some period of their lives, that a woman, reared as woman should be, as man's *companion*, is often his safest counsellor. Her interest is one with his ; and if she possesses that love of truth and justice which ever springs from a *real* love of God, she will often, (as she is less involved than he in worldly strife and temptation,) be able to strengthen his tottering integrity, to quell his

thirst for revenge, to confirm his self-denial, and to lessen his sacrifices by her cheerful readiness to share them. Such were the principles in which Catharine had been reared ; therefore she at once comprehended the necessity for Frank's departure and made no objection.

“ When do you go ?” asked she.

“ In an hour ;” he replied. “ The gentlemen will take refreshment before they leave, and I will then bid your father adieu with as little form as possible. All agitation is injurious to him. Hark ! there is his bell. Shall we rejoin him ?”

“ Oh, Mr. Cummings, how thoughtful, how considerate you are ! My poor father will not live long enough to acknowledge all he owes ; and as for *me*, I never can repay your kindness.”

“ I seek for no reward, Miss Allston, except *one*, which is as far beyond my hopes as it is above my deserts.” Catharine looked in wonder at the speaker. “ Forgive me, Miss Allston, if I have said more than I ought. Even a man like myself, accustomed to hourly mental discipline, may, as you see, sometimes forget his habitual self-denial.”

Strange thoughts flitted through Catharine's mind at this extraordinary address; a message from her father came most opportunely.

After a few words, the party left, accompanied by Cummings. Catharine passed the remainder of the evening with her father alone. In the course of their conversation, which was often interrupted by his gradual exhaustion, Mr. Allston remarked: "Catharine, my mind is sorely perplexed respecting you. I know that you *have* a Father to watch over you when I am gone, but that certainty does not forbid me to look for an earthly guardian."

"Dear father, I have many friends, and in all worldly affairs, I cannot have a more zealous guardian than Mr. Cummings."

"True, my dear girl, but when I am gone his friendship cannot be unreservedly yours. The world would draw an inference that would be to you most painful, if incorrect. Even now I feel assured that all our friends here regard Frank as my adopted son, as your future husband."

The colour flushed in Catharine's face as she replied: "My dear father, do not let that distress

you. Even my brief experience has taught me two lessons: one, that there is no point in which our friends are so little concerned, yet in which they interfere so much, as marriage; the other, that if once satisfied of our own rectitude of thought and act, we are yet ever studious to gain the approval of *all* men, our lives will pass in ceaseless anxiety. Forgive me, my dear father, for speaking thus firmly to you. But you have so long treated me as a companion, an equal, that I feel justified in addressing you thus. Marriage is not a *necessity* of woman's existence, nor even of her happiness."

"Of your happiness, Catharine, it is. You are of a clinging, heart-seeking disposition; you are alone in the world, and half your character will be undeveloped if you have no field for your affection; and, my child, your sphere of actual practical usefulness would be greatly enlarged, had you a husband to share in your plans. I know your sincere attachment to poor Ferrers—do not sob so bitterly, my love, but listen to me. For many months Frank has told me of his love for you, which he had secretly cherished, long years past, and which

even now he would not make known, if I thought it would molest your peace."

"Oh, father, do not urge this, I beg of you!"

"Tell me, Catharine, do you not believe Frank is worthy of your respect and esteem?"

"Yes, yes, indeed I do."

"Then why cannot a heart as young as yours look forward to love in future years? My dear child, nothing would make my death-bed so contented as the thought that you and Frank would be man and wife."

Catharine kissed him affectionately, and then said: "Let us speak of this hereafter, father. Your strength and my self-command are alike unequal to a further discussion: wait till to-morrow."

The next day Mr. Allston was unable to leave his bed. Three, four days elapsed; late one evening, Catharine followed the physician out of the room, and was told by him in the kindest and gentlest manner that his further visits would be useless. At that moment Frank Cummings entered. Agitated and wearied as Catharine then was, the recollection of her father's arguments, brought a

crimson spot into her cheeks, and made her hands, nay, her whole frame tremble. Without appearing to notice her emotion, Frank took her hand and accosted her with affectionate respect. The physician bade them adieu, and Catharine proceeded with Frank to her father's room. That night and the next day, found Mr. Allston still alive; but in the evening he grew evidently worse, and bade Catharine leave him as he wished to speak to Frank. Catharine obeyed, and slowly wended her way to the drawing room, where she sank upon a sofa—"mind and body worn." In a little while Frank entered. "Miss Allston," said he, "I must say much in a few words. I learn from your father that you are aware of my long concealed attachment. I would not now venture to speak of it, but by his command; although I have dared to hope that in a mind as well governed as yours, regret for the dead might be subdued by regard for the living. Do not give a hasty reply, I beseech you."

"If I do not answer you as I should, Frank, it is from no lack of respect for you, believe me; but

it will be long, (if *ever*,) before I can feel towards you as I have done—toward—the—the dead. Could my life be devoted to your happiness, it would be only a return for your unceasing kindness. But give me time to consider you in this new light—to examine my own heart and soul: I shall then know if I can conscientiously fulfil a vow, which without such conviction, I never will promise to perform.”

The blood had fled, and returned, each instant, to Catharine’s cheek, while she spoke, and straggling tears escaped from her eyes. Frank gazed upon her with devoted affection, and respectfully kissing her proffered hand, was about to reply, when they were hastily summoned to Mr. Allston’s bedside. In the usual homely, but expressive phrase, Mr. Allston was “struck with death,” and aware of his numbered moments, he briefly asked his child if Frank had spoken.

“He has, dear father; but give me, *only* give me time.”

“Time, Catharine! In a few hours there will be *no time* for me! Respect for my memory, and the usages of the world, will prevent your forming any

tie for many months ; and meanwhile, in a foreign country and alone, you will most need protection. Catharine, if you wish me to die in peace, let my closing breath bless your marriage with Frank !”

Catharine’s frame shook so violently that she could scarcely stand ; unable to articulate, she feebly bowed her head in answer to this solemn appeal. “You consent, my child ? God bless you !” He faltered forth, and then turned to his friend the physician who was present, and requested that the clergyman who had not yet left the house might be summoned. Mr. Allston’s solicitor attended also, and Frank and Catharine were married.

Late that night Mr. Allston died. The Grecian painter’s veil should be drawn over such a scene. The heart that hath not known it, cannot appreciate its holy sadness ; and those who have received the last sigh of the beloved and honoured, know that the same grief, the same parting, the same prayer, the same trust in God, the same hope of re-union and immortality, give a resemblance to all such pictures.

After that lonely pause which ever succeeds the

funeral, when suspense and action are at an end, Catharine's first office was to fulfil what her innate delicacy regarded as a duty. She collected all those relics which she had so holily treasured—faded flowers, playful scraps of verse or apt quotation written by that hand she loved so well—the numerous fond and high-toned letters, whose foldings had been slit by repeated opening for re-perusal—the rich and tasteful gifts made richer far by association. She gathered them together and then paused awhile. A tearless sob rose in her throat as she opened a small locket and gazed upon a lock of hair which it contained. Long and earnestly she gazed; then closed the locket with trembling hands and placed it with the other relics. She folded them securely, then placed them in a secret drawer in her desk, which she firmly closed; unconsciously she murmured half aloud, “Oh, merciful God, grant me strength even thus to put aside all engrossing memories and selfish regrets, and give me the power and the *will* to fulfil in spirit and in truth the vow which I have sworn!” Such was her prayer, and it was answered.

PART II.

In the month of December, 1837, Mr. Cummings and his wife returned to Charleston. They were eagerly welcomed by their friends and acquaintances, and the business of the firm, (still continued,) detained them in the city for some time. By his will, (exclusive of certain legacies,) Mr. Allston had divided the whole of his vast fortune between Catharine and Frank.

One fine morning in January 1838, a party of acquaintances called to entreat Mrs. Cummings would accompany them to Sullivan's Island where the Indian chiefs were then confined. Harriet Preston had renewed her intimacy with Mrs. Cummings, having been once her school and playmate. Although a wife of three years' standing, neither the superintendence of an extensive household, nor the education of children who worshipped her, had ever tamed her exuberant spirits, which as they flowed from a refined mind and warm heart,

never offended even those who could not participate in her sallies. "I will take no denial, Mrs. Cummings," said she. "You *must* go with us; Oseola is my hero. No other name has for years so thrilled our Southern hearts; we dreaded him as a foe; we pity him as a prisoner."

"And why does he so interest you, Mrs. Preston?" "There's a question!" cried the lively lady in a tone of assumed horror. "Oh, Mr. Cummings, what have you and other American husbands to answer for who keep their wives in foreign lands till they cease to remember home."

"I deny the accusation entirely," smilingly rejoined Catharine. "I have not forgotten Oseola. He was the "bone and sinew" of the whole tribe in the Seminole war. It is the *immediate* interest you take in him which makes me ask the question."

"Very well then, I will unfold. Attend. Condensed History of the Florida War, by Harriet Preston. Bless me," she continued, "can I not add a few initials,—Yes: N. C., and C. U. S. Native of Charleston, and Citizen of the United States. If I were like some *unostentatious* country-

men of mine, I should add daughter of an ex-Governor, and wife of a Member of Congress. There is a preamble fit for a title-seeker, and by the way the title contains as much as the volume. Now let me narrate the tale with Gibbon-like dignity :

The hero of the following history, the son of an Indian and a white, was at the time of the war about twenty-eight years of age. As the Indians prefer the counsels of the aged, the deference paid to him when so young, is a great proof of his superiority. He refused to sign the first treaty of emigration, and is said to have organized the murder of the most influential chief who had declared in its favour. His name became the rallying point and watchword of the tribes, and the untiring and energetic hostility which they maintained was chiefly owing to his activity and skill. His *personal* enmity had been excited by the imprudent revenge of Governor Thompson, who punished Oseola for an ebullition of anger and disrespect by putting him in irons. Although speedily released, the Indian never forgave or forgot this indignity, but afterwards in cold blood shot the Governor

through the open window of his house. With a view to put an end to this harassing war, General Jesup invited Oseola and other chiefs to conference and detained them as hostages, acting upon an illustrious precedent. The Indian Napoleon was then taken to Sullivan's Island, where he still remains: the flame of conflict deprived of the master-breath that fanned and sustained it, is now flickering and will soon finally expire. It is also recorded of this savage warrior that he never permitted the scalping of a woman or a child. There, ladies, is an account compiled from the most authentic sources; and now, if you love me, talk to me, that I may recover my breath, and sit in silence."

After thanking Mrs. Preston for her playfully told biography, the visitors chatted upon other topics, and on rising to go, Mrs. Preston said in reply to Mr. Cummings: "very well; then you place your lady under my grave and matronly care? I accept the trust; I shall take her home to my house to dinner, and there despite of *all* engagements, you must join us. My husband and I are one according to the *letter* of the law, and I believe

I may say, to the *spirit* too ; therefore accept the invitation from him and me. He is to meet us at the island."

On a bright morning in January, the happy party set sail for Sullivan's Island, about nine o'clock. The sun was shining even then with intense heat, and truly welcome was the sea breeze that rippled the water of the harbour. About noon they reached the Island, and walked through the deep hot sand to the fort. After being challenged by a sentinel, they entered the court-yard, which was occupied by some soldiers and a number of Indian women of every age variously employed, in pounding corn, boiling their food, repairing their clothes or adorning their persons, while the men lounged near in idleness.

"Yonder old man basking in the sun, Mrs. Cummings," said Mr. Preston, "is called King Philip. Do you remark the ferocity of the features, rendered more harsh and savage by his lines of age? He is an implacable enemy of the very name of white man, and is one of the most cruel of his race. This is Cloud, 'The Great Fighter,' a good-natured, frank-featured man."

They passed on farther ; and a fat, jolly-looking Indian, of very slovenly appearance, who was playing at cards, threw them down and advanced towards the party. "This," said Mr. Preston, "is Micanopy. He looks as if he thought more of feasting than fighting, does he not? Yet he is one of their prominent warriors."

"But who," inquired Mrs. Cummings, "is yonder care-worn and depressed, but noble looking man, caressing those children so affectionately, as they cling round his knees?"

"That is Coahadjo, a well known chief. A kind father, and therefore a merciful man, but an active warrior. Look at his rude leggings, Mrs. Cummings. They are secured by military buttons."

"Yes, I perceive. The United States' army buttons, I suppose."

"Precisely so ; they are spoils from the regimentals of the heroic Dade and his massacred followers." Catharine turned sick at heart at these words, but she advanced, and took the proffered hand of that chief, as she had done to all the others, and in their brief conversation, spoke kindly of his

children, whom she patted on the head. The Indian's face brightened, as he told her, in imperfect English, how much his children loved him. The officer on duty, Lieut. Wharton, then approached, and informed his expectant friends that Oseola was coming, having consented to see them, although much indisposed.

"I almost regret our selfish intrusion," said Catharine.

"You need not, madam:" replied the lieutenant. "The chiefs esteem these visits a compliment, and are too untutored to disguise their satisfaction. Here comes the 'Rising Sun.'" Oseola advanced from the building, attended by several officers, and Mrs. Cummings beheld a young Indian somewhat above the middle height dressed in the full costume of a chief. His figure was marked by agility rather than strength. His carriage was graceful, his limbs slender and well-formed, his feet small and beautifully shaped, as is characteristic of the Indians. His features were decidedly handsome, but delicate; his profile being remarkably fine. His eyes were

full and piercing, but the expressive character of his face was marked by the thin, mobile nostril, and curling lip.

“As a physiognomist,” remarked Mr. Preston, “I should say he was a ‘good hater.’ ”

They were introduced, and admired his salutation and his bearing. He had lost a child the day previous, and the grief this had occasioned was the cause of his careless toilet and worn aspect; a circumstance which he earnestly desired the interpreter to explain to the ladies. He likewise acknowledged his pleasure at their visit, by a smile which displayed teeth of brilliant whiteness. At the close of their brief interview, Mrs. Cummings remarked: “I observed, that while the other Indians here, and indeed all those whom I have ever met, invariably, in shaking hands, lay their palms in mine as a mere form, Oseola grasped it and shook it heartily.”

“Yes, after our civilized fashion. It is a peculiarity of his.”

“Does he not understand English?”

“So he pretends; but it is generally believed that he understands and speaks it.”

“That is one of Oseola’s wives,” said Mrs. Preston; “she has just returned from condoling with the bereaved mother of her husband’s child;”

“Come, ladies; our allotted time has expired! let us return home.”

So saying, they walked towards the gates, and unexpectedly beheld a truly touching picture; placed, as it was, among the fierce emblems of war and barbarity, it was indeed holy. A young Indian mother, graceful alike in feature and in form, surrounded by friends and “medicine men” of her own nation, sat upon a stone near the gate watching the death-struggles of an infant that lay on the ground before her. The child was evidently in convulsions, but the mother never moved nor spoke. With her hands clasped upon her knees, her eyes fixed on the poor little one before her, in that crowd of clamorous strangers, she had eyes and thoughts but for one. As the visitors passed they saw her wo, and unconsciously respected it. Their voices sunk to a whisper, and their pace slackened;

and their adieus to the officers were quietly and even sadly uttered.*

When they re-entered the boat, the scene they had just witnessed became of course the general topic. Mrs. Preston playfully, but earnestly reprimanded one of the party for having transgressed the order of the day, by alluding to the late battles in presence of the chiefs. "Certain words or names," said she, "excite them fearfully, even though they understand but little English. Did you observe the terrible sneer on Oseola's face, when you so thoughtlessly spoke to my husband of Dade's massacre?"

"What a sanguinary contest that was," said Mr. Preston to Mrs. Cummings. "Did it take place before you left America?"

* These are the detailed facts of my visit to Sullivan's Island in 1838. Eight days after that visit, Oseola died, of quinsy sore throat, (having rejected all offers of medical attendance from any, except his own nation). It is generally believed that the repinings of his proud spirit tended to hasten his end far more than even bodily suffering. All the details of the Florida war and of "Dade's massacre" mentioned in this tale, are historically true.

"No; a few days after I set sail," replied Catharine, gravely.

"Poor Ferrers was in that battle," said a gentleman.

"Yes," replied a young lady. "How very handsome he must have been formerly."

"Who? Ferrers!" exclaimed Mr. Preston. "You may indeed say so. I don't know which I admire most, his person or his character. His features are fine still, in spite of his dreadful wounds. God bless me, Mrs. Cummings, what's the matter? You are fainting."

"No, no," gasped Catharine, as she hung half over the side of the boat, clinging to the gunwale, and with a shaking finger pointing to something on the water; her blinded sight could not distinguish the object, but even at that moment of intense feeling, she strove to maintain her presence of mind.

"What is it?" exclaimed several voices.

"The fan!" cried the young lady who had spoken before. "Mrs. Cummings' beautiful feather fan!"

"We will rescue it," exclaimed the gentlemen.

“No, no,” said Catharine. “Don’t alter the course of the boat: it will materially retard our return.”

“How beautifully,” exclaimed one of the party, “the waves carry it along! One might imagine it was a wounded bird, fluttering on the water.” Conjectures as to its ultimate destiny were then hazarded, and the accident accomplished Catharine’s wish, and effectually turned the current of conversation. The party returned and dined at Mr. Preston’s.

At night, after having reached home, Catharine said with her usual candour and decision: “Frank, to my great surprise I have learned to-day that Lieutenant Ferrers is still living.”

“Yes; he is in this city. I saw him to-day standing at the door of Jones’s Hotel. He did not recognize me as I was riding by.”

“How very strange! How remarkable that the report of his death was never contradicted to us! How could he have escaped!”

“Why not make the inquiry? Mrs. Preston can no doubt inform you.”

“If you approve of my doing so, Frank, I will inquire most thankfully.”

“Your course of conduct is always strictly correct,” said Frank, in a scarcely perceptible tone of sarcasm, and left the room.

Catharine felt that she could not comprehend her husband. His habitual caution, and apparent weighing of each word he uttered,—habits not laid aside even in the declaration of his love, or their first days of wedded life, repelled the candour and openness of her disposition: she blamed herself for her dissatisfaction, thinking that she required too much; and that she was unworthy the regard of so good a man if she censured what was perhaps a mere peculiarity of temperament.

A few days afterwards, the news of Oseola's death afforded an opportunity of introducing the inquiry without effort, and Catharine then learned that Ferrers had indeed fallen at the first fire, so severely wounded as to be unable to move or speak. When he thoroughly recovered consciousness, he felt that some hand was rudely removing the dead bodies, under a heap of which he was

partly overwhelmed. He was about to claim assistance, when as he looked up, he beheld the face of a negro turned partly away from him; conjecturing he was one of the Indian's slaves, Ferrers remained perfectly still, stealthily witnessing the wanton mutilation of the corpses near him, by the negro and his companions, who spurned Ferrers with their feet, exclaiming, with an oath, that he was quite dead, and providentially passing him by. When all was still Ferrers crawled into the neighbouring underwood, after having clumsily bound up his wounds, and in a few days made his way half starved and emaciated to the camp, having subsisted on the berries and wild herbs which he found on the road. By avoiding the main route, he had succeeded in evading the observation of savages. His arrival at the camp was followed by delirium, and weeks of fever and prostrated strength. His recovery was coeval with his promotion, but his health was even now so materially impaired, that it seemed doubtful whether he could ever again resume his profession. Such was Mrs. Preston's account.

While stepping into her carriage to return home that morning, Catharine encountered Ferrers himself; their eyes met, and she controlled herself sufficiently to bow simultaneously with his own reserved and lofty salute. She entered the carriage, and after giving the order to return home, she sunk back in the seat, rejoicing that she had time to conquer an involuntary agitation, which, if observed, she would have considered an offence to her husband, a humiliation to herself. Dearly as she had loved Ferrers, she had studied to conquer even her regret, and most sincerely valued and esteemed her husband; but she would have been superhuman, had she not felt a host of associations trampling down the barriers of time and space, and the surges of memory arising and disturbing in her soul the calm stream of present existence.

Some weeks elapsed during which nothing material occurred: Mr. and Mrs. Cummings prepared to remove to their permanent home, and their friends engaged them in an almost unceasing round of farewell gaieties. A day or two previous to their departure, while Catharine was receiving morning

visitors, a card was brought in : *Captain Ferrers*. Catharine after a moment's pause, desired the servant to shew him in. Ferrers entered, paid his respects to Catharine, and conversed with her guests upon indifferent subjects. One by one the visitors withdrew, and Catharine continued the various topics after Ferrers and she were alone. A pause however soon ensued, when Ferrers rose to take his leave, and said, with a gravity amounting to sternness : " Mrs. Cummings, an unasked visit from a stranger may appear a liberty, but as I wished to see you upon a matter of business, I have ventured the intrusion of my presence." Catharine bowed and motioned him to resume his seat : he did so. " Permit me," he continued, " to restore to you a parcel which ought before this to have been placed in your possession, and which I should have returned before, had I known your address."

" I know of nothing," said Catharine, " except some letters of mine, to which I presume you refer."

" I do so. They are all enclosed here," replied he, drawing from his pocket a parcel, and placing

it respectfully in her hands. "The miniature, which is likewise your property, is there also. As you will find it fractured and the case much battered, I ought to explain the cause. The miniature," he paused, and then resumed, "probably saved my life by averting and spending a bullet which struck me in the action upon the Ouithlacoochie." An involuntary ejaculation escaped Catharine's lips. Ferrers continued with equal gravity, but more gentleness of tone: "The preservation was doubly endeared to me by the *means* which proved my safeguard. For in days when I was young enough to indulge in romantic theories, I conceived it symbolical of the guardianship which a pure and permanent affection exerts over the heart."

Catharine might well feel agitated at such an allusion, but though her colour varied, she spoke firmly: "I thank you for the delicacy of your conduct, Captain Ferrers, and will to-day return to you your correspondence which remains carefully laid aside. It is due however, to you, and to my own self-respect, that I should add, had I known you were still living, (for which I am truly thankful,) I

should certainly have sent these memorials to you previous to my marriage."

"Still living! Who could have reported my death?"

"It was generally announced when the news arrived of Major Dade's command being massacred," said Catharine with some effort, "nor was it ever contradicted, although my late dear father and myself made every inquiry by letter. It was no more than our duty so to do."

"Mrs. Cummings cannot surely intend a satire. The newspapers every where announced my escape, and even had Mr. Allston's illness prevented your access to them, my own letters could not——"

"Your letters!" ejaculated Catharine. "Did you then write?"

"Good God! Catharine!" exclaimed Ferrers, starting, "Is it possible you never received letter after letter? I first sent a brief note," he continued eagerly, "dictated to a friend, while I still lay wounded and in pain. I then dispatched many successive letters, each growing longer as my strength returned, each containing the outpourings

of my heart, at first accounting for your silence by the miscarriage of mails, until the natural result of indignant affection, shame at my own weakness, bade me cease writing altogether. Did you never receive all these?"

Catharine had also risen, and though she remained erect, the emotion of her frame shook the table to which she clung, as she breathlessly exclaimed, "Not one! Not one!"

With all the energy of outraged affection, Ferrers replied: "There is treachery in this, Catharine, not chance. Has then the happiness of my whole life been blasted by an enemy? Was it my death and not your changed affection that made you withdraw your faith? Catharine, did you not cease to love me?" And as he spoke, he impetuously grasped her hand. With an intensity of feeling too great for outward sign of agitation, Catharine drew her cold trembling hand from his, and said briefly:

"That question is unavailing now; the past is past."

"You were faithful, Catharine, constant, true!

The curses of a man whose life is a wreck, cling to——”

“No! no!” Catharine almost screamed forth as she caught the outstretched arm of Ferrers, who seemed wrought up to a frenzy. “No, James: whoever be the author of the deceit, leave him to God.”

“Are you not lost to me, Cathariné?”

“Hush James, hush! Such language must not pass between us now. You are relieved from a belief, which I deem the most painful in the world, the most paralyzing to all energy, hope, or happiness,—a belief in the unworthiness of the object of your honorable affection. Let this subject be forever at an end. Your self-respect and mine, the duty I owe my husband, the regard” she added firmly, “which I bear to him as his wife, forbid the indulgence of discussion or regret.”

The energy of her words gave energy to her frame; and the exertion of great moral resolution on her part, produced a corresponding calmness and energy in the spectator. Ferrers mastered his agitation, and replied: “Catharine, you are just

and true as you have ever been. I will not offend your sense of rectitude by uttering one word more ; although it is a sacrifice whose extent you cannot know unless you could read all that is now passing in my heart. I will obey, and leave you." So saying he withdrew, murmuring in low tones of firmness not to be mistaken ; "But whoever has so wronged us both, wo be unto him !"

Catharine stood in silence until she heard the street door close after him ; when as the large tears gathered in her eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks, she unconsciously whispered : "If my heart too dearly worshipped an earthly idol, I have been bitterly punished ; but oh ! merciful Father," she groaned forth in uncontrollable anguish, "spare me this superadded misery—relieve me from the possibility of belief that the author of this fraud is he whom I have sworn to love and honour !"

PART THIRD.

A round of visits prevented Catharine from speaking to her husband until the next evening, when as they were left alone together, she suddenly remarked: "Captain Ferrers called yesterday, Frank, to return some letters of mine—and to receive his own. I may as well return them at once; they have remained sealed in my desk since my father's death." So saying, she rang the bell, and desired the servant to bring her desk from her own room; when it came, Catharine seated herself at the table where her husband was reading the newspaper; she unlocked her desk, took out the package, and directed the servant to take it, inquiring of Mr. Cummings Captain Ferrers' address. He gave it, and the messenger was dispatched. For awhile she vainly attempted to maintain a conversation, but was answered only by monosyllables, as Frank sat gazing into the fire. At last, as she expressed herself warmly respecting some act of magnanimity performed by a friend,

Mr. Cummings politely satirized her enthusiasm as being beyond his humble powers of appreciation, remarking it would be better understood by such exalted minds as that of Ferrers.

“My dear Frank,” replied Catharine, “Captain Ferrers was as highly esteemed by you as by any of his friends; he has never forfeited that esteem, and though he is now but a distant acquaintance, his former intimacy with you and myself, should prevent our making his name a topic of discussion. It was from respect to you that I gave the servant the parcel in your presence; for I do not wish the *possibility* of misconstruction.”

“Indeed! and was this your only interview with Captain Ferrers?” coldly inquired Frank.

“I met him some weeks ago, but we were not near enough to speak.”

“I wonder you did not name the circumstance.”

“Our continued engagements excluded any opportunity of my speaking to you, and until yesterday I had of late forgotten the incident.”

“Indeed? It is somewhat strange that the meeting caused no deeper impression.”

“Frank, I do not deserve the sarcasm you have just uttered so bitterly. You *know* I always speak the truth.”

“Far be it from me to be guilty of the ill-breeding of questioning your veracity,” he added in the same quiet significant tone, and resumed the perusal of the paper. A reply was rising to Catharine’s lips, but she had habituated herself to that most important, yet most difficult duty,—forbearance and self-control in trifles,—and she remained silent. Many and painful were the thoughts that then travelled through her mind. The caution and cold reserve which had ever characterized her husband, had of late augmented. The indifference of his manner to her, she also felt most keenly: he seemed to regard her as a visitor whose presence was a necessity, not a pleasure. While her conversation or remarks were daily made the topic of indirect and bitter sarcasm, his demeanour and expressions were so scrupulously well-bred that no opportunity could occur for a remonstrance. There are many modes practised of making home uncomfortable, which vary according to the dispositions of the

tormentors, but none are more irritating than that just named to a frank and generous mind. Another obstacle to domestic happiness, was the fact that although Catharine respected her husband, there were no points of character in which their tastes could assimilate ; there was indeed no sympathy between them. And although the word is often ridiculed, (and with reason, since it is frequently desecrated to the meanest, most absurd, and even sinful use,) it is in its pure and true sense the strongest bond in all intimate domestic associations, since it will make amends for all those defects which daily intercourse betrays even in the worthiest dispositions.

After a time, Frank rose, and making some casual reference to their approaching departure, left the room.

They returned to their country residence ; the welcome of their friends, and daily consultation respecting the improvements of the estate and its dependents prevented Catharine from feeling continually the increasing estrangement of Frank's conduct. After a time, Ferrers also came to visit

this, his native village, and met Mr. and Mrs. Cummings repeatedly at the houses of mutual friends. He likewise gladly availed himself of Frank's desire for a renewal of their intimacy. He made no effort to disguise, (even had his temperament been such as to render the task easy,) the happiness he derived from Mrs. Cummings' society. There was, perhaps unconsciously to himself, an animation, a devotion in his manner when addressing her, far beyond his demeanour to other valued female friends. Such conduct could not fail to contrast itself in Catharine's mind, with the well-bred neglect of her husband; but she repelled such meditations. She steadfastly occupied herself in every duty of her station, in concurring with and furthering, (as far as his want of confidence would permit,) her husband's views in the arrangement of the estate, in relieving distress by pecuniary aid, and in giving sympathy and advice where they were more needed than gold. She enlarged as much as possible her sphere of utility, avoiding reflections upon her own sorrows, by dwelling upon the requirements of the world around her. Frank was the

greater part of each day absent, as he said, engaged in amendments of the mode of conducting the estate, which the long absence of the owners had tended to deteriorate. The visits of Ferrers were frequent, and often made on the plea of business to consult Mr. or Mrs. Cummings respecting his adjacent plantation. Frank's repeated and prolonged absences from home had long surprised Catharine, even in Charleston, but they now became more frequent still. And by many of those trifling circumstances, which, isolated, are nothing, but which combined, form evidence incontrovertible, however indirectly conveyed, Catharine became convinced that the meretricious attractions of another woman had tended to increase her husband's indifference to herself into positive aversion. His encouragement of Ferrers' visits surprised her much, and her life was daily harassed by the stinging sarcasm which had become a habit. So passed more than a year of Catharine's life—a life unsatisfactory as regards happiness—a life of self-control, utility, and endurance. She was not a heroine of romance, nor a passionless perfection ; she was a

woman of strong feelings and many failings : but she possessed strict truth, sincere humility, firm faith in God, and daily practical dependence upon Him. She had no faith in that irresistible strength of inclination which is believed to be beyond control, nor in that, so-called, greatness of mind which makes some women believe that home and its duties are a sphere too narrow for their capacities : *she* believed that our greatest victory is the conquest of self, our most important field of action, the fulfilment of the quiet offices belonging to the station wherein Providence has cast us. Her life was not passed without mental struggles, but by habitual reference to God's protection, and appeals for His support, she learned that valuable lesson—to avoid temptation. Had she been blessed with children the task would have been less difficult ; near and dear ties would have afforded occupation for her heart, as well as safeguards for her principles, although in real life they do not always prove so.

One memorable day, Frank had been absent in the morning, and returned with several gentlemen

to dinner. The meal was a jovial one, and the guests were those who loved wine far more than conversation. After a brief visit to the drawing-room, they took their departure. Frank escorted them to the gate, and then sent back for his horse, assenting to their request that he would accompany them to the hotel in the adjacent town, whence they were to depart by steamboat the next morning; having declined Frank's invitation to sleep at his house, (the invariable offer of southern hospitality.) At the hotel other friends joined them, and the result was a late supper. The war having become a topic of conversation, Ferrers' name was mentioned and accompanied by terms of warmest eulogy. From a wish to conceal his annoyance at the subject, combined with the convivial example of others, Frank unconsciously exceeded his habitually cautious limits in the indulgences of the table, and partook enough to excite and throw him off his guard, without otherwise materially affecting him. He returned home about daylight; the ride, (attended by his servant,) not being long enough to afford time for cool reflection. He found Catha-

rine waiting for him, and his first expression was one of anger at her not having retired to rest. She replied that she had felt anxious for his return; as the road was out of repair and the night extremely dark. A sneer at her affectation of wife-like solicitude was his only comment, but Catharine, seeing his flushed and excited manner, wisely forbore a reply. After awhile Frank arrested her departure from the room by asking if Ferrers had been there.

Catharine answered, "No; he rarely calls in your absence."

"Exquisite propriety!" muttered Frank. "I have been pestered with his praises again to-night: the man seems born to haunt me. What brings him creeping here daily like a hypocrite?"

"I grieve as much as you, Frank, that he has renewed his visits, but you yourself invited him."

"I did, because I had a curious desire to study his character and yours. He comes to see *you*, madam, you!" he exclaimed with violence. "And why? To revive old memories and institute comparison between himself and me."

“I believe such a thought is alike unjust to you, Frank, and to him.”

“*Indeed!* Has he found out that you believed him dead? Has he told you that he wrote letter upon letter?”

“He has, he has;” repeated Catharine, trembling alike at this outbreak, and at the approaching confirmation of her fears. Frank burst into a bitter laugh.

“But do you know *why* those letters never reached you? I will tell you, madam.” And his voice sunk to its habitual tone, yet expressed concentrated malice. “Because from the hour we left America I determined you should be my wife. I detained every newspaper that alluded to his escape. I opened and re-sealed every letter addressed to you and your father, and destroyed any that contained a reference to Ferrers. I intercepted your inquiries in like manner, and destroyed all Ferrers’ letters to you. And do you think this was no sacrifice? Do you think *I* had none of those ideas of conscience and of honour which you

value above all? do you think I had no bitter struggles with my *pride*? I acted thus—not because I loved you, for your pertinacious constancy quelled such a feeling—but because I had resolved to be your father's heir; he had promised me a liberal bequest, in any event, but I felt assured that were you my affianced wife, he would divide his enormous wealth between us, and *I gained my end*. My indifference to you soon widened into dislike. The Roman punishment of binding a living body to a dead one is the type of our uncongenial marriage. You have found it so, Catharine, have you not?"

In a tone of absolute despair, Catharine faltered forth, "You might have spared me this!"

"No: I wish you at last to know me without disguise. I have no fear of driving you to any imprudent act. The selfish apathy and want of feeling which you dignify with the names of *virtue* and *principle*, relieve me of all fear. I only wish you at last to understand the nature of my feelings towards you. I am weary of hints." So saying he left her, horror-stricken at what she had heard. There

would have been some alleviation had her character been appreciated ; but the most acute of all suffering is to find that one's high resolution and self-control is attributed to incapacity to feel.

With cold politeness Catharine and her husband still lived on. On that memorable night alone had he ever forgotten his habitual reserve. He still encouraged the visits of Ferrers, whose attentions became daily more devoted. At times the horrible thought would cross Catharine's mind that her husband wished to drive her to some desperate or at least imprudent act, which might justify him, in the world's eye, in separating from her. As this thought was daily rendered more probable by circumstances, Catharine felt how narrow was the path she had to tread ; and as Ferrers and her husband were repeatedly presented to her in dangerous contrast, she gradually became more reserved in her manner ; and once or twice excused herself when Ferrers called.

Some days after this occurred, she received the following note :

“ Why do you refuse to see me ? Why do you

deny me the chief happiness of my life? You know my respectful admiration too well to fear I would intrude upon you unwarrantably. Your society, (which, but for fraud, I should have had a permanent right to claim,) can alone reconcile me to a life which would be worthless if not devoted to your service.

“FERRERS.”

A small crimson spot arose in Catharine's cheeks as she, unwitnessed, read this letter. “He is mad!” she mentally exclaimed. “Rapt in a world of his own, he dreams away existence, and plays like a child, upon the verge of a precipice. Prudery itself could not censure the tenor of this letter, yet the act of sending it is one which a wife—above all—a *deceived and unloved* wife must not admit.” Her resolution was at once taken. Passing into the adjoining room, she inquired of the many menials loitering around, (as is the custom in Southern households,) for the domestic who brought this note. Ferrers' confidential attendant, (who had served under him in the army,) was shewn into the room. “There is no need,” said Catharine calmly,

“for my writing a reply to Captain Ferrers’ note. Please to give him my compliments and say that I regret Mr. Cummings is not at home; and that I am obliged by the Captain’s kind inquiries after my health. I am now quite well.” The man retired respectfully.

In the afternoon Ferrers called and saw Mr. and Mrs. Cummings. Pleading the necessity of writing letters, Frank left them after a time; and no sooner was he gone, than Ferrers said: “Catharine, even at the risk of your displeasure, I must speak. Why have you restrained the usual frankness of your manner towards me? Why have you framed such frivolous excuses to avoid seeing me? In what have I offended?”

“In nothing. You are mistaken.”

“No;” he replied sadly. “Your manner,—your words towards me, have been my anxious study too long for me to misinterpret them. Your society is my only aim and object: your approval and counsel, my only hope and stay.”

“You place too a high a value on my judgment. My path and yours lie wide apart.”

“Oh say not so!” He exclaimed, earnestly. “By depriving me of yourself, you destroy all my future prospects. Honour me with your friendship and there is *no* future lot. I am not capable of striving to attain. Withhold that life-spring, and I continue a useless, hopeless dreamer.”

“James,” said Catharine, while the colour went and came each moment in her cheeks. “A wife can hold such friendship but with *one*.”

“Yes, if that one be worthy ; but if he be ——.”

“I have no time to day, Captain Ferrers,” she answered playfully, “to discuss philosophy or logic.”

“You wilfully misunderstand me, Catharine. Of my past love, I will not offend you by speaking. But suffer me to be your devoted friend—the associate, the companion, another should be, and is not. Let me see in you my monitress, my guide to honour, ambition and exertion.”

“An address so worded, disarms the indignation it would otherwise excite. I believe the strength of your feelings blinds you to their extent and character. Such a conversation is derogatory to ——.”

“Derogatory! Catharine! I ask for your pure

friendship. Reverencing you as I do, do you imagine I could ever cease to respect you?"

"No, James. I believe no one can cease to respect a wife until she ceases to respect herself. The arguments you use have been used by hundreds before. The same flimsy doctrine is ever set forth by those who fear not to take a fire in their hands, reckless of its burning influence. James, there is a chastity of the *soul*, without which no wife can respect herself. Let us not wilfully dwell in self-deception. The more important my presence or my influence may be to you, the more essential is it that it should cease. Your agitation at this moment convinces me of this truth, James; as I know your just and honest nature, I can appeal to you as I would to no other living man. If you persist in your visits here I *must* refuse to see you. I appeal therefore—not to your love, that would be sinful; not to your generosity, that would be degrading to me. But as one rational and immortal being to another, I appeal to your own keen sense of right and wrong whether our acquaintance should not cease."

“Catharine,” cried Ferrers, in extreme agitation, “you tremble,—you weep!”

“I am no stoic. I cannot control physical weakness: it implies no lack of moral strength,” she answered with unconscious dignity.

“Catharine, you are unchanged. Dear Catharine, you love me still!”

“Hush, James! Let me not hear such words again. Leave me *some* faith in the existence of virtue and honour upon earth; that belief is my greatest consolation! James, leave me that, I beseech you.” Unable to conceal her emotion she sunk into a chair, hiding her face with one hand, while with the other she motioned him to begone.

“Catharine,” cried Ferrers, “why do not all women like you exert their influence to ennoble those who adore them? Wave me not away so impatiently Catharine, I will leave you. My presence shall neither endanger your pure reputation, nor harass your care-sown life. But not even your command can prevent my loving you devotedly, as the exile loves that land to which he knows he never can return.” So saying, he clasped

her outstretched hand in his—and pressed it passionately to his heart and to his lips. What a torrent of memories and associations, of heart-seated affection, then poured through the hearts of each! But even then, Catharine turned her streaming eyes upon Ferrers, and withdrew her hand from his, tremblingly, but with decision. He attempted to speak; but in action, she forbade him. Again he took her hand, but at once she drew it from his grasp, and rose from her chair. Her lips moved as if in farewell, but no sound escaped from them, and with a mournful courage she left the room.

When she returned some time after, she found that the handkerchief, in which she had buried her face, and dried her tears, and which had fallen from her as she rose to go, was no longer to be found.

Captain Ferrers the next day paid his round of farewell visits, and took leave of Frank and his wife.

* * * * *

Poetic justice would dictate that Catharine's blameless, duteous life would in time have so influenced her husband as to lead him to acknowledge his injustice and his errors, and strive to efface them

by years of affection: failing in this result, poetic justice would have removed him from this earth, and made Catharine, after her term of widowhood, the wife of her early love. But poetic justice is rarely to be found in real life.

In about three years, Captain Ferrers died: Catharine and her husband still live on. He still writhes under the marriage bond, which his own bad heart alone has rendered irksome or detestable. She still finds in her career of usefulness, in the resignation and discipline of her own soul, the employment and content denied to her in the ties of wife and mother.

After the "literary club" had made their comments upon Jane's narrative, Anna exclaimed: "Well, we have all redeemed our pledges honestly; now Alice, let us hear *your* story." Alice smiled and replied: "I plead guilty: I have never once thought of our compact since we parted. But I have had very reasonable excuses for my seeming neglect: care and sickness at home."

"And last, not least, Mrs. Harvey," rejoined Jane, "you have had that important event, marriage, to interfere with our *weighty* agreement."

"I suppose then we must admit your excuses," remarked Emma.

"No, no!" eagerly cried Anna. "I will not hear of them

unless Mrs. Harvey makes the only atonement in her power, by relating some little appropriate tale at once. She ought to set us an example, and we must not suffer her to be the only delinquent. Come, Alice, you must ‘all your pilgrimage dilate.’”

“Impossible! I know of nothing, and have no skill in impromptu.”

“I will take no denial. Young ladies,” cried Anna, turning to Emma and Jane, “second my appeal.”

They did so, most eagerly. In vain did Alice remonstrate—in vain did she point to the sun, whose beams, darting down through the foliage, betokened that the day had reached its prime—in vain did she use playfully or half seriously, every argument likely to influence in her own favour. The merry tyrants would take no denial.

After a pause of a few minutes, Alice remarked: “If then I must make a virtue of necessity, I will give you a brief narration, and the haste with which it is framed must excuse its defects: I will call it—

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

And as a laconic summary of its moral, I will give as my motto—

“Time is man’s better angel.”

REBECCA WARREN, at the age of twenty, had all the thoughtfulness and experience which care for others bestows. An invalid mother, and a little sister, a helpless, but amiable cripple, had from childhood required her attention. The death of her father, who had been engaged in mercantile affairs, occurred at a period when the details of his business were in a confused and unprofitable condition. Rebecca was blest by Providence with a mind, feminine in its refinement, masculine in its strength.

Her mother’s dependent state, reversing the order of nature, had compelled Rebecca habitually to act and think for herself. And on her father’s death, she at once saw the strait in which the family stood. Fortunately she possessed a confidential friend in

her father's legal adviser : he immediately discerned Rebecca's maturity of character and principle, and communicated to her all details, and co-operated with her in a mode that soon enabled her to unravel the tangled thread of her pecuniary affairs.

Rigid economy was however necessary in the management of their small income ; especially as two of the recipients were so feeble as to require a variety of comforts and even luxuries which youth and health could easily have dispensed with. Mrs. Warren's ill health, which had for years been confirmed, rendered her, almost unconsciously, fretful, and at times unreasonably exacting ; so that Rebecca was early accustomed to a patient forbearance, which her love for the sufferer made her practice without great effort. Thus passed some years of Rebecca's life until she reached the verge of womanhood. While youth and trustfulness expanded her heart and made it yearn for companionship, she became acquainted with Walter Caldwell, a young man in whom education had refined and embellished a remarkable intellect and brilliant imagination. All the romance and poetry which Rebecca's reflecting

life had fostered and hoarded, helped to adorn Walter's character with exaggerated charms. They loved each other dearly; but Walter had no capital in the business in which he was engaged, save perseverance and indomitable energy. Often, as he witnessed Rebecca's daily existence, joyless except from the consciousness of duties performed, he would urge her to fulfil her promise and marry him. But Rebecca felt that at home she had claims that could not be infringed upon. Walter at first looked forward to the time when his own exertions might achieve enough to improve the comforts of Mrs. Warren, as well as to provide an agreeable home for Rebecca.

But as time wore on he was often impatient at the invalid's exactions, and discontented and prone to cavil at Rebecca's conduct or remarks. She saw this, and felt it was the natural, the excusable result, of "hope deferred:" she even justified him in her own mind: but she felt that a change must come. She had a long conversation with Walter, wherein they earnestly discussed the probabilities of their future lot. Prudence, common sense and filial

duty, alike combined to prove their marriage was then impossible, and with no little effort, Rebecca told Walter that in justice to him, she ought no longer to be a tie upon him. "Go forth into the world, Walter," said she, "think of me only as a dear sister. Extend your sphere of action without reference to me. Nothing less than a miraculous change of prospects, can render our union probable. Do not look forward to it therefore, unless as an incentive to perseverance. Should your love continue, claim me hereafter; should absence or circumstances direct your affection elsewhere, no shadow of blame can fall upon you, no influence of mine can weigh upon you. Go forth, dear Walter, and prosper." Walter's remonstrances were kind and sincere; Rebecca's tears were many. But she knew that she was doing her duty; her love was devoid of selfishness, and she could not endure the thought of being a clog to her lover's progress, a blight upon his hopes. They parted, and Rebecca still lived, still endured, still loved, still hoped.

Three years wore away. A relation died abroad, and left Rebecca an unexpected legacy. Then her

heart beat high with delight. The legacy, added to her own income, was enough to render her family entirely independent of any casualty in a husband's affairs. She often heard of Walter, from mutual acquaintances. He seemed to travel frequently, and his attention to business was most praiseworthy. There were some who condemned his love of money, his greediness for gain: Rebecca tried to think regard for her was his secret motive for acquiring wealth, but his silence and absence had lasted so long that she feared they were the result of indifference rather than of an almost excusable anger. They met by chance; timidity and affection strove for mastery in Rebecca's manner. Walter accosted her with real indifference, and that long evening, which seemed so brief and merry to other guests, showed how the world's influence had tarnished the brightness of Walter's disposition. The keen glance, the compressed lips, the contracted brow, the earnest gesture, which attended his discussion of monetary concerns, gave evidence that "*there* he had garnered up his heart." He seated himself at the card-table, not as one who wishes to wile

away an hour ; not as one who takes a pride in his own skill irrespective of gain : but with an intensity as to the calculations of the game, a cold concentration of his thoughts upon the profits, which are painful to witness in age, but in youth are absolutely revolting. A rash marriage which had recently occurred, formed one of the topics of conversation that night ; and many were the comments made upon it. But as Rebecca sat at one end of the long supper-table, while Walter was far away at the other, the low tones of his cold voice vibrated upon her ears and on her heart, with keen distinctness amidst the merry gossip all around. "Is this the man whom I loved!" she mentally exclaimed, as she heard Walter satirize the folly of the newly married pair, and express his calm belief, that an early marriage, (unless a very wealthy one,) was destructive to the prospects of a "rising young man," and an absurdity, which, unless insane, he never would commit. Others commented upon the subject in various terms, but Rebecca heard that voice alone. That night her pillow was wet with bitter tears : tears, whose bitterness arose not alone

from blighted affection, but from that greater anguish, the discovery that the object beloved sinks immeasurably below the estimate formed of him. The scales fell from her mental vision: remarks of his, made in former years, trivial acts, too minute for any memory but that of a lover, rose up in her thoughts. They met again and again; each interview convinced Rebecca that Walter had worn away his love for her in his daily strife and toil after worldly advancement. Many weeks and months did she pass in sorrow; hers was no girlish fancy, no silly romance. Rebecca had loved deeply and fondly, with all the fervour of a nature like hers. She had loved an ideal of worth, and nobleness, and honour, and finding in Walter's mind and imagination a fascinating charm, her heart had invested him with the merits of her ideal divinity. Such is too often woman's fatal error; happy is she when she discovers her mistake before it be too late. In spite of all her fortitude, in spite of herself, she "pined in thought." Her bloom and beauty faded prematurely; she felt that the "sap of life," as De Stael beautifully says, was gone forever.

But "Time is man's better angel." Rebecca found after some years had passed, that she could love again. But now her *heart* assented to the judgment her *mind* first formed. She beheld an upright, manly, truthful character: if not blazing with the gems of imagination, yet bright with the solid gold of worth. Generous in thought as in act, studious for the comfort of others, assiduous in attention to the invalid, gentle and forbearing under her complaints, compassionately affectionate to the little cripple, Mr. Atherton commanded Rebecca's respect and esteem.

Alice paused a moment, her eyes glistening and her usually pale cheek flushed with emotion. She resumed:

When at length Mr. Atherton's manly attentions fully declared his love, Rebecca felt as if a new world had opened to her view. Her heart thrilled with gratitude to Providence for the blessing thus offered, with love to him whom she could so truly honour. Yet fearful of giving a poor return for such devoted affection, unwilling to suffer even a tenacious memory to interfere with the marriage vow, she asked a brief time to commune with her

own soul, a temporary absence to determine the strength and nature of her feelings. Mr. Atherton went away, but his affectionate letters almost atoned for his absence. After a time he returned and claimed his bride, who now enjoys with her parent and sister such happiness as she never before knew. She often now meets Walter, in whose face the lines of avarice and worldliness are stamped more deeply than the marks of age ; and while she wishes him well, ceases not to thank God that she was spared the hard and joyless lot, that ever must fall to the wife of a selfish man. Blessed with a husband who makes each day a festival of the heart, she studies, proud and grateful as she is, to deserve his regard ; nor does even a memory of her *First* darken the sunshine of her *Last* Love.

Alice paused : her manner was more agitated, more *conscious*, than the mere completion of her prescribed task could account for. The young ladies vied in thanks for her graceful compliance with their request, and at that moment rapid steps were heard approaching. " Mr. Harvey, I declare," exclaimed Jane.

" Young ladies," said he, " what secret council have you been holding ? I have been sent in search of you. Dinner will be ready in less than an hour, and Mrs. Bladgely commands your return."

"We had just closed our conclave," replied Emma. "But Mrs. Harvey has not fulfilled all her promise."

"How so?" inquired Alice.

"You have not contributed your quota of rhyme, as all the rest have done."

"I have no talent for extempore," she answered.

"What rhyme?" asked Mr. Harvey.

In a few words, Anna briefly sketched the compact and its fulfilment that morning. Mr. Harvey entered with good taste into the spirit of the plan; and gazing fondly on his wife's smooth brow and flushing cheek, smiled significantly as he remarked: "Mrs. Harvey seems embarrassed at the call upon her invention; therefore, young ladies, if you will accept me as her humble substitute, I will endeavour to furnish from memory a fitting contribution."

The young ladies gratefully assented, and Mr. Harvey continued: "I remember an anecdote once related to me of two betrothed lovers, one of whom during a brief absence in another land thus wrote to his mistress: 'When I read your kind letters, I feel as though a guardian angel periodically visited me, to cheer, and to protect:.' and the lady returned the following reply:"

"Thou say'st—my letters have the charm
Of angels, unto thee:
Such glowing praise might truth alarm,
If false thy love could be.

Yet with affection's artless skill
I'll prove thy praise sincere,
And by that fond deception still
Imagine thou art near.

If angels, viewless spirits are,
Of loved and parted friends,—
Then, in these letters from afar,
To thee my spirit wends :

And thus—contracting time and space,
My wishes to fulfil,—
It smiles upon thy dwelling-place,
And tries to cheer thee still.

While 'neath its timid wing it bears
Thoughts blended with thy name,—
Continuous, though voiceless prayers,
And faith, 'mid change, the same.

O ! could my spirit soar above,
While I on earth remain,—
From that high sphere where ' God is love,' }
This boon t'would seek to gain :

That through thy life it might indeed
Possess an angel's charm—
Might aid thy soul in ev'ry need,
And shelter thee from harm.

Thus to thy heart my own replies,
With purest hope serene :
For while to thee *my* spirit flies,
Thine seeks me though unseen.

Yes ! if I gaze on what thy pen
Hath traced far o'er the sea,
With eloquence thy spirit then,—
Though silent,—speaks to *me*.

So, like the twins of classic lore,
In heart we're still allied,
E'en while compelled, like them of yore,
Long severed to abide.

But far less sad our lot than theirs :
For if, when life is past,
Unheard should here have been our prayers,
In heaven we'll meet at last.

Yet Hope's sweet voice, in whispers dear,
Murmurs,—(when trial's o'er)—
That thou and I shall even here,
United be once more.

Then Life in music to its close,
Will gently glide along,—
Still breathing, till its last repose,
To God one grateful song."

The blush had deepened on Alice's cheek as Mr. Harvey concluded, and he drew her arm within one of his, and offered the other to Jane. As they walked towards the house, Emma whispered to Anna, on whose arm she leaned,—“What a handsome couple! They remind me, although married, of an assertion I have read somewhere, ‘that lovers are never so beautiful, as when they are in each other's presence.’”

“I imagine,” said Anna, “that those verses just quoted, were written by Rebecca Warren.”

“Then how should Mr. Harvey have learned them?” inquired Emma.

"No one more likely. Mr. Atherton and Rebecca are walking on before us."

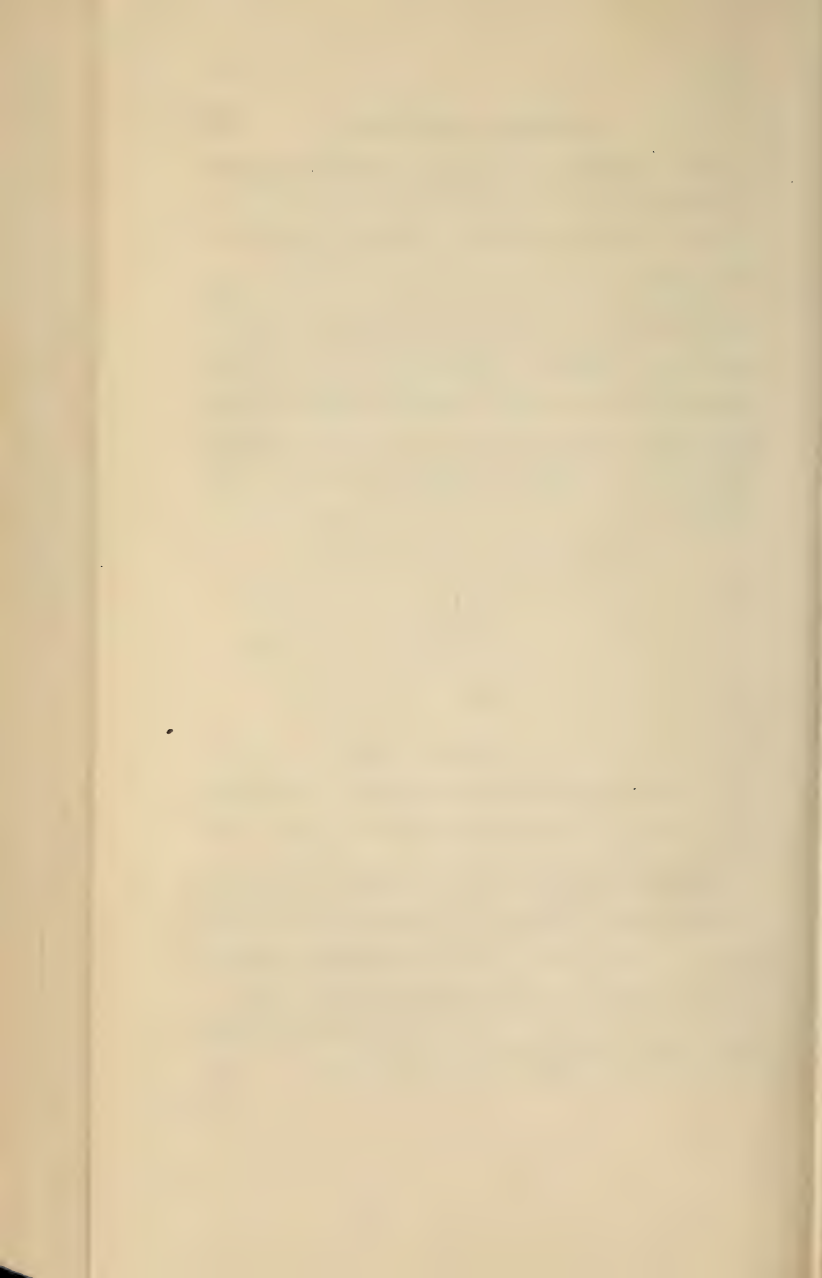
"Who? Alice and her husband? Why should you think so?" asked Emma.

"Hush!" said Anna, laying her finger on her lip. They had reached the lawn in front of the house, where many guests were lounging. That day passed, like the preceding ones, most happily; and those girls, when long years had bestowed matronly dignity, often recalled to each other's memory when they met, the literary assemblage upon the flower-studded grass, and the recorded struggles of

THE HEART AND THE SOUL.

NOTE.

The object of this series of tales is set forth in the Introduction. They were written in pursuance of a plan which was to embrace some fact of actual and well-known occurrence, as well as a variety of rhymes, and were to have appeared in one of our best periodicals. The death of the lamented proprietor of the magazine prevented their publication.



ERRATA.

Page 163, for *when poor Captain Smith* read *when Captain Smith*.

Page 185, for *shells*, read *shells—*

Page 199, for *twhart* read *thwart*.

Page 199, for *worp* read *word*.

Page 203, for *Volday is about to slay Rolfe when Powhatan*, read *Volday is about to slay Rolfe, having disarmed him, when Powhatan*.

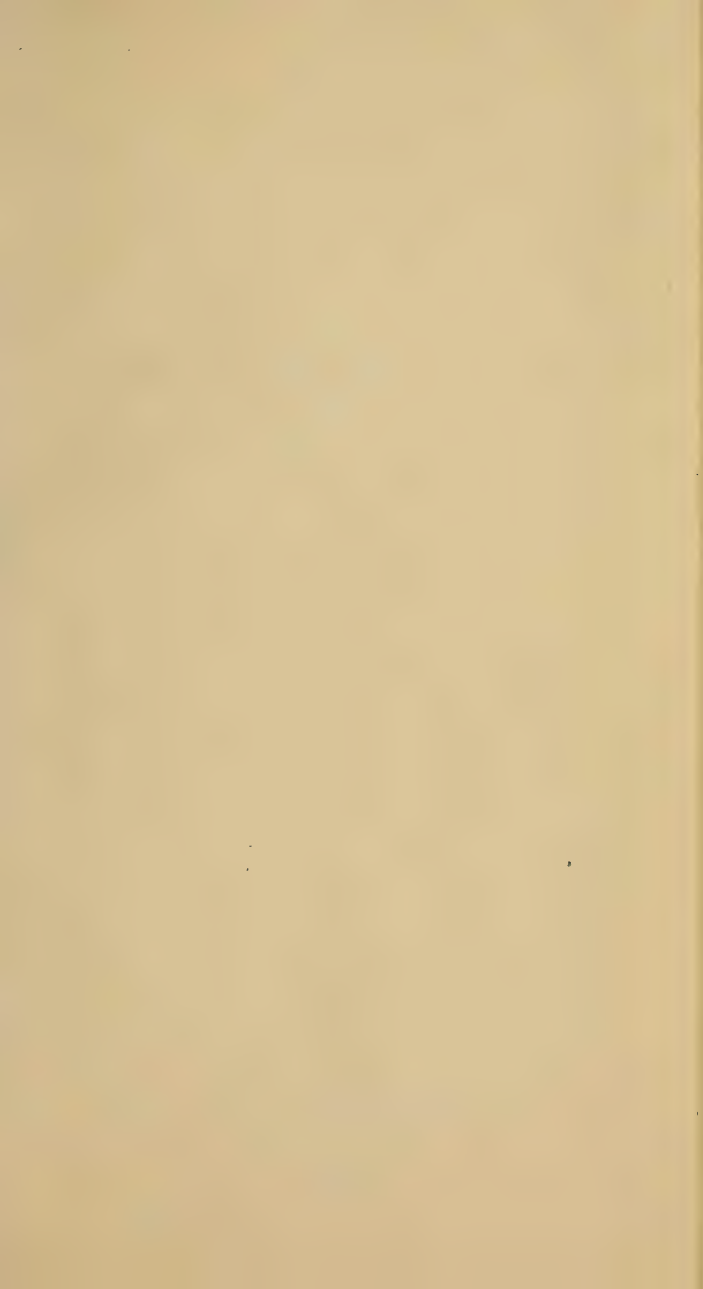
Page 207, for *with white flag* read *with a white flag*.

Page 230, for *Master Rolfe*. read *Master Rolfe ?*

Page 240, for *where he goes to* read *where he goes*.

Page 443,, for *lay their palms*, read *laid their palms*.

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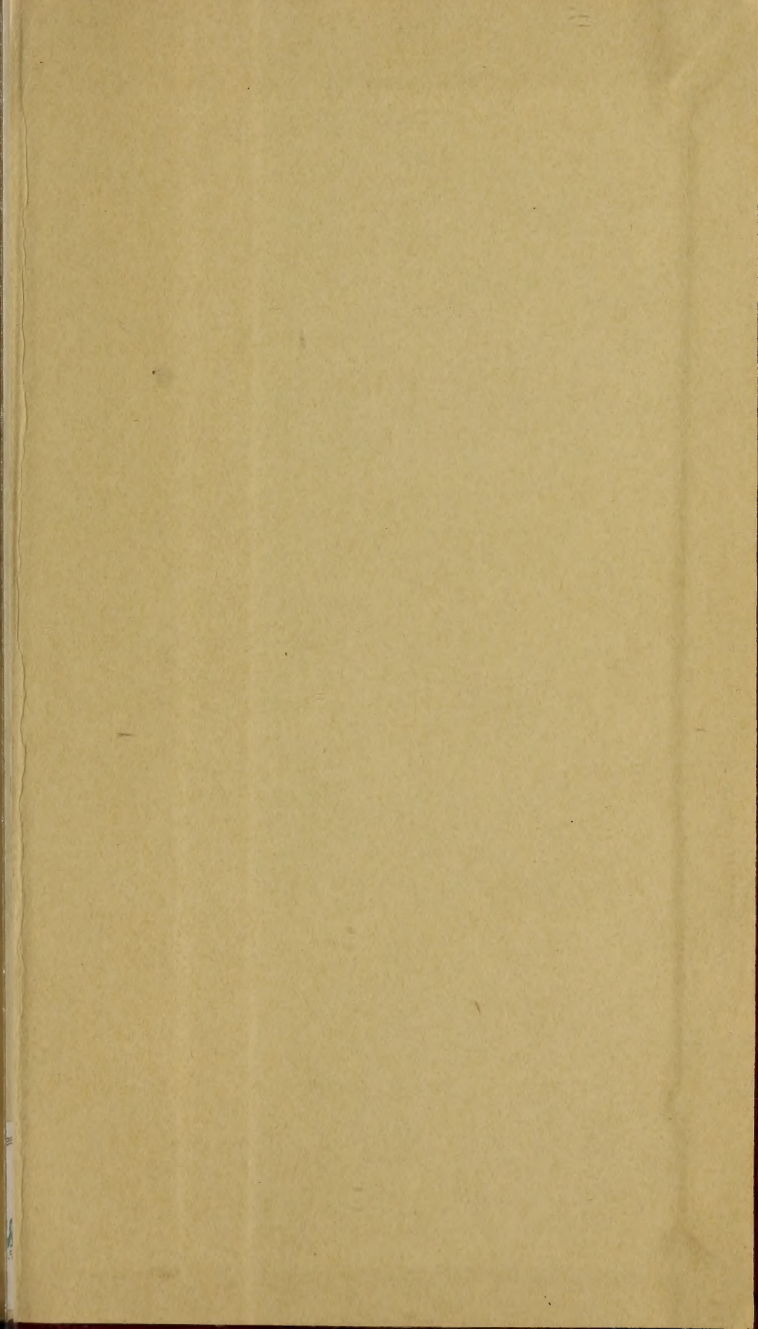
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